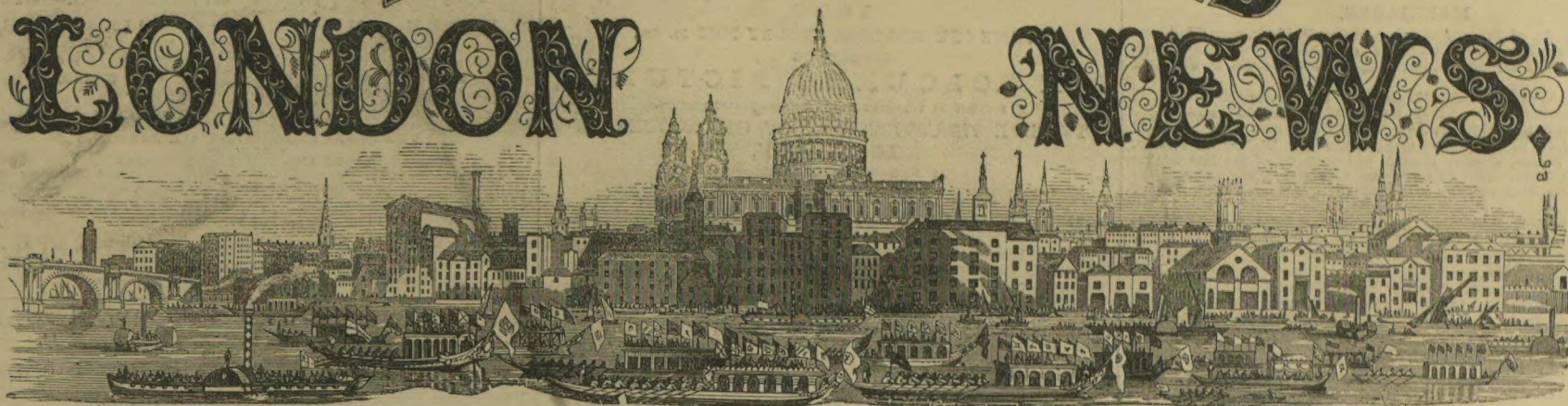


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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No. 1888.—VOL. LXVII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1875.

WITH SIXPENCE.  
EXTRA SUPPLEMENT { By Post, 6d.



THE PRINCE OF WALES EMBARKING AT DOVER FOR INDIA.



## BIRTHS.

On the 8th inst., at Middleton Park, Bicester, the Countess of Jersey, of a daughter.  
On the 5th inst., at Headfort House, Kells, Lady Isabel Clayton, of a son.  
On Aug. 30, at Wood-Nook, Singapore, Lady Sidgreaves, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

On the 13th inst., at Friends' Meeting-House, Paddock, near Huddersfield, Charles James Holdsworth, son of the late John Holdsworth, of Eccles, near Manchester, to Mary Alice Fryer, daughter of the late S. D. Fryer, of Leeds.

On the 4th inst., at St. Mark's, Notting-hill, London, by the Rev. W. J. Fiddotham, Lewis A. C. Cook, Esq., 5th Bengal Cavalry, to Louisa Jane, widow of the late Capron Bridger, Esq. No cards.

On the 12th inst., at Lymington Church, by the Rev. Walker Wodehouse, M.A., Vicar of Elham, Worcester Benson, youngest son of the late George Benson, Esq., barrister-at-law, to Catherine Alice, fourth daughter of the Rev. H. C. Jenkins, M.A., Rector and Vicar of Lymington, and Hon. Canon of Canterbury.

On the 4th ult., in Empire City, America, at the residence of the bride's parents, Ernest, fourth son of George Pollexfen, Esq., Egreymont, Cheshire, to Eva, third daughter of the Hon. F. G. Lockhart.

On the 23rd ult., at Sherwood, near Halifax, Nova Scotia, Captain C. G. Fife, R.N., to Mary, youngest daughter of Sir Edward Kenny.

On the 14th inst., at Christ Church, Kingston (in the county of Dublin), Colonel Wm. Denny, to Rachael, daughter of the late Robert Charlton Arthur, Esq., of Bow, Essex.

## DEATHS.

On the 7th inst., at No. 2, St. Stephen's-square, Bayswater, Teresa Ann, the wife of Colonel James D. Carmichael, C.B.

On the 10th inst., at Bray, Ireland, the Hon. L. H. King Harman, aged 59.

\* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 23.

SUNDAY, Oct. 17.		WEDNESDAY, Oct. 20.		THURSDAY, Oct. 21.		FRIDAY, Oct. 22.		SATURDAY, Oct. 23.	
Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.		Edenbridge Poultry and Pigeon Show (three days).		Moon's last quarter, 2.13 p.m.		Quekett Microscopical Club, 8 p.m.		Horticultural Soc. et., promenade, 2.30 p.m.	
The Duchess of Edinburgh born, 1853.		Evangelical Alliance, opening of International Conference at Belfast (the Earl of Waverley, chairman).		Bromley Races, autumn meeting.		Clinical Society, 8.30 p.m.		London Athletic Club, Lillie-bridge.	
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., the Rev. E. H. Plumptre; 3.15 p.m., the Right Rev. Bishop Cloughton; 7 p.m., the Rev. C. W. Furse, Principal of Cuddesdon College.		Pathological Society, 8.30 p.m. Races: Croydon and Newcastle.		Royal Toxophilites, handicap, no m.					
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., the Rev. Canon Conway (on Sunday Schools); 3 p.m., the Rev. Dr. Perry, secretary of the Convention of the American Episcopal Church.		Great Marlborough-street, 8.30 p.m. (the Rev. Dr. J. O. Dykes on the Demoniac of Gergesa).							
St. James's, noon, probably the Hon. and Rev. F. E. C. Byng.									
Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., the Rev. W. F. E. Skrine Knollys, Rector of Saltwood, near Hythe.									
Savoy, closed.									
Temple Church, 11 a.m., the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple; 3 p.m., the Rev. A. Ainger, Reader at the Temple.									
MONDAY, Oct. 18.									
St. Luke the Evangelist.									
Fox-hunting Legions.									
Medical Society, 8 p.m.									
TUESDAY, Oct. 19.									
Humane Society, 4 p.m.									

## THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.  
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W.; Height above Sea 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF				THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.
	Barometer Corrected	Temperature of the Air	Dew Point	Relative Humidity	Amount of Cloud	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Movement in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M. next morning.	
Oct. 16	30.428	52.0	39.7	85	0-10	46.5	60.8	WSW. W.	244
17	30.375	54.9	48.5	80	7	46.6	63.0	SW. WSW.	167
18	30.067	54.2	48.3	82	8	50.9	59.8	SSW. S.	148
19	29.614	49.6	45.7	88	2	44.2	58.8	SSW. SE. WSW.	376
20	29.816	47.5	42.5	84	1	40.4	54.8	SW. SSW. S.	342
21	29.247	46.0	39.6	80	5	35.4	54.8	SW. WSW.	114
22	29.350	40.9	37.0	87	3	33.4	52.6	SW. W. WNW.	122

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten a.m.:

Barometer (in inches) corrected	30.434	30.393	30.198	29.933	29.615	29.257	29.340
Temperature of Air	52.0	54.9	54.2	49.6	47.5	46.0	40.9
Temperature of Evaporation	48.3	52.0	51.4	48.3	46.0	40.9	39.7
Direction of Wind	WSW.	W.	W.	SW.	S.	SSW.	SW.

## TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 23.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
2 57	3 17	3 39	4 0	4 22	4 45	5 9
5 9	5 33	5 15	4 58	4 40	4 23	4 6

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—CALENDAR FOR WEEK ending OCTOBER 23, 1875.

MONDAY, OCT. 18.—Fête of the Royal Naval Hospital School. Midget Hanlons.  
TUESDAY, OCT. 19.—Standard English Comedy. Midget Hanlons.  
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 20.—Great Harvest Commemoration. Midget Hanlons.  
THURSDAY, OCT. 21.—"Nicholas Nickleby," by the Adelphi Company. Festival and Last Display of Fireworks. Midget Hanlons.  
FRIDAY, OCT. 22.—Orchestral Band. Midget Hanlons.  
SATURDAY, OCT. 23.—Fourth Saturday Concert. Midget Hanlons.  
Monday to Friday, One Shilling. Saturday, Half a Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GREAT HARVEST CELEBRATION AND MUSICAL FESTIVAL ON WEDNESDAY NEXT.

OCT. 20. Grand Choral Performance on Handel Orchestral by upwards of 300 trained voices selected from the principal musical societies and the church choirs in the metropolis and the suburbs, assisted by the Crystal Palace Band, the Scots Fusilier Band (by permission of the officers commanding), and the Great Handel Organ. Conductors: Mr. Manns and Mr. Stainer. On this occasion the Palace will be appropriately decorated with corn sheaves, autumn fruits, and flowers, and a special display of roots and cereals, contributed by Messrs. Sutton and Sons, of Reading, will be erected in the North Nave. The Programme of the day will include with a GRAND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS, which will be the LAST FIREWORK DISPLAY of the Season.

## ALEXANDRA PALACE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK COMMENCING 18th inst.  
MONDAY.—Last week of Colleen, Entertainments in Circens, and (daily) Sisters Anderson (daughters of Professor Anderson) and M. De Vere.  
TUESDAY.—GREAT INTERNATIONAL POULTRY SHOW (First Day). Opera, BOHEMIAN GIRL (by request), with Carl Rosa Opera Company.  
WEDNESDAY.—GREAT INTERNATIONAL POULTRY SHOW (Second Day). Mr. Buckstone in SERIOUS FAMILY and BOX AND COX, with the entire Haymarket Company.  
THURSDAY.—GREAT INTERNATIONAL POULTRY SHOW (Last Day). OUR BOYS, with Vandell Theatre Company.  
FRIDAY.—Sisters Anderson, Concert, &c.  
SATURDAY.—Opera, FAUST, with Carl Rosa Opera Company. Evening Band, Promenade, &c.  
Admission One Shilling each day; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

## ALEXANDRA PALACE.—GREAT POULTRY AND PIGEON SHOW.—TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY NEXT.

The Largest Collection ever exhibited. Special Performances in Theatre each day (see above). One Shilling.

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\* \* Mr. Simpson, the Artist appointed to supply the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS with Sketches of the Prince of Wales's Tour in India, started a fortnight ago. He went by way of Berlin, at the wish of the Crown Princess of Germany, to show her some of his sketch-books, which were filled during his former visit to Hindostan. Her Imperial Highness is no doubt anxious to form some idea of the regions her Royal brother will visit during the next winter months.

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CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—LAST WEEK BUT ONE.—THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), OCT. 16, FAUST; MONDAY, OCT. 18, MARRIAGE OF FIGARO; TUESDAY, OCT. 19, SIEGE OF ROCHELLE; WEDNESDAY, OCT. 20, BOHEMIAN GIRL; THURSDAY, OCT. 21, PORTIER OF HAVRE; FRIDAY, OCT. 22, TROVATORE.

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## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1875.

Most of our readers will be aware that, not many days since, the noble Earl who is charged with the responsibility of guiding the policy and watching over the interests of the people of the United Kingdom in the relation which it bears to foreign States received a splendid entertainment from the Mayor of Liverpool, at which, in response to the toast of his health, he sketched the principles upon which he sought to conduct the affairs of this country with other nations, and pointed out their application to the few cases in which there might be some difference of opinion. Lord Derby enjoys the confidence of his countrymen. In the office which he fills he may be described as a Minister after their own heart. He is painstaking, dispassionate, free from prejudice, and, for the most part, under the dominion of common-sense. His views are broad; his official conduct is cautious; he understands and appreciates the international position of England; and, in his intercourse with foreign Powers, he is quite able to sustain her dignity without compromising her interests or her honour. That there is a certain coldness of temperament in his mode of expressing himself; that he seldom allows himself to be carried away by enthusiasm of feeling; that in his utterances he is generally reticent and always judicial—if it be any defect at all in his official character, it is one that we can well overlook. It is on the safe side, at any rate. It leans towards wisdom, even where it may fail to be the fullest expression of wisdom. In some positions Lord Derby's temperament might unfit him for the highest official service which the circumstances of the nation might require. But in the transaction of business between Great Britain and her neighbours, European, Asiatic, or Transatlantic, he is regarded as the most capable and trustworthy man to speak the mind, and to shape the purpose, of the people of this land. His speech at Liverpool sustained the reputation which he has acquired. In most respects, it was a fair and able presentation of the thoughts and convictions which are, as we may say, latent in the breasts of Englishmen.

Alluding to that department of Government over which he presides as one of a very neutral character, he quietly combated the misrepresentation of those, both at home and abroad, who say that English influence in foreign countries is a nullity. If that were a fact, he said, we should not find so many people in foreign countries trying to persuade themselves and others of it. Our action is carefully watched. Our abstention, where it occurs, is bitterly criticised. We might, it is true, as in the old Napoleonic wars, gain exceptional influence by subsidising right and left; but it would be a costly luxury. Our advantage over every Continental Power is this—we want nothing and we fear nothing. We have no frontiers to rectify, we cannot be invaded, and notoriously we have no aggressive designs. Our one great interest is the maintenance of peace; and our advice, when we give it, is known to be disinterested and sincere. In international relations trustworthiness is an element of strength. Lord Derby believes that, whoever likes or dislikes us, we are trusted; and that if we avoid, on the one hand, the tendency to foolish and fussy meddling where our help is not wanted, and if we keep clear, on the other hand, of the delusion that nothing which happens on the Continent ought seriously to interest or affect us, he sees no reason why we should not continue to enjoy all the respect and consideration which we have hitherto received, and as much influence in our neighbours' affairs as any rational person need care to wish for. These are golden



words. They tersely express what ought to be the gist of the foreign policy of England. It is a fortunate thing for her that this sentiment, which is undoubtedly in the main the sentiment of her people, should be the directing motive of her Foreign Minister. Guided by this rule he cannot go far wrong.

Lord Derby did not content himself with merely abstract utterances. He went on to apply them to those cases of difficulty which have recently presented themselves in the department of foreign politics. There is Turkey, for example, in the provinces of which Power there is, he says, always a good deal of loose gunpowder about, and where a very small spark may lead to a very large explosion. The insurrection in Herzegovina, according to his view of the case, has been greatly exaggerated, in the probable expectation of its leaders that it would have the support, either secret or avowed, of the great Powers. The great Powers, however, fully recognise the inexpediency of pulling down where they cannot build up. The survey which Lord Derby takes of the case is somewhat discouraging. But facts are facts. Local autonomy, he says, is inapplicable to a district in which conflicting religions and contending races have their home. All that can be looked for at present is an alleviation of those administrative evils which are inflicted by Turkish rule. Perhaps so. Perhaps, also, resolute abstention from direct interference by the great Powers may be the wisest—and, in the end, the most beneficial—policy to be pursued, even in regard to those who are most exposed to suffering from the misgovernment of the Porte. But perhaps, also, as in other cases, the prevision of the great Powers will be thwarted by events, and unforeseen elements of decay and dissolution may precipitate an early settlement of the Eastern question, such as is not comprehended within the scope of the present forbearing policy of the military monarchies of Europe.

Then, there is China. Lord Derby hoped to have been able to announce that every serious difficulty between our Government and that of Peking had been removed. He does not want war. He would fain avoid it or avert it. War with China can bring us no honour, and may bring upon the Chinese empire a vast amount of disorganisation and suffering. But we have treaties with China, and those treaties impose certain obligations. Within the provisions of those treaties our countrymen out there have a right to claim protection, both for their lives and their property. If these are threatened it is the duty of the Government at home to throw over its subjects abroad the ægis of its power. It is no use, argues the Foreign Secretary, to put off to the future what must be done at last. We have treaty rights; we cannot allow them to be frittered away. One encroachment pioneers the way for another. We must abide by what has been conceded to us, and try to exemplify in our intercourse with the Chinese authorities the maxim of *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*.

Lord Derby adverted to another topic of even greater interest to his countrymen than those we have already mentioned. The new instructions of the Admiralty to the officers of the Navy, in regard to the treatment of slaves taking refuge under the British flag, were declared by the Foreign Secretary to be suspended. In effect, we imagine, they are withdrawn. The view which we took of them some weeks ago has so far been borne out by facts. The whole affair was, no doubt, an official blunder. It seems to have been an escapade, having no serious meaning attached to it, but embodying a profound mistake. Lord Derby's words with regard to it may be suffered to pass. They mean nothing but a somewhat hesitating acknowledgment that, whoever may have draughted the instructions, he utterly misled the British public as to the meaning and purport of the British Government.

### THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, visited Sir John Clark, on Thursday week, at Tilliepronie, and also Dr. Robertson, at Hopewell. The Duke of Connaught went deer-stalking. The Duchess of Manchester left Balmoral. The Right Hon. R. A. Cross dined with her Majesty. The Duke of Connaught and Strathearn left the castle the next day. The Hon. Mortimer Sackville West arrived at Balmoral. The Hon. Lady Biddulph dined with the Queen, and on the following day Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forbes, the Right Hon. R. A. Cross, and Sir Thomas Biddulph dined with her Majesty. The Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine service on Sunday at Crathie church. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. The Right Hon. R. A. Cross dined with her Majesty on Monday, and also on Tuesday, together with Sir Thomas and the Hon. Lady Biddulph and Dr. Robertson. The Queen and Princess Beatrice have walked and driven out daily.

### THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and the members of the Corporation of London proceeded in state to Marlborough House on Saturday last and presented to the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his leaving for India, an address expressive of the loyalty and good wishes of the citizens.

The Prince and Princess of Wales attended Divine service on Sunday, and in the evening the following dined with their Royal Highnesses:—The Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Countess Dornburg, Count and Countess Gleichen, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, Miss Knollys, General Sir W. Knollys, Captain the Hon. O. Montague, Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale, Dr. Quin, and Mr. Holzman. The Prince and Princess received farewell visits from all the members of the Royal family now in England previously to the departure of the Prince for India. Their Royal Highnesses visited the Duchess of Cambridge on Monday,

when the Prince took leave of her Royal Highness. His Royal Highness, accompanied by the Princess, left Marlborough House in the evening en route for India. The Princess accompanied the Prince across the Channel, and took leave of him at Calais, returning the next day to London. Her Royal Highness, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George and Princesses Louise Victoria and Maud of Wales, left Marlborough House, on Wednesday, for Sandringham House.

Prince and Princess Christian have returned to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, from Scotland.

The Duke of Connaught and Strathearn arrived at Eastwell Park, Kent, on Monday, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

### FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Major Walter George Stirling, only son of Sir Walter Stirling, Bart., and Lady Caroline Stirling, with Viscountess Clifden was solemnised, on Tuesday, at St. John's Church, Wilton-road. Viscountess Clifden was accompanied by her sister, Countess Spencer, and was given away by her brother, Mr. Conway Seymour. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. Cecil Alderson, M.A., Rector of Holdenby, Northampton, and the Rev. Frederick A. J. Hervey, cousin of Lady Clifden. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Prince Leopold were present, and signed their names in the register. The members of both families met at Dover House, Whitehall, to breakfast, after which Major Stirling and his wife left for Creke, Earl Spencer's seat in Norfolk.

The marriage of the Hon. Murray E. G. Finch-Hatton with Miss Harcourt is fixed to take place at Nuneham Park on the 27th inst.

A marriage is arranged between Mr. James Stephen, eldest son of Mr. Oscar Leslie Stephen, of Bardon Hall, Leicestershire, and Augusta, eldest daughter of Sir Cornwallis Ricketts, Bart., and Lady Caroline Ricketts.

### THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA.

#### DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

His Royal Highness started from London for India on Monday evening. We continue the series of our illustrations of his voyage, and of the special preparations on board H.M.S. Serapis for his accommodation between the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean. The Prince has this week travelled overland through France and Italy to embark in that vessel at Brindisi. He was accompanied by the Princess of Wales across the Channel from Dover to Calais. A few minutes before eight o'clock on Monday evening, accompanied by the Princess and a numerous suite, he left Marlborough House for Charing-cross station. A considerable number of spectators along Pall-mall and in the vicinity of the railway station cheered the occupants of the Royal carriage as they passed.

The Royal train was drawn up at the extreme western platform of the station; facing which was a guard of honour of the second battalion of the Scotch Fusilier Guards with their colours, band, and bagpipes, under Lieutenant-Colonel Bagot, numbering one hundred rank and file, formed up in line. The train was made up of three elegant saloon carriages, two first-class carriages, two break-vans, engine and tender. The Prince's saloon carriage was in the centre of the train. The platform in front of this saloon carriage was covered with crimson cloth. Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., chairman of the company, Captain Warren, Mr. Alexander Beattie, Mr. J. Fielden, M.P., and Mr. John Shaw, the manager, were in attendance to receive his Royal Highness. This part of the station was kept clear by a detachment of police, those admitted being mostly personal friends of the Prince. Beyond the space thus reserved, the station was crowded in every part. The windows of the hotel, the roofs of the trains in the sidings, and the roofs of the wooden offices in the station were filled with people who greeted the Royal party with vociferous cheers. Eight o'clock was the hour fixed for the departure of his Royal Highness. Long before that hour the platform in front of the train became crowded. The Prince and Princess of Teck were the first of the Royal family to arrive. Upon their driving into the station the band played the first bars of the National Anthem, which was taken by the multitude as a signal of the Prince's arrival and was followed by repeated cheers. This mistake was soon discovered, for it wanted half an hour to the time for his Royal Highness's departure. During that half-hour the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold drove up. Then came the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and Count Gleichen. Amongst other persons of distinction present were the Russian, German, and Danish Ministers, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Florence Gower, the Duke of St. Albans, Earl and Countess Spencer, the Duchess of Wellington, Lord Derby, Lord and Lady Sydney, the Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Barrington, Mr. Ward Hunt, Lord Henry Lennox, the Marquis of Hartington, the Earl of Aylesford, Lord Suffield, Lord Colville, Lord Charles Beresford, Colonel Ellis, and General Sir W. Knollys. Dr. George Birdwood, of the India Office, who has assisted in arranging the Prince's route in India, was also present. Punctually at eight o'clock his Royal Highness, accompanied by the Princess, drove into the station in an open carriage. They were received with a Royal salute and the reiterated cheers of the people. Upon alighting from their carriage, the Princess, assisted by the Duke of Cambridge, passed at once to the train, but the Prince was literally besieged. He was cheered again and again; everybody was eager to catch his eye and to wish him a safe and speedy return. Exclamations of "God bless you!" were more than once heard above the din which prevailed while his Royal Highness slowly wedged his way, shaking hands on all sides, to the train. Upon stepping into the saloon he was followed by his sister Princess Louise, his brothers, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Teck. After an affectionate leave-taking the ladies returned to the platform. The train, in charge of Mr. Alfred Watkin, steamed slowly out of the station, the band playing "God Bless the Prince of Wales" and the people loudly cheering.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught travelled in the new saloon; the other carriages were occupied by the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Colville, Colonel Teesdale, the Earl of Aylesford, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Suffield, Colonel Ellis, Mr. F. Knollys, and Miss Knollys.

At Dover, which the train reached ten minutes before ten o'clock, a crowd of people had assembled at the station. The Mayor and Corporation attended to present an address. Detachments of the 78th Highlanders, 104th Fusiliers, and the 24th Regiment were drawn up as a guard of honour, and while waiting for the approach of the Royal train the pipers of the 78th were playing on their pipes. The Royal train reached the terminus at 9.50, and the pier in two or three minutes afterwards. Immediately the Prince and Princess were observed sitting by themselves in the centre saloon carriage, hearty cheers went up from the assembled throng, which the Prince and Princess acknowledged by graceful bows. As the Royal

party alighted coloured fires were burned in great profusion by the military and police, and amidst continued cheering the Prince and Princess walked in the direction of the gangway, at which their Royal Highnesses were received by Earl Granville, K.G., attired in the uniform of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, Countess Granville, Mr. C. K. Freshfield, the senior member for Dover, the Mayor (Mr. F. S. Pierce) and the members of the Corporation, Major-General Parke, C.B., commanding the south-eastern district, and staff, with the commanding officers of the regiments in the garrison. The Mayor stepped forward and handed the address to the Prince, saying, "I present this address to your Royal Highness on behalf of the Corporation and the inhabitants of Dover, who wish your Royal Highness a prosperous journey and a safe return." The Prince having thanked the Mayor, the Royal party descended the gangway and were escorted on board the Dacey twin-ship Castalia. The illuminations were kept up with unabated brilliancy, the band of the 104th Fusiliers playing the National Anthem. Then the pipers struck up a lively Scotch air and continued it while the luggage was being got on board. This occupied but a very short time, the principal portion of the baggage having been sent on a day or two ago. Exactly at 10.15 the moorings of the vessel were cast off and the Castalia was got under steam. The troops presented arms and the band played a bar of the National Anthem, changing into "God Bless the Prince of Wales," the men joining in singing. Ringing cheers again went up as the vessel moved slowly off. The mail-steamer Foam was lying in the bay, and burned a profusion of coloured lights, whose brilliancy lit up the closing scene. The Duke of Cambridge and Lord Sydney returned to the Lord Warden Hotel, and telegrams were at once dispatched to the Queen and members of the Royal family announcing the departure of the Royal traveller. The Princess was to return to Dover in the Castalia at noon of the next day.

The weather was favourable, not only for the reception of the Royal party, but for the passage across to Calais. The sea had moderated during the day, and there was not more motion in the waves than the ordinary Continental passenger would object to. The passage must have been a very comfortable one on board the Castalia. Two of the cabins in the fore part of the vessel had been specially fitted for the Princess, and the decorations throughout had been entirely renovated. The interior of the Castalia, as prepared for the reception of that night's passengers, presented the appearance rather of a small suite of elegantly-furnished rooms. Captain Pittock, an able commander in the mail-packet service, was in charge of the vessel; and the designer himself, Captain Dacey, was on board with Mr. Cotton, representing the directors. The night was fine and clear, the moon and stars shining brilliantly. The Castalia reached Calais a few minutes after midnight, having made the passage in an hour and fifty minutes. The luggage was at once transferred to the railway van, while the Royal party had supper on board. Orders had been sent from Paris to observe a strict incognito. Baron de Latouche, Sous-Préfet of Boulogne, attended to superintend the landing, which took place at half-past one, in the presence of some 300 persons. The Prince of Wales took leave of the Princess of Wales on board the Castalia. He was driven from the Quai de Marée to the railway station, and the train started for Paris at two o'clock. The Prince was loudly cheered as the train left Calais.

On Tuesday morning, at twenty minutes past seven, the train conveying the Prince and his suite arrived at Paris, at the Northern Railway terminus. Not many persons, other than officials, were gathered there to receive the Prince. The air was cold and the sky looked threatening. Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, was first on the platform, after M. Lyon Renault, the Prefect of Police. Shortly before the arrival of the train Marshal MacMahon drove up, with the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, General D'Absac, Prince de la Tremouille, and other gentlemen, all in shooting attire, for they were on their way to Compiègne. The Prince, on descending from the train, shook hands heartily with the Marshal, Lord Lyons, and the Duc de Bisaccia. Immediately after he drove in Lord Lyons's carriage to the Hôtel Bristol, where apartments had been prepared for him. On Tuesday afternoon he called upon the Grand Duchess Constantine of Russia. In the evening Lord Lyons entertained the Prince at dinner; and on Wednesday Marshal MacMahon received him at lunch at the Elysée. His Royal Highness left Paris on Wednesday evening for Milan, by the Lyons Railway, starting at 8.40. The Prince's suite comprises the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Alfred Paget, Lord Aylesford, General Probyn, General Knollys, Lord Suffield, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Camington, and Sir Bartle Frere.

The Italian frigates Maria Pia and Castelfidardo have been ordered to join the other Italian vessels which assemble at Brindisi on the occasion of the embarkation of his Royal Highness. The Prince will be at Athens next Monday, on a visit to the King of Greece. The Special Artist of this Journal, Mr. Melton Prior, is on his way to Athens, and will supply us with a series of illustrations of the Prince's reception there.

The Castalia remained all night in Calais harbour, and at seven a.m. on Tuesday started for Dover, arriving alongside the Admiralty Pier a few minutes after nine o'clock. The weather was again most favourable. Her Royal Highness, who breakfasted on board, was received on her arrival by the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Sydney, and in about half an hour came ashore, leaning on the arm of the Duke, and entered the same saloon carriage in which she had travelled from town on the previous evening. Miss Knollys, Lord Colville, General Sir William Knollys, and Colonel Teesdale were in attendance on the Princess. The Royal train started at five minutes to ten o'clock, the Duke of Cambridge remaining at Dover; Charing-cross was reached in excellent time, at about 11.40 a.m. Carriages were in waiting upon the arrival of the Princess, and at once conveyed her Royal Highness to Marlborough House.

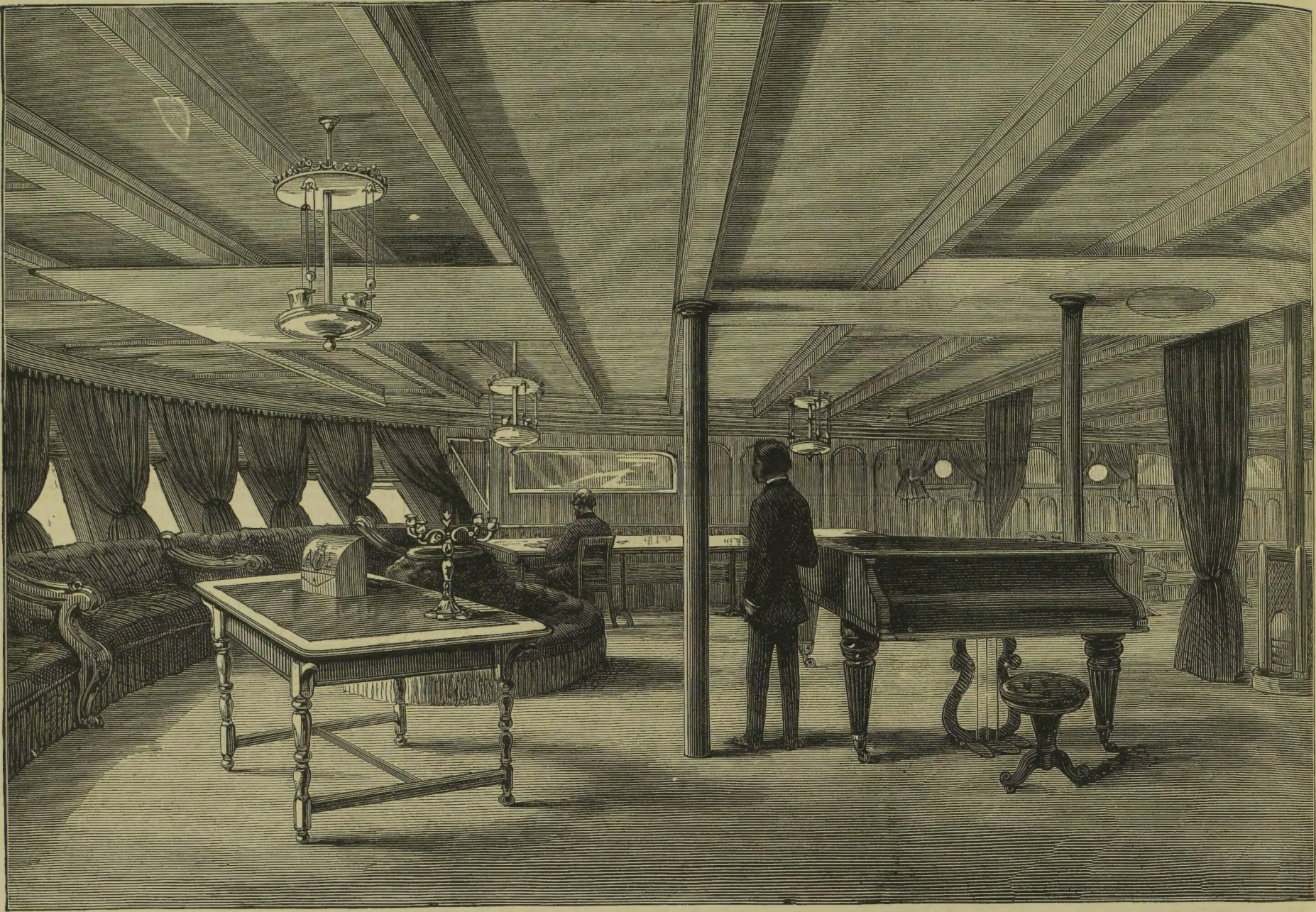
The interior arrangements of H.M.S. Serapis, the apartments specially provided for the accommodation of his Royal Highness, with their decorations and furniture, have been minutely described in this Journal. We now add to our former illustrations one of the Royal Reception-Room and one of the Dining-Room, besides two others representing the common nautical operations of weighing anchor and hauling up a boat as performed on board this vessel. The name of the Rev. C. E. York, the Chaplain, should have appeared in our list of the officers of the Serapis.

Cardinal Manning and Sir Wilfrid Lawson were the principal speakers at the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, held on Tuesday night, in Manchester. On the motion of the former a resolution was passed calling upon Parliament to deal vigorously with the liquor traffic.

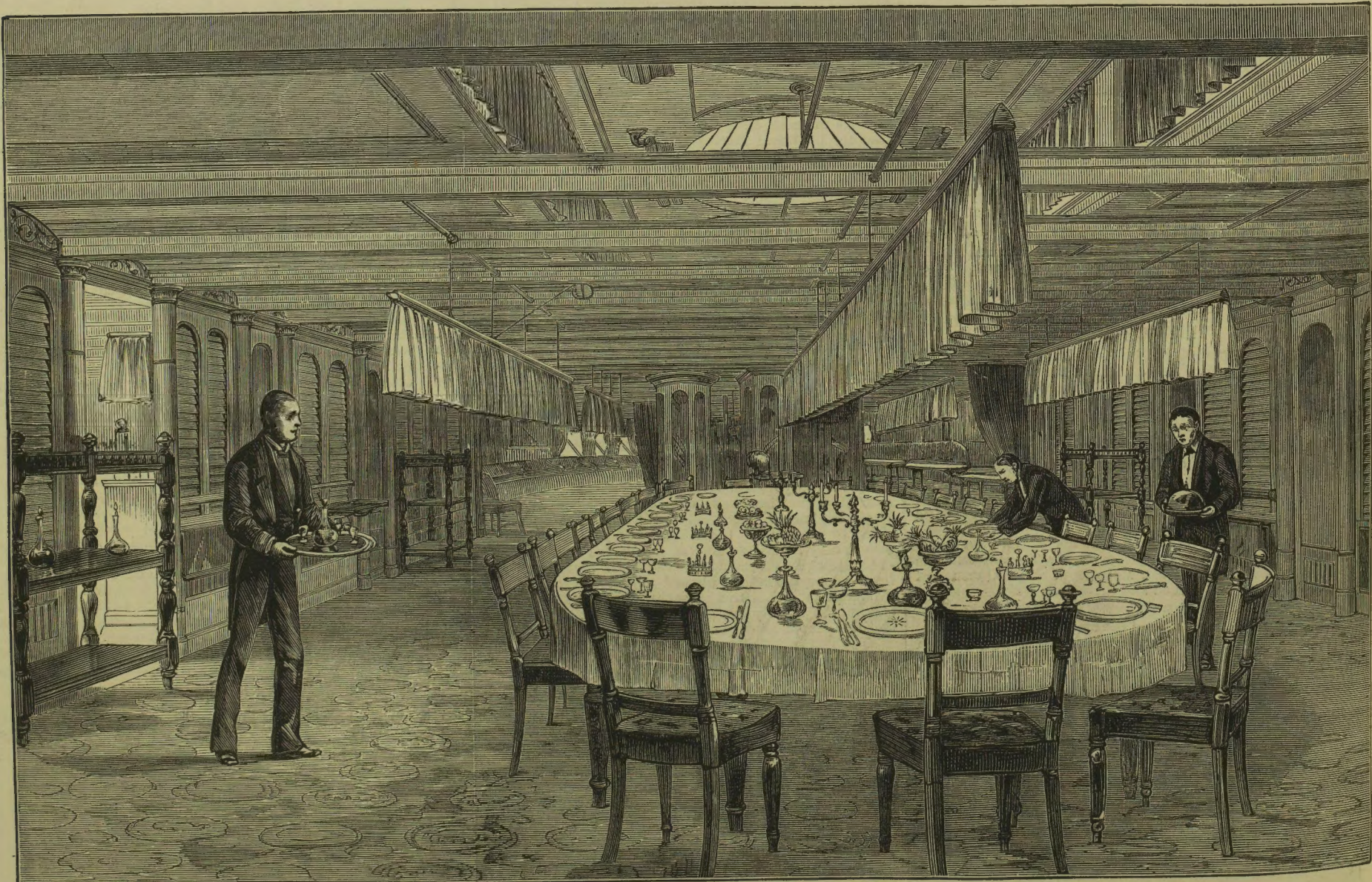
A new museum of art and industry, under the title of the "Nederlandsch Museum," has been opened at the Hague. The museum aims at reviving an interest in the old national industries of Holland, many of which have fallen into decay. Already the examples of old Dutch pottery, glass, &c., form an important collection, and there is an interesting series of casts from the monuments, sculptures, and carvings found in the old, and many of them little-known, churches of Holland.



THE ROYAL VOYAGE TO INDIA.



RECEPTION SALOON OF THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD H.M.S. SERAPIS.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DINING-SALOON ON BOARD THE SERAPIS.



THE ROYAL VOYAGE TO INDIA.



HAULING UP LIFE-BOAT ON BOARD H.M.S. SERAPIS.



WEIGHING ANCHOR ON BOARD THE SERAPIS.



## FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

## FRANCE.

(From our Correspondent in Paris.)

Thursday, Oct. 14.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived here by the mail train on Tuesday morning. The early hour and the fact of the Prince's travelling incognito prevented anything like a public reception. Lord Lyons and the Prefect of Police were, however, in readiness on the platform of the Great Northern Railway, and, somewhat to the surprise of all present, were shortly afterwards joined by Marshal MacMahon and a large party of friends. The President of the Republic was en route for a day's shooting at Compiègne, and took advantage of the opportunity to kill, as it were, two birds with one stone. After exchanging greetings with the Marshal and Lord Lyons, the Prince was driven to the Hôtel Bristol. In the evening he dined at the Embassy. On Wednesday afternoon he received a farewell visit from Marshal MacMahon, and, after dining at the hotel with a few guests, left by the Lyons railway station for Turin.

A little ceremony of a kind that has not been witnessed in Paris for some time took place on Saturday—namely, the presentation of the Cardinal's hat by Marshal MacMahon to Monseigneur Saint Marc, Archbishop of Rennes. A guard of honour was drawn up in the courtyard of the Elysée, and the President, with the Ministers of Public Worship and of Foreign Affairs, received the Archbishop in the grand saloon. The Papal ablegate having delivered a Latin oration warmly eulogising the Chief of the State for his zeal on behalf of religion, the entire party proceeded to the chapel to hear mass. At its conclusion the new Cardinal knelt in front of the Marshal, who presented him with the hat. A luncheon was subsequently served. The Archbishop of Rennes, whose influence in his own diocese is almost unparalleled, and who has on several occasions distinguished himself by some remarkably plain speaking, observed, whilst thanking the Marshal for the honour done him, that it was a proof of the excellent relations existing between the Supreme Pontiff and France. It is a similar opinion that has, no doubt, led the Bishop of Autun to publish a political programme, in which he advocates in the strongest manner a return to the state of things existing before the First Revolution.

There have been several other political utterances, mostly of the after-dinner character. M. Jules Simon, who has been speaking at Certe and Perzenas, urges that the Republic should be made "amiable," so as to attract every one to it. He warmly extolled M. Thiers, and advocated the raising of the state of siege, the appointment of the mayors by the municipal councils, and the adoption of the *scrutin de liste*. M. Gambetta has published a letter recommending concord and moderation to the Republicans of all shades in face of the irritating line of conduct pursued by the Administration. A speech delivered by M. Louis Blanc on Saturday, at a private meeting of the supporters of M. Engelhardt, an ultra-Radical, who has just been elected a municipal councillor, was chiefly remarkable for a most virulent attack upon the clerical party.

Great excitement has been created by the decision of the Turkish Government with reference to the payment of the interest on their bonds. Numbers of them are held in France, chiefly by people of limited income, who have been tempted by the high rate of interest. The papers denounce the conduct of the Porte in warm terms, and the Cabinet are occupying themselves with the matter.

There are now twenty-five seats vacant in the Assembly, the dissolution of which has been advocated in a letter by M. de Bihastel, a prominent Legitimist. The last vacancies were due to the deaths of MM. Desanneux and Guillaume Petit. Art, too, has sustained a serious loss in the person of M. Carpeaux, the sculptor, who died, after a long illness, on Tuesday, at Courbevoie.

## ITALY.

The official programme of the Emperor of Germany's route to Milan has been published. A stay of one night will be made at Trent, and the journey will be broken at various points, thus enabling his Majesty to devote an hour or two visiting in such towns as Innsbruck and Bergamo. General Cialdini and another General, attended by three of the King's aides-de-camp, will meet the Emperor at the Italian frontier. His Majesty will make his state entry into Milan, where he will be received by the King and Royal family on Monday next, the 18th, and leave on Friday, the 22nd. During his stay there will be a review of the troops, an illumination of the cathedral, a gala performance at the theatre, a grand hunt at Monza, and an excursion to the Lake of Como. The German flag will be hoisted with the Italian flag over the Royal palace. Invitation has been given to all the Knights of the Order of the Annunziata to meet the Emperor at Milan. A life-sized portrait of himself will be presented to the Emperor by the King of Italy.

General Agar, special Envoy from the Shah of Persia, was received by the Pope, on Thursday week, with all the honours of an Ambassador. The General presented a letter from his master promising that Catholics should receive protection throughout Persia. Cardinal McCloskey left Rome on Tuesday. He was accompanied to the station by Cardinal Franchi and other persons of distinction.

## HOLLAND.

Owing to a dispute between Holland and Venezuela, the representative of the latter Power at the Hague left that city last Saturday. The Dutch Charge d'Affaires at Caracas has at the same time been recalled.

## GERMANY.

The Address Committee of the Bavarian House of Deputies has adopted by eight votes against seven the draught address proposed by the Clerical party. The substance of the address has been published. The deputies tell the King "the country desires and longs for rest, and calls for a Ministry not afraid of receiving by means of thoroughly free elections the candid expression of the views and sentiments of the people instead of a falsified one. The zealous support of the people's representative would be given only to such a government, and it would enjoy in the highest community of the kingdom that respect which is imperatively necessary if the rights of the Bavarian Crown and country are not to be swallowed up piecemeal by an interest which is far from being altogether German." A declaration, signed by the whole of the Liberal members in the Chamber of Deputies, was on Wednesday read in the Assembly, protesting against the draught of the address prepared for presentation to the King, and condemning the act of dragging the Sovereign into party struggles.

Monsignor Forster, Prince Bishop of Breslau, has been deprived of his office by the judgment of the Ecclesiastical Court of Berlin; and Dean Kurowski has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment by the District Court of Posen, for acting as Papal delegate for his diocese after the deposition of Archbishop Ledochowski by the Prussian Government.

## SERVIA.

Mlle. Natalie von Keckso, the fiancée of Prince Milan, made her state entry into the capital last Saturday. The city

was splendidly illuminated in the evening. In consequence of an official announcement from the Russian Court that a special representative of the Emperor of Russia has left St. Petersburg to be present at the marriage, the wedding has been postponed to Sunday (to-morrow). In addition to the special representatives of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, who are to be present, there will be a delegation from Roumania, headed by an officer of high rank.

A new Cabinet, with M. Kaljevic, President of the Skupstchina, as Premier, has been formed, and its programme is based on the maintenance of peace.

Both the Turkish and Servian Governments, acting upon the representations of the great Powers, have agreed to withdraw their forces from their respective frontiers.

## RUSSIA.

The Government is actively engaged with a scheme for the improvement of the system of canals and navigable rivers. The old copper coinage is being called in, in order that it may be superseded by a new issue.

The second circular ironclad of Russia was successfully launched at St. Petersburg yesterday week, in the presence of the Grand Duke Constantine. She is armoured with 18-inch armour, and will carry two 40-ton guns. She was named the Admiral Popoff, after her designer, by the express command of the Emperor.

Details of the recent Russian successes in Khokand reach us from St. Petersburg. According to the accounts published, 10,000 men, who had been collected for the purpose of again resisting the Russian troops, had been utterly defeated, and their leader, when last seen, had only five followers with him. General Kaufmann's aide-de-camp has left Tashkend in order to make a report on the campaign to the Emperor, in compliance with his Majesty's wish.

## AMERICA.

Mr. Hayes, the Republican candidate for the Governorship of Ohio, has been returned by a large majority. The Republicans have also carried the election in Ohio.

In the conflict between the negroes and whites at Friar's Point, Mississippi, the latter charged and dispersed the blacks, who rallied, but offered only a slight resistance.

## CANADA.

Several new judicial appointments, which have been rendered necessary by the constitution of a Supreme Court for the Dominion, are announced.

Mr. Mackenzie, the Premier, has made a speech in which he expresses disapproval of various schemes which have been put forward for Imperial federation. The policy of the Dominion Government is, however, he says, to assume all responsibilities appertaining to Canada as an integral portion of the empire.

## MEXICO.

Despatches received at New York announce the opening of the Mexican Congress. The President of the Republic, in his speech to the deputies, said that the country was peaceful and foreign relations satisfactory.

## BRAZIL.

The Chamber of Deputies adopted on the 8th inst. the bill for the creation of agricultural banks, with the amendments proposed by the Senate. In the same sitting the Chamber voted the bill authorising the establishment of a mortgage bank with a capital of £4,000,000, which may be raised in Europe. On the 10th the Chambers were closed by the Emperor. His Majesty thanked the Chambers for the bills voted, and stated that the relations with foreign Governments were good, and that the amnesty granted to the bishops would restore harmony with the Holy See.

## AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

The Victoria Ministry have been defeated by a majority of five on an amendment to the Budget proposed by Mr. McCulloch, and the Governor-General having refused the Ministers' request that Parliament should be dissolved, the Cabinet has consequently resigned. The South Australian Parliament has been prorogued until the 22nd inst., in order to allow time for the reintroduction of the Stamp Bill, which was rejected by the Legislative Council. A despatch, of Tuesday's date, from Sydney brings word that the revenue of New South Wales for the quarter ending Sept. 30 shows an increase over the estimates.

The New Zealand House of Representatives has passed the bill abolishing the provincial Governments, and a bill "for a larger legislative representation of the people" has been introduced.

## CHINA.

An edict has been published in the *Pekin Gazette* enjoining the proper treatment of foreigners in China. Mr. Wade's principal demands have not, however, been conceded.

Intelligence has been received in Sydney of the discovery of a large navigable river in New Guinea.

Princess Marie, Duchess of Saxe, has been betrothed to Prince Henry VII. of Reuss, German Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg.

A large medical and surgical hospital has been built at Jeypore, called the Mayo Hospital, which will be publicly opened by the Prince of Wales during his visit to India.

Major G. Bertie B. Hobart, Royal Artillery, has been appointed military secretary to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, Governor of Madras.

Unconditional permission has been accorded by the Burmese Government for the passage of British troops through its territory, in case of need.

It is officially announced that the Queen has appointed Sir George Campbell Anderson, Knt., to be Chief Justice, and Bruce Lockhart Burnside, Esq., to be Attorney-General, of the Bahama Islands.

The *Pall-Mall Gazette* is informed that Sir Louis Mallet, K.C.B., with Mr. Clement Colvin, private secretary to the Under-Secretary of State for India, will shortly proceed to India on a mission connected with the new Indian Tariffs Bill.

The Queen has appointed Barrow Helbert Ellis, Esq., Bombay Civil Service (retired), member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India, lately one of the members of the Council of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, to be a Knight Commander of the Order of the Star of India.

According to the *South African Mail*, the Government at the Cape has been unable to withstand the demand of the colony to be represented at the Conference proposed by Lord Carnarvon, and an extraordinary Session of Parliament has been convened for Nov. 10.

The Volunteers have recently held several prize-meetings, which want of space prevents us from reporting. In the Militia we note that Lieutenants Charles Lewis Nathaniel Ingram and Henry Bruce Mayer Carvick, of the 3rd Royal Surrey, have been made Captains.

## METROPOLITAN NEWS.

Last week the total number of paupers in the metropolis was 81,538, of whom 33,223 were in workhouses and 48,315 received outdoor relief.

The directors of the Bank of England on Thursday advanced the minimum rate of discount from 2½ per cent, at which it was fixed last Thursday, to 3½ per cent.

The representation of the Cordwainer Ward in the Aldermanic Chamber has been vacated by the death of Alderman Paterson, which occurred yesterday week.

A swimming fête was held at the Alexandra Palace on Monday, and the prizes were distributed in the evening by Captain Webb, who was also the recipient of a purse of fifty guineas, presented by the Palace Company.

Last week 2246 births and 1397 deaths were registered in London, the former being 42 below and the latter 29 above the average. The death-rate was 21 per 1000. There were 110 deaths from scarlet fever, 21 from measles, 47 from whooping-cough, and not one from smallpox.

The anniversary soirée of the Artisans' Institute, Castle-street, was held on Wednesday night, under the chairmanship of Lord Lyttelton, when addresses were delivered on the subject of the Club and Institute Union by the president, Lord Aberdare, the Dean of Lincoln, Sir G. Campbell, and others.

As the result of a chemical examination of the waters supplied to the metropolis during September, Dr. Frankland reports that the proportion of "organic impurity in all the river waters was much less than that observed in August," and that the water supplied by the New River Company was in this respect nearly as pure as the Kent company's water derived from deep wells in the chalk.

The London School Board, at their weekly meeting on Wednesday, devoted a large amount of time to the consideration of a motion by Lord Napier and Ettrick, chairman of the educational endowments committee, respecting Dame Owen's charity; but, on the suggestion of several members, the proposition was not pressed. The debate on the question of religious instruction was resumed, and concluded by the carrying of the previous question.

Mr. Goschen, M.P., in the absence of the Lord Mayor, presided on Tuesday at a meeting held at the Mansion House of the Committee for promoting the University extension scheme in London. The Lord Mayor elect, Alderman Cotton, M.P., Professor Morley, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Professor Carpenter, and others were present. It was resolved to appeal for additional aid, to take steps to obtain articles of incorporation for the society, and to hold a meeting for the election of a council of management.

At the opening of the annual conference of the Congregational Union, on Tuesday morning, at the City Temple, the inaugural address was delivered by the Rev. Alexander Thompson, M.A., the subject being Culture and Nonconformity. Addresses were delivered on Wednesday, amongst other ministers, by the Rev. J. Stark, Edinburgh; the Rev. G. Clark, Hobart Town; the Rev. Dr. J. Thompson, New York; and the Hon. P. Hay, of Connecticut. The evening meeting was held in Surrey Chapel, Mr. T. R. Hill, M.P., in the chair. On Thursday morning the last session was held at the Memorial Hall; and in the evening, at the same place, a conversazione was held.

On Thursday the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the members of the Corporation, the Aldermen, and many members of Parliament and others, paid a visit in state to Epping Forest, to celebrate the restoration of the forest to the people.—At a meeting of the Court of Common Council, held last week, it was reported that 2000 acres of land which had been inclosed would now be thrown back into Epping Forest, making its whole extent 5000 acres. The occupants of about 1400 acres, on which large mansions had been built, would not be called upon to clear away their buildings, as they paid full value for the land; but they would have to pay quit rents, which will be spent in keeping up the forest.

While workmen were engaged, last Saturday, in excavating the foundation of a shop known as the Bonnet Box, in High-street, Shoreditch, a chest, six feet long, three feet and three-quarters wide, and three feet deep, was discovered buried at a considerable depth from the surface, in that part which has not hitherto been built upon. On opening the chest it was found to contain a large quantity of church plate, consisting, among other things, of a ciborium, two silver pyxes, an antique chalice, an elaborately-chased lamp of great size, and a number of articles the actual uses of which have not as yet been ascertained. Near this spot, in pre-Reformation times, stood a convent, and it is known that on the dissolution of the monasteries many objects of art which decorated the church disappeared and were never accounted for.

The Queen has placed a suite of apartments at Hampton Court Palace at the disposal of Lady Roberts, widow of the late General Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B.

Lord Suffield laid the foundation-stone of a new aquarium at Yarmouth last Saturday. The building, which will be erected to the north of the Britannia Pier, is to cost £30,000.

The Trades Union Congress has been held at Glasgow this week.—The North Wales colliers refuse to abide by the decision of Mr. Serjeant Wheeler, the umpire in the wages dispute between them and their employers, that the reduction of 15 per cent proposed by the masters was reasonable.

The Lords of the Admiralty yesterday week officially inspected several of the gun-boats, as well as the St. Vincent training-ship, in Portsmouth Harbour. After luncheon, which was partaken on board the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, their Lordships visited the *Thunderer*, for the purpose of seeing the operation of Sir William Armstrong's hydraulic gear for loading heavy guns. Later still they proceeded to inspect the *Vesuvius*, torpedo-ship, witnessing the firing of a torpedo. In the evening their Lordships attended the Seamen and Marines' Orphan School Ball. On Saturday the Royal Marine Artillery was inspected, and their Lordships left for Chatham.

On the occasion of distributing the prizes of the Society for the Promotion of Scientific Industry at the exhibition, Cheetham-hill, Manchester, on Wednesday, Lord Derby spoke at considerable length upon the necessity for a high degree of technical skill on the part of the English artisan.

The Mayor of Sunderland, on Monday, presented the prizes and certificates gained at the last examinations by the students of the Government science classes of the Workmen's Hall, Monkwearmouth, at that institution.

On Wednesday the second annual provincial meeting of the Incorporated Law Society of the United Kingdom was opened in the Liverpool Townhall, with the president (Mr. G. B. Gregory, M.P.) in the chair. About three hundred members were present. The conference was continued on Thursday.





THE TRYSTING-TREE. BY E. WAGNER.





OUR SOLDIERS, PAST AND FUTURE. BY ARTHUR STOCKS.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The undersigned has received, since the appearance of his last week's "Echoes," seven letters on the subject of the ages of Macbeth and Lady M., and nineteen epistles referring to "the scar, the yellow leaf." In all twenty-six obliging correspondents—the majority of whom have been kind enough to affix their names to their communications—have been "down" on me, metaphorically speaking. Twenty out of the twenty-six are strongly of opinion that by "scar" Shakespeare meant dried or shrivelled, and not the yellow part of the hawk's head between the eye and the beak. I am for freedom of opinion. I now hasten to concede that every one of my correspondents is in the right, reserving, as I do, to myself the privilege of believing that I also am quite correct in my conjectures. Galileo, you will remember, formally recanted his theories as to the earth's movement; but, when he had made an end of his apology, he was heard to matter to himself, "*Eppur si muove.*" I like obstinate people.

One faint protest, however, I may be permitted to place on record with regard to a correspondent who, making light of the authority of Phillips's "New World of Words," severely remarks that "Johnson writes both 'sere' and 'sear,' and in each case derives the word from the same Saxon root." In the first place, are we quite sure that "sere" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon? That dialect has certainly the verb *searian*, to dry; but in Greek there is likewise the word *xerros*—dry, uncultivated, barren; and in Latin we have the adverbs *serus* and *sero*—late, autumnal, vesper-time. Thence we may get to the Sanskrit, *saya*; and then, pray, what becomes of your Anglo-Saxon? I have the utmost reverence for the memory of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and I sincerely wish that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald would re-edit Scott's Dryden as conscientiously and appreciatively as he has re-edited Boswell's Johnson. The sage of Bolt-court was a great and good man; but, a prodigious amount of Latin, a considerable quantity of Greek, and a small modicum of French apart, he was not a linguist; and, as regards etymology, he was but the slave of Junius and Skinner. The first edition of Johnson's Dictionary is one of the most entertaining books in the English language; but from the point of view of comparative philology it is more than worthless: since it misleads.

Mr. Frank Burnand, happiest of "Happy-Thought" makers, launches a trim little bark on the troubled ocean of theatrical management, and opens the Opéra Comique on Saturday, with a comedy of his own, in which a new American actor, Mr. George Clarke, of whom "great expectations" have been formed, is to make his first appearance in England. Not being a dramatic critic I shall not be able to say anything about the merits or demerits (he will not exhibit any of the latter, I trust) of Mr. George Clarke; so I can only wish him success, and include Mr. Frank Burnand in the aspiration. Nothing, to my mind, is more erroneous than the notion that men of letters are not fit persons to undertake the functions of theatrical management. Some of the most famous of French authors have been dramatic directors, and have gained fortunes thereby; while in England there has never been a dramatic management more splendid than that of Sheridan at Drury Lane.

Poor Richard Brinsley, we all know, made no fortune; but why? Simply because he could not discipline his mind to business habits; because he was unpunctual, improvident, and careless. But let the man of letters be likewise a business man, and he should be able to manage a theatre excellently well. One William Shakespeare acquired a handsome competence in such a calling two hundred and fifty years ago; but Ben Jonson, I am afraid, would have made but a sad muddle of it. He was unpunctual, and habitually lived out of the proceeds instead of the profits of his enterprises. Do you know that Charles Dickens was once within an ace of taking the Strand Theatre? he would have been an admirable manager; whereas Thackeray would have probably been unable to bend his mind to the business direction of so much as a Punch's show. There are elephants that cannot pick up pins with their trunks.

A really splendid exertion, so far as learning, assimilative power, and exhaustive illustration are concerned, has been delivered at the Social Science Congress at Brighton, by Dr. Benjamin Richardson, F.R.S., who took for his subject the description of an ideal city, which he terms Hygeia, or the Abode of Health, and which he assumes to be built and governed on such perfect sanitary and scientific principles that the death-rate among a population of 100,000 might be easily diminished to five per thousand. The doctor's address occupied something like three columns of the *Times* of Tuesday; thus even the barest analysis of the essay would be impossible in this place. As, however, the "Hygeian Oration" will probably—and it certainly should be—reproduced in book form, I very deferentially suggest to the amiable and accomplished physician (whom to know is to venerate) the propriety of revising a tiny passage in his description of the hospital arrangements of Hygeia. He objects to the walls of rooms being covered either with paper (often poisonously coloured, and endued with mouldy paste), or with "distemper, or absorbing colour stuff." Now, I must put in a plea for distemper, which is merely so much whitewash mingled with positive colour, and "bound" with a little perfectly clean size. In all oil painting preparations of lead or some almost equally noxious metal are used; but the pigments employed in distemper painting are wholly innocent; and there are no healthier craftsmen than scene-painters, who work wholly in distemper. And can Dr. Richardson have forgotten that the word itself is derived from the circumstance that it was formerly the custom in the hospitals of Italy to colour the damp stone or absorbent brick walls with "distemper" in order to dry and to disinfect them? But the philosopher of Hygeia will hear of naught for his walls save glazed bricks arranged in patterns: cubical "pantiles," so to speak.

Carpeaux, the famous French sculptor, is dead. Just let me note that the best account of the curious controversy arising from the exhibition of his group of "La Danse" on the porch of the Grand Opera House at Paris will be found in a charmingly chatty little book called "Le Nouvel Opéra," by M. Charles Nutter, "archivist" to that gigantic and historical establishment. You may buy the book at Hachette's. A terrible poem was there concerning this certainly ultra-realistic embodiment of the "poetry of motion;" and one scandalised hypercritical took occasion, it will be remembered, to mark his disapproval of M. Carpeaux's performance by going out very late one night, or getting up very early one morning, and dashing either a bottle or a sponge full of ink at the principal lady choregraphist in the group. The stupid Vandal!—I mean the man with the ink. I am sorry that he was never detected and punished; but, at the same time, it is but just to observe that enlightened and impartial criticism has been tolerably unanimous in condemning Carpeaux's strangely-modelled medley, not on the ground of its sins against decorum, but for the reason that the proportions of the figures are exaggerated, and that its composition is wholly out of harmony with the

lines of the peristyle of the building. It is, in fact, "flamboyant"—a flaming, waving, kicking, plunging kind of group, which might look very nobly by itself, but which, placed against the wall of a building, knocks anything near it *à tort et à travers*. But throwing ink—or mud—at things is not criticism.

There was a very interesting and a very melancholy letter in the *Times* last Monday announcing the impending demolition of a fine old seventeenth-century mansion in Leadenhall-street, opposite Billiter-street. The work of devastation was actually to begin last Wednesday. The site is, no doubt, extremely valuable; and, as "Civic Improvements" have necessitated the removal of the venerable South Sea House, and even of the India House itself, nothing, I fear, could be urged in favour of sparing the antique mansion opposite Billiter-street. The walls of the staircase were painted, it was stated, with allegorical figures, the work of Sir James Thornhill; but, as the pictures were on the very plastering of the walls, there were no means, it was thought, of saving them. Such means, however, exist; and were employed some thirty years since to rescue the wall and ceiling paintings (by Verrio or Laguerre, I think) in old Montagu House, when that noble structure was merged into the buildings of the new British Museum. But whether the works of Sir James Thornhill are worth preserving is quite another question, and one which must be left to the art-critics to decide.

Taken for all in all, that Social Science Congress at Brighton, of which I spoke anon, seems likely to hold a very high rank in the annals of the association, as having led to the reading of papers and the holding of discussions of a nature always interesting and frequently practical. The facts stated and the arguments adduced in the section of penology by the president of the association, Lord Aberdare, and the equally instructive statements made by Colonel Ducane should definitely silence, I think, the stupid and malevolent taunts levelled against the ex-Home Secretary because, as the Right Hon. Austin Bruce, he once happened to allude to "the gratifying diminution of crime." The truth is that the earnest statesman who is now Lord Aberdare knew what he was talking about, and that the self-satisfied people who prosed concerning an "epidemic of crime" were not conversant with the subject on which they discoursed so dogmatically. G.A.S.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS  
AT BRIGHTON.

Previous to the meeting of the sections on Thursday week Sir E. S. Creasy, late Chief Justice of Ceylon, gave an address upon jurisprudence and international law. In the Repression of Crime section, Lieut.-Colonel Ducane opened the proceedings by an address, after which there was a discussion on the question whether the Prevention of Crime Act, 1871, had proved satisfactory in its operation. Sir Walter Crofton read a paper on the subject. In the Education and Health Departments papers were also read.

Mr. Grant Duff, M.P., president of the Economy and Trade department, gave an address yesterday week. He alluded to the present condition and immediate prospects of our commercial treaties, and, after giving a history of the treaties entered into since 1846, said that the success of the existing network of commercial treaties was no longer a matter for inquiry, for the experience of the last ten years had proved their utility. Mr. Holms, M.P., read a paper on Short Term Military Service, which is given, with diagrams, in our Supplement. In the Health and Education sections papers were read on the influence of University education, on the general education of the country, and on the advantages of English as compared with foreign watering-places as health resorts.

At Saturday's sitting Mr. G. W. Hastings, president of the council, reviewed the work of the association during the past year. The prizes offered by Don Arturo de Marcoartu for the best essays on a code of international law were presented by Lord Aberdare—£200 to Mr. A. Sprague, of the American Bar, and £100 to M. Paul Lacombe, of Paris. Several papers of interest were read before the sectional meetings, but the attendance was small in both cases, with the exception of that given to the reading of Mr. J. T. Hibbert's paper on the improvements required in county and borough gaols, which, in the author's absence, was read by deputy.

Dr. Richardson, the president of the Health department, on Monday, gave an address in which he drew a sketch of a model city, wherein the sanitary arrangements were so complete that the average mortality would be only 8 per 1000 in the first generation. Under the conditions set forth, hereditary disease would immediately decline, and future generations become healthier and stronger. The company then adjourned to the various sections. A public meeting was held at the Townhall, in the afternoon, in connection with the Ladies' Association for the Promotion of the Higher Education of Women. Lord Aberdare presided. Mrs. Grey, Dr. Gladstone, and other leaders of the movement, addressed the meeting and moved resolutions in favour of the objects of the association.

Sir Charles Reed opened the business on Tuesday by giving an address upon elementary education. He thought that the word compulsion had been used far too freely in the ears of the poor, and expressed his belief that any attempt to imprison parents who did not send their children to school would produce a national commotion of a serious character. After speaking of the recent declarations of Mr. Cross on the subject, Sir Charles went on to point out that it should be the aim of school boards to obtain teachers of high moral character. The supremacy of England among nations would not be determined by guns or ironclads, but by the sterling character of her people; and her hope rested upon her sons and daughters now under training in her schools. On the motion of Lord Aberdare, a vote of thanks was passed to Sir C. Reed for his address. Miss Manning, the Rev. Rooke Lambert, and others read papers in the Education section; and in the Economy and Trade section there were lively discussions on the opium traffic and foreign loans.

The Congress has concluded its deliberations, the remaining day of the session, Wednesday, being mainly devoted to a consideration of papers on water questions, the liquor traffic, and the opening of places of instruction to the working classes on Sunday. Lord Aberdare gave a closing address, in which, after referring to the ability displayed by the more active members, he mentioned those writers and papers which appeared to him most deserving of attention.

The next annual congress will be held at Liverpool.

The Birmingham Town Council resolved on Tuesday to begin an important improvement under the provisions of the Artisans' Dwellings Act. "Slums" in the centre of the town inhabited by about 9000 persons are to be swept away, and a better class of houses—built in flats—is to take their place. It is estimated that the work will cost over half a million of money; but the Mayor (Mr. Chamberlain), who proposed the scheme, estimates that with the increase in the rateable value of the property the cost will be defrayed in fifty years at a cost to the town of £12,000 a year.

## The Extra Supplement.

## "THE TRYSTING TREE."

Youth and love, the bloom of human life, have kept their tryst, or pledge of meeting, beneath the spreading branches of a mighty tree whose venerable age, in aspect the more impressive from the fall of its leaves at the end of autumn, is a solemn contrast to the pair of happy lovers. How many generations of mankind have passed through the short season of their mortal experience of that ideal happiness which is given to the fresh heart of early manhood or maidenhood, and have basked in the splendour of its visionary bliss, until, perhaps, they have too soon beheld it die away,

And fade into the light of common day.

But this is a sad reflection, only too forcibly suggested by the air of approaching winter, in the scene which Mr. Wagner has imagined for the lovers' trysting-place; and by the tokens of gradual decay in the majestic tree, which overhangs the young couple in their earnest conference upon the affairs of a mutual affection.

## "OUR SOLDIERS, PAST AND FUTURE."

This picture, which Mr. Arthur Stocks contributed to the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy, bears a title the more likely to claim our attention, in the present week, for the instructive essay of Mr. John Holms, M.P., on the best means of recruiting the British Army. It may perhaps serve to remind us that, with all that can be devised for the improvement of military organisation and training, the spirit of enterprising valour, and the attachment to duty and discipline, which have always characterised our brave and faithful soldiers, must be sustained by moral influences. No such influences can be more powerful or more salutary than those which may be exerted by a worthy retired veteran of the service, in conversation with an ardent and intelligent boy; and their reading together of the stirring story of some famous battle, in which England found, as she expects to find, that every man would do his duty, is as good a lesson as the boy could have in any ordinary school. He is destined, perhaps, as one of the future soldiers of his country, to wear the Victoria Cross, or, what is more, to deserve that honour.

## THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

A description of the "Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden," about to be opened at the corner of Tothill-street, in Broad Sanctuary, opposite Westminster Abbey, was given last week, with a view of the outside of the building, which now approaches completion. The interior of that part which is devoted to the main promenade and conservatory, or "Summer and Winter Garden," is shown in our present illustration. The width of the central avenue is 80 ft., and the height from floor to roof is 72 ft.; the galleries, 16 ft. above the floor, are 40 ft. wide. The grand orchestra, on the north side, is 60 ft. by 40 ft. The central avenue will be adorned with fine groups of sculpture, such as that of Castor and Pollux, with the horses copied from the work of Phidias, at the Quirinal of Rome; and with a variety of beautiful exotic plants. The building does much credit to Mr. Bedborough, the architect; Messrs. Lucas, the contractors; and the directors of the company, which deserves abundant success.

## THE GAME OF LA CROSSE.

This excellent outdoor pastime is the national game of Lower Canada, where it was learnt by the French from the Indians before the English conquest. Mr. W. Cruickshank, of Toronto, up to which city it has passed from Montreal, contributes a sketch which requires but little explanation. Two goals, each 6 ft. wide by 6 ft. high, are placed a hundred yards apart, between which are the players of the respective sides, opposed to each other in pairs. The ball is started by the captains, exactly in the middle of the field, and play begins. The positions of the players now is entirely at discretion or subject to the directions of their captain. The ball may not be touched with hands or feet, but is shovelled off the ground, or caught "on the fly," by a crosse, which is a very primitive racquet-bat of Indian manufacture. The crosse-stick is about 4 ft. 6 in. long, and has a large curve on itself at one end. From the tip of this curve to about the middle of the straight part there is a catgut "leading-string," and the interspace is netted with gut, so that you have a kind of racquet, only the network is wider and longer, and likewise the handle is longer. The goals may be from 150 yards to a mile or more apart, according to the number playing. The object of the game is to urge the ball between the posts by means of the crosse. You must not touch the ball with your hands, but must always stop it, pick it up, carry it, and throw it with your crosse. An average throw is 130 yards, but one of 200 yards has been done. The ball is of indiarubber sponge (for solid indiarubber would be too heavy), weighs about 4 oz., and must be between 8 in. and 9 in. in circumference. With skilful players on both sides play may be protracted for hours, the ball going almost through the goal many times. When caught by the keeper it goes to the other end of the field with a whiz like a stone from a sling, for a moment putting a new aspect on affairs. When a runner is pressed he will toss the ball up, then wheel round and catch it at the back of his pursuers, or play it into the hands of his supporters, as shown in the sketch. That the game is of Indian origin accounts for its being all running and dodging. Some of those people were engaged in a match lately played at Toronto, which resulted in favour of the Indians. It is said that next spring thirteen Iroquois Indians and thirteen Canadian gentlemen propose to make a tour through England, Ireland, and Scotland, in order to show how the game should be played. We are assured that a match between these two teams will be worth going to see. Many noblemen, members of Parliament, and other gentlemen have promised their support. The late General Sir James Lindsay expressed a great desire to see the game introduced into our public schools. The Montreal La Crosse Club has the honour of having the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur as honorary members. Both Princes were delighted with the games that were played before them in Montreal. The game has been tried during the past summer by the members of the Thames Hare and Hounds Club on Wimbledon-common.

An Admiralty minute with reference to the loss of the Vanguard was issued on Tuesday. Their Lordships are of opinion that the first cause assigned by the court-martial—the high rate of speed at which the squadron was proceeding whilst in a fog—did not in any way contribute to the disaster, which was mainly owing to the reduction of speed of the Vanguard, and to the improper sheering out of line and quitting station by the Iron Duke by order of Lieutenant Evans. No blame is attached to Captain Hickley, of the Iron Duke, but Lieutenant Evans is dismissed his ship, and the sentences on Captain Dawkins and the officers of the Vanguard are approved.





INTERIOR OF THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM AND SUMMER AND WINTER GARDEN.





THE GAME OF LA CROSSE, AS PLAYED IN CANADA.



## MEMBERS OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

When the third Derby Government flourished Mr. Stephen Cave, then Vice-President of the Board of Trade, did a sacrificial act, for he disestablished himself: at least, he abolished the vice-presidency which he held, reduced the office to a secretaryship, and cut off a large slice of its emoluments. As he resented his department in the Commons, he was sufficiently prominent; and he gave evidence of administrative ability, as well as of debating power, such as to lead it to be supposed that in any future Conservative Government he would hold a high place. It happened, however, that in the exigency of the formation of the present Administration the only post which could be found for him was that of Judge Advocate-General. Nominally he is a barrister; but, in fact, his vocation is that of a banker, and therefore his fitness for his function was not very obvious—though, to be sure, it was quite as apt and appropriate as the appointment of Mr. Ward Hunt to the Admiralty, that able and excellent country gentleman's chief patent qualification for the berth being that in an allegorical picture he would serve admirably as a model for Neptune. Having been thus subordinated, Mr. Cave has made few appearances in the last two Sessions, only occasionally contributing a mite to military discussions. It would seem, judging from a recent speech of his to his constituents, that he is not so thorough in his ideas of general education as some of his colleagues; certainly not so much so as Mr. Cross, who, in a burst of enthusiasm, said the other day that he "sees a hand that beckons him away," and "hears a voice that bids him not to stay," and that he must follow them wherever they lead him. For Mr. Cave is almost guilty of the heresy, as it is in these times, of contending that education as it is now administered is not of much use to the recipients, even if it does not lead to evil consequences. This is the principle which induced the friend of a man who committed forgery to say that his crime came "all of his having learnt to write." The idea of Mr. Cave is that technical instruction is the right thing, and that many people would do better with that than with the acquisition of the three R's. Having been a little slighted in the apportionment of his office, he, perhaps, thinks that he is entitled to some freedom to stand by Toryism, in these days of latitudinarian Conservatism.

It cannot be denied that the series of appearances of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Middlesborough were a success. The combination of meekness and firmness, the unpretending manner, and the good sense and good feeling which ever and anon gleam through a rather heavy manner, cause him to win golden opinions from all sorts of people. Even Mr. Gladstone is kindly to his former pupil when he is showing that Sir Stafford Northcote is trying, *hand passibus*, to follow his financial philosophy, and the late Prime Minister does not tear what he hints are mistakes and shortcomings to tatters. Apart from other causes of his good reception at Middlesborough lately, he was fortunate enough to be able to announce that the Admiralty circular on the subject of fugitive slaves had been suspended, which is a mild euphuism for cancelled and extinguished. While on this topic, it may be said that the circular was a boon to Mr. Foster likewise, for, as he had been talking about the north country four or five times, it came in pat for the discharge of a good deal of virtuous indignation and remonstrance. Everybody knows that Mr. Foster has an hereditary, and an acquired right to boot, to speak boldly and plainly on slavery; and he was, on the occasion alluded to, so boisterously earnest that he became nearly eloquent. It was rather an anti-climax that, almost while he was thundering against the obnoxious document, there arrived an electric missive to announce its collapse. Mr. Foster seemed a little taken aback by this incident; but he took refuge in an expression of disappointment at the circular being only suspended, whereas he knew as well as anyone that it was gone for ever.

It was once publicly said by a distinguished member of the House of Commons to Mr. Bright that he would at any time walk five miles (he did not say with peas, either hard or boiled, in his shoes) to hear that right hon. gentleman speak. As Mr. Leatham's style of speaking—it may be an unconscious imitation of that of his illustrious relative, it may be taken to be of about half the value of the original, and therefore anyone who wished to hear him (and there are a great many who would) might be ready to walk two miles and a half to attain that end. One difference between Mr. Leatham and his model is that that humour, though always pungent and happy, is but homoeopathically introduced into his speeches by Mr. Bright, whereas every sentence of the member for Huddersfield is either an epigram or a racy jest. Although in the House he is sufficiently oracular, he is not exactly dogmatic; but it would seem that at Huddersfield he predicted boldly the future of that which is just now scarcely an entity—namely, the Liberal party. Mr. Leatham believes, and he has said it more than once, that the resurrection of that party will be brought about when the trumpet of Mr. Gladstone shall be heard recalling its scattered forces to their standard. There was something pathetic in Mr. Leatham's description of Mr. Gladstone coming into the House by a back way and sitting almost alone under the shadow of the Speaker's throne, and much was made from a sad point of view of a great statesman leaning on his staff and holding his hat in his hand, as if always ready to depart from the scene which used to ring with his triumphs. In truth, the attitude and melancholy aspect of the ex-Prime Minister are somewhat calculated to recall recollections of Belisarius. Beyond this Mr. Leatham has declared what Mr. Gladstone's battle cry will be—to wit, the doom of the Established Church of England. If this is anything like accurate, it would seem that during the time that the ex-Minister has had leisure to meditate and plan, in the intervals of the composition of what Mr. Leatham calls "eruptive pamphlets," he has come to the conclusion that such an Act is not beyond his powers, as once, with deep earnestness and emotion, he said that it was.

No time, no place is inopportune for the prosecution of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's special mission. Some surprise may have been felt at his having made his appearance at the Church Congress last week, and, possibly, for some time he was a silent though appreciative spectator of the proceedings, or it may be a parenthetic speaker. But the inevitable hour at length arrived when he was to burst forth as a missionary against the false god, alcohol, and he was in admirable form, as the sporting folk have it. It seemed as if he wished to relieve the seriousness and a certain monotony which characterised the discussions, and he sent forth flashes of humour which it is certain that bishops and deans, and even archdeacons (around whom, somehow, a particular halo of dignity exists) could not have resisted the mirth he inspired, even if they had wished to do so, which, depend upon it, they did not. For it is observable that nowhere are jokes of any calibre received with greater delight than by meetings of ecclesiastics, either orthodox or heterodox. As he ever does, Sir Wilfrid made his jests practical, and there was as much shrewd suggestion as fun in his demand that the Church as a body, even in Convocation, should support his Permissive Bill.

It is not to be wondered that the members for Hull should,

when enjoying the freedom of the platform in the town which they represent, have endeavoured to compensate themselves for the mobbing to death which they got at the end of the last Session in the House. Inspired, no doubt, by a particular and personal grievance, Mr. Norwood was indignant and over-vehement at the erection of Mr. Plimsoll into the patron saint of mariners who go down to the sea in rotten or ill-found and overloaded ships. In fact, it might almost have been gathered from his observations that he held the ardent, and sometimes infuriated, member for Derby as little better than a charlatan. His colleague, Mr. Wilson, as became him, being a new member, was more modified in his language, though possibly his feelings in the matter are as keen as the more seasoned shipowners, who, considering the extreme turn the matter wherein they are concerned has taken, doubtless have begun rather to like to be despised and abused.

## MUSIC.

## THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The revival of Balfe's "Siege of Rochelle" (last week) by this company was an interesting event, which took us back to the starting-point of that widespread celebrity which its composer at once achieved and long maintained. It was in 1835 that the opera was first produced, at Drury-Lane Theatre, with Misses Shirreff and Fanny Healey, Mr. Wilson, Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. Seguin in the principal characters. The popularity of the music was great and immediate, and prepared the way for that long series of stage works which ended, during the life of the composer, with "Blanche de Nevers," brought out at Covent Garden Theatre in 1863, and was supplanted by his posthumous and unfinished opera "The Talisman," which was adapted to an Italian version, and first performed at her Majesty's Opera last year.

The "Siege of Rochelle" contains some of Balfe's brightest and best music, and it came with agreeable freshness after an interval of many years and in contrast with some of his later and more laboured productions. The performance at the Princess's Theatre is, in most respects, excellent. Mdlle. Toriani, as Clara, sang with much refinement, and was particularly successful in the songs "Mid the scenes of early youth" and "Twas in that garden beautiful," in the leading passages of the quartet "I am alone again," and in portions of the second finale. Miss Gaylord was a vivacious representative of Marcella, and sang with much brightness of voice, especially in the duet with Michel, "Well, if I must speak my mind," and in her song, "One little kiss from the lips I love," each of which gained a well-deserved encore. Mr. Santley's Michael was, of course, the chief feature in the cast; and the music of the character deigned the greatest possible effect from his admirable singing. The rattling song, "Travellers all of every station," was given with wondrous animation and spirit; and the once popular "When I beheld the anchor weighed" drew forth an enthusiastic encore. In the dramatic duet with Montalban, the villain of the piece, Mr. Santley was well seconded by Mr. Ludwig. The gentleman who made an unsuccessful debut as the Marquis de Valmour in the Thursday's performance of the opera was replaced by Mr. Nordblom on Saturday, much to the advantage of the general effect. Mr. Szazelle, as Azino, was serviceable in the pretty quartet (for that character, Clara, Marcella, and Michel), "Lo, the early beam of morning." This was one of the most popular pieces in the earlier representations, and it again produced a strong impression and had to be repeated, as had the allegro portion of the overture, brilliantly played by the excellent orchestra. The subordinate characters in the opera were efficiently sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Aynsley Cook and Mr. Charles Lyall.

This week's performances began with repetitions of operas given as already noticed—"The Marriage of Figaro" on Monday, and "The Siege of Rochelle" on Tuesday. On Wednesday "Maritana" was performed, with a cast almost identical with that of recent performances at the Crystal Palace. For Thursday "The Siege of Rochelle" was announced; for Friday "The Marriage of Figaro;" and for to-night (Saturday) "Faust."

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert (the second of the present series) brought forward a symphony by Haydn (in E flat) which had never been performed there, and had been but seldom heard in this country. It belongs to about his middle period (1786), and has much of that bright geniality and charm of melody which are the master's general characteristics, although, of course, scarcely comparable in power of development with those grand symphonic works which he produced towards the close of his career, some dozen years or so later. The work received an admirable performance by the fine band conducted by Mr. Manns; and the same may be said of the other orchestral pieces of the concert—Mendelssohn's "Trumpet" overture; and an effective new overture, by Mr. Cusins, entitled "Love's Labour's Lost," which came at the end of the programme, and will be more fairly judged on a rehearsing under more favourable conditions. Mdlle. Anna Mehlig reappeared, after several years interval, and produced a strong impression by her thoroughly artistic and refined execution of Chopin's first pianoforte concerto (in E minor). The vocalists were Madame Sinico-Campobello and Mr. Vernon Rigby. The programme of this week's concert includes Bach's motet, "God's time is the best," and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" music.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts are still drawing large attendances. Among the specialities of last week were a Wagner night and a French night. The programme of the former included the overtures to "Rienzi" and "Der Fliegende Holländer;" the march from "Tannhäuser;" Signor Ardit's grand (orchestral) selection from "Lohengrin;" an album-blatt composed for Herr Wilhelmj, and performed by that eminent violinist, and Elsa's dream ("Einsam in trüben Tagen") expressively sung by Mdlle. Heilbron. The French selection comprised music by Méhul, Hérold, Auber, Gounod, and Ambroise Thomas. Last Wednesday was a classical night, the first portion of the concert having been drawn from the works of Beethoven. The instrumental pieces were the overtures to "Egmont" and "Leonora," the "Eroica" symphony; and the first movement of the violin concerto, performed by Herr Wilhelmj. Mdlles. Bertie and Heilbron were the vocalists.

On the 30th of this month the Alexandra Palace will inaugurate a series of Saturday Afternoon Concerts, similar in design to those of the Crystal Palace. The already large orchestra will be increased, and symphonies, overtures, and instrumental solos will form prominent features in the programmes. Vocal music—choral and solo—will also be extensively introduced; and some important revivals will be brought forward, besides new works specially composed for these concerts. The names of many eminent singers and solo players are already in the list of engagements. The first portion of the series will consist of eight concerts, closing on Dec. 18. The performances are to be resumed at the end of January, and the benefit of Mr. Weist Hill (the conductor) will take place in May.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company has met with as great success at the Alexandra Palace as at the Princess's Theatre. The afternoon representations at the first-named establishment are still proceeding. "Fra Diavolo" was given on Tuesday, and "Martha" is announced for to-day (Saturday), this being the last but four of the series.

## THEATRES.

The indefatigable management of the Strand continually anticipates demand by its incessant supply of novelty. The last is a smart farce by Mr. R. Mannel, called "The Doctor's Brougham." It proceeds upon the popular supposition that the medical practitioner owes his prosperity in many instances to the eccentricity of his equipage. We have here a doctor without a patient making a morning call on a lawyer without a client, and the former victimising his friend by inducing him to perform the part of a fictitious patient. To this party is added another couple—the lawyer's wife and an enamoured follower, Count Otto von Shinkenstein (M. Marius), who is also made to act as another patient. The lawyer, however, suffers most from the ruse, for he nearly loses his lunch, while the rest revel in the good things prepared for himself and his wife. Further to complicate matters, Mrs. Rampidge, the landress (Miss Maria Jones), interferes with his attempts at securing a chop for himself, as the self-constituted guardian of her lodger's health. While these comic incidents are proceeding the crowd outside is increasing, attracted by the doctor's brougham, with its queer insignia, just at the moment that the Count is proposing to the lawyer's wife to elope with himself. All is well, however; for the doctor is secure of a reputation as having commenced a prosperous practice; and thus the curtain falls on a well-satisfied group of adventurers, blundering into a success of some kind. The performance of the Count by M. Marius was first-rate, full of farcical exaggeration, and capably made up. Mr. J. G. Grahame, as Charles Chivey, the banister, was lively and amusing; and Mr. Harry Cox, as Doctor Strupp, realised his part to perfection. Miss Jones, as Rampidge, was especially excellent; and the whole, indeed, excited the willing audience to merriment and applause. The new farce was followed by the revival of the late William Brough's comedy, called "Kind to a Fault," which was competently acted; the part of Frank Goldsworthy being admirably sustained by Mr. W. H. Vernon, and that of Parker by Mr. E. Terry, whose humorous efforts threw the house into convulsions of laughter. The performances concluded with the repetition of "Flamingo," which has made a decided hit.

At the Gaity this day (Saturday) a morning performance will be given of a new and original historical drama, called "The Crown for Love," produced under the direction of Mr. Ryder and Miss Evelyn. The play has already been favourably received in the provinces, and is written by Miss Blake, who is already known as the authoress of some ambitious poems of considerable merit. The heroine of the piece is Anne Boleyn; the part of Henry VIII. will be sustained by Mr. William Rignold. The performance also is announced for repetition on the two following Saturdays.

The new programme which was rehearsed on Monday at the Polytechnic is more than usually satisfactory. The new lecture by Professor E. V. Gardner, relative to "Flames and Flares," was judiciously chosen as to subject and most efficiently acted as to delivery. Mr. George Buckland's new version of the old story, newly entitled "The Beauty, the Beast, and the Bargain," was entertaining, not only vocally but pictorially. The more ordinary amusements of the evening were in some instances instructive as well as pleasing, particularly the method of ship-raising by means of compressed air, the invention of Mr. Sowerbutt. Mr. King's "Seaside Sketches," as usual, were good in themselves, and the various incidents of his imaginary tour were graphically described.

## FINE ARTS.

The picture in the present triennial exhibition of fine arts at Brussels which has excited most attention on account of its great artistic merit and provoked most discussion in regard to its subject is "A l'Aube," by M. Hermans, a young Belgian artist previously but little known. The subject is one that the taste of the English public would probably consider should not have been represented, whatever the obvious or latent moral. But it is impossible to ignore the masterly breadth and vigour of the execution, nor the beautiful harmony of greys which pervade the picture in accordance with the effect intended—namely, that of daybreak, as indicated by the title. The scene depicted is at the entrance of a restaurant. A libertine in evening dress stands at the threshold in tipsy fatuity, with two gaily-dressed women of the demi-monde on his arms, one at least of whom is as inebriate as himself. Other night revellers descend the staircase of the place. In contrast with this detached and vicious group is another group of working people going to their day's toil. Foremost of the latter are a father and daughter, and from the pained expression of the one, as, turned aside, he fixes his eyes on the ground, and in the look of reproach of the other, it is to be inferred that they recognise a lost daughter and sister in one of the dissolute women.

Mr. Millais is painting landscapes again for the Academy exhibition next year, but this time a subject or subjects may be expected from scenery in Wales, where he is now staying, as well as from the old Birnam district in Scotland.

Mr. H. Weekes is engaged on three portrait-statues of Harvey, Sydenham, and Linacre, which are to be placed in front of the College of Physicians, Pall-mall East.

The fine statue of General "Stonewall" Jackson, by the late Mr. Foley, which we engraved a few weeks since, has arrived safely at Richmond, Virginia.

The *Liverpool Courier* says:—Alderman William Bennett has purchased and presented to Liverpool, for the purposes of the permanent art-gallery now being formed, the picture by Mr. E. A. Maitage, R.A., "Julian the Apostate Presiding at a Conference of Sectarians." The picture was exhibited at the last exhibition of the Royal Academy.

The French Chamber has voted 1,600,000*fr.* for the restoration of historical monuments in France. Will ever our Government take a similar view of its responsibilities?

M. Chapu's monument to Henri Regnault and the scholars of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the principal figure of which, "La Jeunesse," was so deservedly admired when exhibited in the garden of the last Paris salon, has been erected and unveiled in the courtyard of the Musée des Beaux Arts, Paris.

One of the first daguerreotype proofs taken by the inventor himself on Oct. 2, 1838, and representing a view of the Pavillon de Flore at the Tuilleries, and a part of the gallery facing the river from the Quai Voltaire, has just been presented to the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers.



The Musée des Antiques of the Louvre has been enriched by six Imperial Roman busts discovered at Markouma, near Lambese, Africa. They represent Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, Lucilius, Amicus Verus, Septimius Severus, and Plautillus. Numerous inscriptions from Algeria and Tunis, with some monuments found at Carthage, have also been added.

The Germans seem to be desirous of recovering their ancient celebrity as wood-engravers. An exhibition of wood-engravings has been lately held at Berlin which tended to show that the art is being revived in various parts of Germany. Of late years Stuttgart enjoyed the reputation of producing the best work of this class, but now Munich and Leipzig have attained considerable excellence. The wood engravings of Herr Hecht, of Munich, are spoken of as presenting the highest merit. His engravings, by the delicacy of their execution and the depth and beauty of their tone, recall the works of Rembrandt. Speaking generally, however, German wood engraving is much inferior to French, as French is inferior to English—that is to say, setting aside exceptional efforts, and particularly as regards illustrated periodicals—if it be becoming in us to make the comparison.

The Trustees of the Public Library, Museums, and National Gallery of Victoria have published an interesting report for the year 1874-5. The number of visitors to the Melbourne Gallery in 1874 was 391,705, being an increase of 26,869 on the number returned for the preceding year. For the Melbourne Gallery purchases were made, in 1874, of Mr. Frost's "Samson Slaying a Philistine," and a painting attributed to Cornelius Bega. A water-colour drawing, "The Death of Jean Goujon," by E. H. Wehnert, has also been added. The committee hoped to receive, shortly after the opening of the new gallery, a replica—the same size as the original—of Mr. Herbert's wall-painting in the Peers' Robing-Room of the Westminster Palace, which was commissioned in 1870, at the price of £1700. Nearly double that price is said to have been paid for another replica in oil, quarter the size of the original, for Berlin.

#### AGRICULTURAL MATTERS.

At the Royal East Berks Agricultural Association at Maidenhead, on Thursday week, Mr. Walter, M.P., spoke on the Agricultural Holdings Bill. The bill, he thought, proceeded upon a proper principle. Under the old law it was presumed that all agricultural improvements, either of a permanent or a temporary character, belonged to the landlord, but the bill entirely reversed that presumption.

Mr. Gregory, M.P., speaking at the annual dinner of the Tunbridge Wells Agricultural Association yesterday week, referred to the Agricultural Holdings Act, which he said was a measure that would be received with satisfaction by the agriculturists of the country generally, and it had convinced the people of the United Kingdom that Parliament was desirous of doing that which was right between landlord and tenant.

The anniversary meeting of the Middlesex Agricultural Association was held, yesterday week, at Harlington. The ploughing took place in a field belonging to Mr. H. P. Baxter, near the Hayes and Harlington station, and the matches were well contested. The prizes were distributed in the field by Viscount Enfield, who, along with Lord George Hamilton, M.P., and Mr. Coope, M.P., delivered short congratulatory addresses to the successful competitors. The dinner, which took place in the national school-room, was presided over by Viscount Enfield.

The Norfolk Chamber of Commerce meeting at Norwich, last Saturday, resolved that the time has arrived when a more stringent administration of the poor law in the matter of outdoor relief should be universally adhered to. Lord Kimberley, in addressing the meeting, argued that outdoor relief should only be given in cases of sickness or accident, where it was impossible to remove a pauper to the workhouse; but this rule could only be put in force gradually. He was in some doubt about the abolition of the law of settlement, and would like to see a thorough Parliamentary inquiry on the subject. Mr. C. S. Read, secretary to the Local Government Board, agreed in the main with Lord Kimberley, arguing that a powerful reason for the more stringent administration of the poor law was the increase in labourers' wages which had taken place.

At the annual dinner of the Greasley Agricultural Society on Tuesday, Earl Cowper, referring to the scarcity of agricultural labour, said he was glad that the labouring classes were having higher wages, though he felt that farmers laboured under considerable difficulties upon that account. He suggested that landlords should provide labourers with good cottages, which might be done in that particular district, where wages were high, without material loss to the landlord.

#### RIDING THE ANIMALS AT PARIS.

The Jardin d'Acclimatation, at the north side of the Bois de Boulogne, is, like our London Zoological Society's Gardens, a favourite promenade for those who enjoy the sight of a variety of strange animals imported from distant parts of the globe. Young people, accompanied by their parents or nurses, are permitted, for the sake of amusement combined with instruction, here to form the acquaintance of many species of beast and bird not usually domesticated in a French household, fawn, or stable; and the curious experiments in riding with which those Parisian children are indulged go far beyond anything we have yet seen in the Regent's Park Gardens. It is true that ponies and donkeys are likewise placed at their disposal, which most boys would prefer to elephants and camels; but an ostrich-chaise is such a fantastic novelty as we should not have imagined, and the zebra has usually been supposed incapable of submitting to harness. "They manage these things better in France," if our Parisian Artist's sketch may be taken as evidence of the ordinary performances at the Jardin d'Acclimatation; but it is, in any case, a pleasant scene which he sets before our readers.

The sea lions, which have been so long expected from California, have arrived at the Brighton Aquarium.

At a full parade of the Portsmouth Royal Marines on Monday, a silver cup, a miniature of the Army and Navy Challenge Cup, which was won at the last Wimbledon meeting by Sergeant Cox, of the Portsmouth division, was presented to that officer by Colonel Clavell, on behalf of the officers of the corps.

The annual meeting of the North of England Institute of Civil and Mechanical Engineers, held on Wednesday at Leeds, was attended by about two hundred members, under the presidency of Mr. T. W. Embleton, of Methley. Papers were read on engineering matters, and in the afternoon visits were paid to several collieries and ironworks in the district.

The new college chapel of Maynooth was opened at Dublin on Sunday. The ceremony was performed by the Primate, in the absence of Cardinal Cullen through sickness. Eight bishops and a large number of clergy and laity attended. Lord Portlington and the Lord Mayor of Dublin were present. The Bishop of Kerry preached.

#### THE CHURCH.

##### PREFERMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.

Ames, James, to be Incumbent of St. Peter's, Tunbridge Wells.  
Benson, Edward White; Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty.  
Ellison, Henry John; Honorary Chaplain to her Majesty.  
Fleck, George; Rector of Tooting, Surrey.  
Geod, E.; Perpetual Curate of St. James's, Forest and Frith, Durham.  
Hoare, J. O. D. R.; Vicar of Holy Trinity, Weston, Southampton.  
Hodgeson, Samuel; Curate-in-Charge of Rattiswick, Braintree, Essex.  
Manby, Aaron; Vicar of Nettlebed, Oxon.  
Mainw, W.; Minor Canon in Carlisle Cathedral.  
Mayne, John Pascoe; Vicar of Holcombe Rogus, Devon.  
Meggy, G. W.; Senior Curate of Aldershot.  
Morris, Charles; Vicar of St. Easton-cum-Farrington Gurney.  
Nash, Stawell Webb Mackenzie; Vicar of East Holme, Dorset.  
Plummer, Rowland Taylor; Rector of Hartley Mauditt.  
Poole, Edward; Rector of Coterham, Surrey.  
Purvey-Cast, Arthur Percy; Vicar of Aylesbury, Bucks.  
Rowley, Adam Clarke; Vicar of Sutton, Lincolnshire.  
Scallitt, Joseph W.; Rector of Rossington, near Doncaster.  
Smith, Robert Martin; Rector of Otterham, Cornwall.  
Snow, John Pennell; Perpetual Curate of Melton Ross with New Barnet's.  
Thomas, David; Vicar of Chapel Curig, Carnarvonshire.  
Wright, B. S.; Vicar of Loddington, Northampton.—*Guardian*.

The annual conference of clergy and laity in the diocese of Bath and Wells was begun in the cathedral city on Tuesday.

The foundation-stone of St. Thomas's Church, South Shields, was laid, on Thursday week, by Sir George Elliot, M.P.

Dr. Hugh McNeile, who was appointed to the Deanery of Ripon on the death of Dr. Goode, in the autumn of 1863, has resigned his appointment in consequence of failing health.

Mr. Gibbs, of Tyntesfield, near Bristol, has expressed his intention of presenting to Gloucester Cathedral a font which shall be the finest in England.

The parish church of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, having been recently restored, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Bloomfield, was reopened on Sunday.

At an influential meeting held on Tuesday at Bristol, it was resolved to erect a tower at the west end of the cathedral as a memorial to Bishop Butler.

The Bishop of Winchester preached yesterday week on an interesting occasion at Stoke d'Abernon, Surrey, when two windows in memory of his two predecessors were unveiled for the first time. The offertory was given to the St. John's Foundation School, Leatherhead.

The Bishop of Winchester, preaching at Southampton on Sunday morning, commended the State for what it had done in the matter of education. His Lordship, however, deplored that the divisions existing among Christians would not permit of it giving more than secular teaching, and that religious instruction was on the decline in national schools.

The Rev. W. L. Kay, late Vicar of Christ Church, Shieldfield, having been appointed to Kelso, in the county of Durham, the members of his late congregation, wishing to give some tangible expression of their high appreciation of his labours and ministry among them for so long a time, have presented him with a silver tea and coffee service.

The foundation-stone of a new church for one of the poorest of the southern districts of London was laid, on Tuesday, by Mr. W. Tarn, who has largely contributed towards the cost of its erection. In addition to his present benefactions, Mr. Tarn has offered to present an organ of the value of £2000 to the new Church of St. Mary, Newington.

The Dorchester correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes:—"Mr. Street, R.A., has just finished the restoration of the interesting parish church of Bere Regis, in Dorset, the works having cost £7000. The edifice is of the Norman transitional period, a portion being assigned to King John, who during his short and troubled reign had a palace in the vicinity.

At the meeting of the Rochester Diocesan Conference, on Wednesday, the Bishop expressed his satisfaction that as many laymen as clergymen spoke on the subject of the religious life of a parish, and refuted the objections which were made to such meetings that they only resulted in talk. Mr. Bardsley's speech on the prevalence of infidelity produced a marked impression.

The Bishop of Exeter has reopened the church at Parkham, near Bideford, which has been restored at a cost of £2000; and that of Bere Regis, the birthplace of Cardinal Morton, which has been renovated under the care of Mr. G. E. Street. The Bishop of Durham has reopened the Church of St. Michael, Heighington, Durham, which has been restored by Mr. Christian at an expense of £3000.

The revisers of the Old Testament completed their thirty-fourth session in the Jerusalem Chamber yesterday week. The first revision of Isaiah was completed, and that of Jeremiah proceeded with as far as the second chapter.—The revisers of the authorised version of the New Testament met, on Tuesday, at the Jerusalem Chamber. Nineteen members were present, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol being in the chair. The company completed their revision to the middle of the ninth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

Yesterday week was a day much to be remembered in the pretty Yorkshire village of North Newbald. Its church (St. Nicholas) is one of the finest types of a Norman parish church in that part of the county. It is believed to have been built in the reign of William Rufus, and is cruciform. The chancel, which is about the time of Henry VII., was restored, a few years ago, by the late Mr. John Clough, and now the nave has been reopened. The funds have been gathered mainly through the exertions of the churchwardens and some few other leading parishioners.

At an aggregate meeting of the Church Congress yesterday week, personal holiness as influencing conduct in the family, society, and trade was discussed, the chief speakers being Earl Nelson, the Dean of Lichfield, Canon Money, the Hon. W. Lyttelton, and Mr. Blackwood. An exciting discussion took place in one of the sections on the revival movement. In the evening the members of the congress attended a reception by the Mayor and Corporation in the Townhall. The congress closed on Saturday amid the benedictions and congratulations of all concerned. Plymouth has been fixed upon as the place of meeting for next year.

Dean Stanley preached, on Sunday afternoon, in Westminster Abbey, on the relations of England and India, on the text of Esther i. viii. 6. At the close he said:—"Many of you will perceive why it is that I have chosen this subject for our thoughts at this time, when for the next five months our attention will be specially called to India. To-morrow the first heir to the English Throne who has ever visited the Indian Empire starts on his journey to those distant regions which the greatest of his ancestors, Alfred the Great, 1000 years ago, so ardently longed to explore, and now forming the most precious jewel in the Imperial Crown. On this eve of that departure, solemn to him, and solemn to us, we pray that the eldest son of our Royal house, in whose illness and recovery four years ago the whole nation took so deep an interest, shall now once more be delivered from peril by land and peril by sea, from the pestilence that walketh by day and the arrow that flyeth

by night. We pray that he may be restored safe and sound to the mother, the wife, and the little children who shall wait in anxious expectation his happy and prosperous return. But we pray, or ought to pray, yet more earnestly that his journey may be blessed to himself and to those whom he visits—in all things high and holy, just and pure, lovely, and of good report. We pray that he and they who attend him may feel how sacred a trust is committed to them; we pray that we who remain behind may never ourselves forget, or suffer others to forget, how noble a duty they have undertaken; we pray that by our sympathy in all that is good, by our detestation of all that is base, we may, like those of old time, hold up the sinking arms and strengthen the wavering hands of those who are charged with the responsibility of this good mission of goodwill, of duty, and of hope. We pray that they may be so filled with the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind, with the spirit of justice and wisdom, with the spirit of courtesy and of parity, that wherever they go the name of England and of English Christendom shall not be dishonoured, but honoured; that the fibre of Indian society, whether among Englishmen or natives, shall not be relaxed, but strengthened; that the standard of our national morality shall not be lowered, but raised; that the bonds of affection between the ruling and the subject races shall not be loosened, but confirmed. We pray that this visit, long desired and at last undertaken, to those marvellous lands may, by God's mercy, leave behind, on the one side, the remembrance, if so be, of graceful acts, kind words, English nobleness, Christian principle; and, on the other side, awaken in all concerned the sense of graver duties, wider sympathies, loftier purposes. Thus, and thus only, shall that journey on which the Church and nation now pronounce its parting benediction be worthy of a Christian empire and worthy of an English Prince. For the building up in truth and righteousness of that Imperial inheritance, for the moral and eternal welfare of his own immortal soul, may the Lord bless his going out and coming in from this time forth and for evermore!"

#### THE UNIVERSITIES AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

##### OXFORD.

In a Convocation last Saturday afternoon letters from the Chancellor of the University (the Marquis of Salisbury), nominating the Rev. J. E. Sewell, D.D., Warden of New College, to the office of Vice-Chancellor for the ensuing year, were read to the House, and the rev. gentleman was readmitted. Dr. Sewell, previous to laying down his office, addressed Convocation in a Latin speech, in which he recounted the chief events of the past academical year.

##### CAMBRIDGE.

Mr. Arthur Cayley, Sadlerian Professor of Pure Mathematics, and late honorary Fellow of the College, has been elected, under statute 22, to a Fellowship at Trinity.

The undermentioned gentlemen have been elected Fellows of Trinity:—William Alfred Meek, bracketed second classic, 1873; Walter Leaf, bracketed senior classic, first chancellor's classical medallist, 1874; Walter William Rouse Ball, second wrangler and first Smith's mathematical prizeman, 1874; John George Butcher, bracketed eighth wrangler senior classic, 1872; Gerald Henry Rendall, bracketed fourth classic, 1864; James Ward (for moral science), first in moral science tripos, 1874.

The undermentioned have been elected to sizarships at St. John's:—J. Allport, H. A. Bote, C. E. Brenton, W. D. Challice, T. C. Davies, E. C. R. Eddrup, W. W. D. Firth, F. C. Finch, Haggard Hildrey, W. A. Hill, H. W. Holders, E. J. T. Johnson, E. H. Nightingale, T. Rigby, J. Smith, C. A. Swift, W. J. J. T. Tonkin, A. C. Tofts, F. H. Webber.

The following appointments have been made at St. John's:—School Exhibitioners.—Spalding: Bury St. Edmund's, W. W. D. Firth. Lupton, Sedbergh, C. A. Swift. Baker: Durham, F. C. Finch. Johnson: Uppingham, E. P. Rooper; Oakham, H. F. Blackett and W. Caistor, equal. Duchess of Somerset: Manchester, G. F. Coombes and E. K. Nightingale; Marlborough, E. C. P. Eddrup and M. Jaques; Hereford, A. B. Browne.

At Sidney Sussex College, after open competitive examination, a divinity scholarship, value £40 per annum, has been awarded to A. V. Carden, of Victoria College, Jersey.

The Le Bas prize, annually awarded to a graduate of the University of not more than three years' standing from his first degree, for the best English essay on a subject of general literature, has been adjudged for the present year to Arthur Lukyn Williams, B.A., Jesus College. The subject of the essay is Famines in India, their causes and possible prevention.

The entries of the number of freshmen at the several colleges is unprecedented. At nearly every college there is an excess of students. The ladies' college at Girton will be full, and so will the New Hall at Newnham for lady students. The latter will be opened on Monday next. Miss Davies is the President Mistress at Girton, and Miss Clough, sister to the poet, Mistress at Newnham. The course of lectures for women during the present term has been published. The branches include divinity, English literature, English history, modern history, arithmetic, French, German, Greek, Latin, algebra, geometry, political philosophy, political economy, logic, harmony, and natural science. The lectures on political economy are by Miss Paley.

##### LONDON.

The following is a list of the candidates who have passed the recent matriculation examination held in the colonies:—

DOMINION OF CANADA.—Honours Division (The number prefixed to the name indicates the number in the original honours list, immediately after which that name would have been placed had the candidate been examined in England): 10. \*J. G. Schurman, Acadia College; 28. \*A. W. Marling, University College, Toronto, and Collegiate Institute, Hamilton; 36. J. Brown, St. Catherine's Collegiate Institute.

Second Division: T. H. Smyth, University College, Toronto. MAURITIUS.—First Division: J. Boucherat, Royal College, Mauritius; H. Lorans, Royal College, Mauritius.

Second Division: J. R. Suzor, Royal College, Mauritius.

TASMANIA.—Honours Division: 56. C. J. Pike, High School, Hobart Town.

\* Obtained the number of marks qualifying for a prize.

Mr. Lowe has declined to be nominated for the office of Lord Rector of Aberdeen University on account of his other engagements. Mr. Grant-Duff has intimated to his supporters that he should have much pleasure in being elected, if his friends think that as Rector he could further advance the reforms made within the last few years.

A numerously attended meeting of the Liberal committee of Glasgow University agreed, last Saturday, that, in the event of Lord Advocate Gordon accepting the vacant Judgeship in the Court of Session, Dr. Anderson Kirkwood, Dean of the Faculty of Procurators of Glasgow, be nominated as the Liberal candidate for the representation of Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities in Parliament. It is understood that Dr. Kirkwood is willing to stand.





THE WAR IN SPAIN: ATTACK ON THE CARLIST POSITION OF SANTIAGO MENDI, NEAR SAN SEBASTIAN.



WOUNDED REFUGEES FROM THE HERZEGOVINA IN THE GREEK CONVENT AT CETTIGNE, MONTENEGRO.





THE LORD MAYOR DRIVING A PILE FOR THE THAMES STEAM-FERRY AT WAPPING.



A SKETCH IN THE JARDIN D'ACCLIMATATION, PARIS.







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12 Dessert ditto	20	7 13 4	12 Dessert ditto	25	10 0 0
2 Gravy Spoons	10	3 16 8	2 Gravy Spoons	14	5 12 0
1 Soup Ladle	9	3 9 0	1 Soup Ladle	10	4 0 0
4 Sauce ditto	10	4 1 8	4 Sauce ditto	12	2 9 0
4 Salt ditto	1	2 0 4	4 Salt ditto	2	2 0 4
1 Pair Fish Carvers	5	10 0	1 Pair Fish Carvers	6	12 9
12 Tea Spoons	10	4 1 8	12 Tea Spoons	14	5 12 0
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## SKETCHES IN MADRID.

Many travellers, before and since Mr. Richard Ford, the lively and learned author of "Murray's Handbook," have described the comfortable capital of Spain, with its dreary surrounding desert, its dried-up stream from the bleak neighbouring mountains, its dull and pretentious street architecture, the vast pile of the Royal palace, the Puerta del Sol thronged with idlers, the Church of the Atocha, the Museum full of noble pictures, and the picturesque varieties of figure among the populace of different classes. We have, on former occasions, presented a number of Illustrations, more especially of the costumes and habits and manners of the Madrilenos, in sketches drawn by one or another of our Special Artists, who were sent to Spain upon the occasion of political revolutions or civil wars, unhappily too frequent in that distracted country.

The two sketches reproduced in our Engravings for this week are such as do not seem to need much explanation. One of them represents a street scene of not unfrequent occurrence among a people naturally susceptible of warm devotional feelings, and accustomed to their most public exhibition, without reserve, in a manner sanctioned by the local Church authorities. The English Protestant visitor to Madrid will do well to pass by such an exhibition in silence, and without betraying in his countenance or gesture any sentiment of disrespect or aversion, which courtesy and charity in any case forbid. He may observe more at his leisure the ways and means of petty trade carried on in the lower quarters of the city; the medley sale of miscellaneous old clothes and furniture, and odd scraps of property, collected at the Rastro; the stalls and barrows and baskets of itinerant dealers in a diversity of cheap and nasty wares; the barberillos, who shave their customers in the open air; the dispensers of wine and cooler drinks, from earthen jars or leather bottles; the vendors of luscious fruits, pomegranates, grapes, and melons; the roasters of chestnuts, the retailers of wax-tapers and matches; or the carboneros, shown in our sketch, who weigh sacks of charcoal on the official steelyard, lifting the beam and weights by leaning on the other end of the pole attached to the beam.

To any of our readers who would like an entire volume, a very handsome one, filled with characteristic sketches of Spain, we take this opportunity of mentioning a work just published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., which will abundantly gratify their taste. "Spain, by the Baron C. Davillier, illustrated by Gustave Doré," is the title of this splendid new book, which will attract its due share of notice in the coming season of fine-art publications. The text, which Mr. J. Thomson, F.R.G.S., has translated clearly and neatly, supplies a concise description, but sufficiently detailed, of all the chief cities and provinces, and of the manners of their people. The illustrations are worthy of Doré's pencil, and amount in number to more than three hundred, produced as wood engravings.

## THE WAR IN SPAIN.

Our Special Artist engaged in watching the conflicts between the forces of King Alfonso and Don Carlos on the hills above San Sebastian contributes a sketch of the attack which was made on Tuesday, the 28th ult., upon the Carlist fortified position at Santiago-Mendi, above the village of Hernani. He writes as follows:—

"On Tuesday last the Alfonsist General Trillo, after issuing a proclamation to his troops, in which he said the Carlists were sheep who would run away at the very sound of the footsteps of the Spanish soldiers, made a faint approach towards Vera by the La Stuola road. As this pass could be held by two companies against a whole army, there can be no doubt that he never had any serious intention of forcing the passage; and that this move on his part, as well as the menacing order he had sent to the Alcade of Vera to have 16,000 rations ready for him, was meant to draw the Guipuzcoan troops from the points he intended to attack in earnest. This demonstration against Vera went as far as La Stuola, where a Carlist support was driven in, but no further; and this place was abandoned again the same evening.

"The next day General Trillo attacked simultaneously half the long line of Carlist positions, which extends from Andoain to the Bidassoa at La Stuola. The points he attacked were the heights of Choritoquieta, Gogoreguy, Mauno-Aundi, San Marcos, and Santiago-Mendi. All these points are natural fortresses, strengthened by the trenches and batteries the Carlists have covered them with. These attacks were repulsed everywhere, causing great loss to the Alfonsists. The two points which I saw with my own eyes were San Marcos and Santiago-Mendi. It is the attack on this last-named position which is the subject of my sketch.

"Santiago-Mendi is only a hillock compared with the mountains in its rear, but it commands Hernani, and is itself little exposed to the fire of the forts which protect San Sebastian. It is from the battery on this spot that Hernani has been reduced to ruins. The greatest efforts of the Alfonsist General were directed against this position, for against it were sent the Migueletes, those constant leaders of a forlorn hope. The first line of trenches were soon abandoned by the Carlists, who retired firing into the second line. Emboldened by this success, the 300 Migueletes who led the attack advanced to within thirty yards of the second trench, where they were at once saluted by a most murderous fire, almost point blank, which in a very short time had mowed down about one-third of their numbers. They, nevertheless, made a supreme effort to master the trench; but at this juncture the infantry, which supported the Migueletes, could not be got to advance; and the Carlists, rattling their bayonets on to their rifles, sprung out of their trenches; upon which the Migueletes gave way, being considerably inferior in numbers and having great disadvantage in ground. This is the moment I have chosen as the subject of the sketch I send you. I was on the Carlist side. I will send you a sketch of the attack on San Marcos, which is a formidable mountain; also the shelling of San Sebastian from the Carlist battery on Tuesday night. I spent the night in the battery. This Tuesday's fighting was a great check to the Alfonsist troops; they lost about 750 men, or, as some say, a thousand—which is much for this war, where the numbers engaged are never great."

## BELGIAN THRESHING-MACHINE.

In the Walloon country of Belgium a peculiar machine is used for threshing corn. It has some resemblance to the treadmill, but is worked by two horses, and they tread it as shown in the sketch engraved. The woman in the background receives the wheat in sheaves and places them in the machine through an aperture. The wheat is threshed, and the straw comes off from under the mill, already formed into bundles, which are taken away by another woman. Three women, with comparatively light work, thus get a large quantity of corn threshed in the course of the day. We have seen this machine only in that part of Belgium.

## OUR MILITARY DIFFICULTY.

## SCHEME FOR REORGANISING THE BRITISH ARMY.

BY MR. JOHN HOLMS, M.P. FOR HACKNEY.

For some length of time Mr. John Holms, M.P. for Hackney, has laboured assiduously, both in the House of Commons and out of it, to direct public attention to the subject of military reform. Early last year he issued a little book upon the subject which attracted a good deal of notice, both from military and non-military critics; and at the meeting of the Social Science Association, which closed this week, he followed it up by reading a paper which may fairly be called a sequel to that publication, and in which he further elucidated his ideas upon military organisation in a thoroughly practical and comprehensible manner. The paper was read on Friday, Oct. 8, in the Economy and Trade section, the special question under discussion being, "Is it desirable that the system of 'short-term' military service should be superseded or supplemented by compulsory military service?" Mr. Grant Duff, M.P., presided on the occasion, and briefly introduced Mr. Holms, who spoke as follows:—

It is a wholesome sign of the times that this association should consider the question of our military service. That the subject is closely bound up with the well-being of the nation, and intimately connected both with our national industry and expenditure, is beyond doubt. The association, therefore, judging wisely, has placed the discussion of the subject under the economy and trade department.

For some years I have taken the deepest interest in the subject, and devoted my mind to its consideration, and I own that I am perfectly lost in astonishment when I see that such an extravagant, inefficient, immoral system, entailing, too, such a wanton waste of human life, has been permitted so long to exist amongst us in this country.

The plain truth is that the community at large know next to nothing, and think less, of how our Army is got together, or of how it is maintained.

The result is that, constituencies taking little or no interest in the question, members of Parliament and statesmen generally fold their arms and shut their eyes, and leave the War Office to go on pretty much as it likes. A French writer has very truly said that "a nation cannot easily be led beyond what it knows or thinks."

If England only knew the utter unsoundness of her present military system, with all its attendant immorality, waste of human life, inefficiency, and extravagance, and only knew how easily it could be replaced by a wholesome and sound system, and with a saving of many millions a year, the whole nation would with one loud voice, running from one end of the kingdom to the other, protest, and never cease protesting, until our present system was purified and changed.

That such a change can be brought about without either great difficulty or delay I have asserted for years, and now without hesitation I repeat the assertion. But we must be prepared to give up an antiquated system mainly resting upon exploded and erroneous ideas—ideas which might befit the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, but which are entirely out of harmony with our own; and we must not let the question be entangled with class interests or political results, or used as a shuttlecock between parties in the State who chiefly, considering what interests they may conciliate, too often adopt mere makeshift expedients to satisfy political exigencies, and do not, on the contrary, grapple boldly with the evil. It is that spirit that has produced the utter failure and costliness of past schemes.

The great results obtained by Continental nations at a comparatively small cost in money or withdrawal of their sons from home life, and the trifling results obtained by us at an enormous cost of money and waste of time of our people, is, in spite of the dust which has been thrown in their eyes, beginning to cause people to see that such results are not due to conscription, but are mainly due to sound administration and good organisation.

I wish it to be clearly understood that I am not one of those who would seek to emulate Continental nations in having a vast military force. I cannot but regard the murderous conflicts which we have lately seen on the plains of Europe, and which, unhappily, there are indications that we may see repeated at no very distant date upon an enormous scale, as a disgrace to the so-called civilisation of our day and to this the nineteenth century of our Christian era.

But, on the other hand, the armed condition of Europe bids us to be quite prepared to defend ourselves, not with crowds of raw, untrained lads or men demoralised by long barrack life, but with a force of able-bodied men, who morally, physically, and as regards age, discipline, and organisation, are at least equal to any army of any European Power which might attempt these shores. With the European wars of 1866 and 1870 fresh before us, to have less would be the height of madness. Such a force and organisation must be prepared in time of peace; the days of hurrying up raw recruits to be drilled while the war raged are gone by. Wars now are hardly declared till they are over, and demand not only that men must be ready at once to take the field, but that their organisation must be the most decentralised and simple possible. Yet, although twenty years have passed away since the Crimean war exhibited to us the abject helplessness of our War Department—lost in the maze of its own centralisation, confusion everywhere, responsibility nowhere—and although nine years have elapsed since what I may call the revolution in European warfare was inaugurated on the plains of Sadowa in 1866, and confirmed at Sedan in 1870, and we as a nation have been in profound peace, beyond organising vice for our celibate Army and spending some millions of money, our defences are not one halfpennyworth better than they were. We could not to-day, from all the crowds of men that we have, muster in these islands 50,000 men who could be regarded, either as to age or training, as equal to the soldiers of Prussia.

As yet we have no such force as can be regarded as satisfactory, nor is even the first stone of a sound scheme laid. Centralisation, in place of being diminished, is now even greater than in the days of the Crimean war; and our military system can best be described as "a mighty maze without a plan."

Whilst Prussia has reduced her system to a science, with clear principles to guide her, we, apparently out of sheer wantonness, waste all the appliances which we have at our hands, and amidst the finest materials and great expenditure, possess only a chaos.

The question before us is this—"Is it desirable that the system of short-term military service should be superseded or supplemented by compulsory military service?"

Now I take it that this question, as here put, means—"Are we to give up the so-called short-service system, without a pension and almost no pay in the reserve, and return to long service, with a pension? Or are we to adopt really short service, combined with a compulsory system of obtaining our recruits?" My answer is that really short service has never been tried, and that voluntary enlistment, properly gone about, would give us more men than we require, and of a better sort than we now or ever have obtained under that system.

But we must be prepared to abandon our antiquated ideas,

particularly that antiquated idea which stands directly in the way of a sound military system—namely, that we should recruit for and maintain two perfectly distinct military forces, for two perfectly distinct purposes. The one force for offensive purposes, and called our Regular Army—the other for defensive purposes, and called our militia.

It is not to be supposed that these two armies, paid for by the same taxpayers, work into each other's hands, and co-operate in harmony, for the defence of the nation; far otherwise, for, on the contrary, each of those two armies recruit with as much vigour against each other as if they were enlisting for different nations.

And this ruinous competition is encouraged by the War Office, and paid for by the taxpayers of the nation.

The recruits obtained for the offensive Army are kept in barracks, and drilled, and drilled, and drilled, until they are utterly sick of their duties, of their quarters, of their officers, and of the very name of soldier.

While the recruits for the other Army—the defensive Army—receive only just about as much drill and training each year as they can forget by the time they are called out for training the following year, and their instruction is given by mere amateurs, three-fourths of whom never were in the Army.

The one Army—the offensive Army—the authorities, with the greatest coolness possible, inform the unwitting public would be none the worse for even a little more drill! Whilst in the very same breath they, without a blush, speak of "that valuable old constitutional force, the militia," as being quite reliable as a defensive force—that is, to be perfectly trusted to drive from our shores any of the carefully and continuously trained European forces which might venture to invade us.

The plain truth is, we play at soldiers in this country, and a very costly game it is, and one to which no other nation in Europe would submit or does submit but ourselves, and only because almost no one from the outside sees or understands the game.

Here we are with the greatest and most costly fleet which the world ever saw, with a citizen army of volunteers, who, morally and physically at least, can scarcely be surpassed by other 170,000 men in Europe, maintaining within these islands other two perfectly distinct armies—the one the Regular Army, consisting roundly of 100,000 men, for offensive purposes, and who are drilled for from six to ten or more years; the other the militia, consisting roundly of 100,000 men, for defensive purposes, and who are drilled for something like four to six weeks a year.

Most rational people—and all Europe except our red-tape selves do—would think it more in harmony with common sense if all the 200,000 men, composing our two Armies, had each passed through the same Army, and received two years' careful and continuous drill and training by the same officers, all knowing the same system and equally capable of encountering an enemy within or without the shores of these islands; and were, after such two years' temporary absence, sent home, with some mutually advantageous arrangement, that for a certain term of years they were to be ready at any moment, in the event of war, to come out for the defence of their home and country.

When I see the military authorities of this country upholding in the full blaze of the European military experience of the past nine years the antiquated and childish idea that we must have in England, besides our fleet and volunteers, two distinct Armies, one for offensive and the other for defensive purposes, I can only compare them and their notions to the ludicrous story told of a professor in one of our Universities. He had a favourite cat, for the ingress and egress of which he had a hole cut at the bottom of the door of his room. When, by-and-by, she had some kittens the learned professor insisted upon cutting a small hole beside the larger one specially for them to go out and in by.

Ordinary mortals thought that the large hole would have done for both, and they were right and the philosopher wrong, and if the people of England will insist that their paid defenders must be as able to fight against an enemy on the shores of Kent or Sussex as against an enemy in Mecklenburg or Normandy, they will be equally right.

The maintenance of the militia has been for a long course of time most detrimental to the interests and safety of the nation. We must not blame the men who compose the militia; they have innocently enough believed that they were doing their country service, but it is impossible not to blame the authorities. They knew or ought to have known, for they have abundance of material to judge from, that the maintenance of such a force was and is worse than a costly sham; it was and is a sham directly weakening the defence of the country, which those very authorities are bound to see to, for it is to their care that the defence of the nation is intrusted.

The truth is that each successive Government in this country have adopted a hand to mouth policy with our Army, and, in abject fear of county opposition—for it was and is mainly maintained for the amusement of country gentlemen—have maintained the militia, rather than run the risk of imperilling their power by boldly encountering that opposition and declaring that the sham must end.

That there are in both Houses of Parliament about 190 members, who are, or who have been, connected with the militia and yeomanry, should surely not be a reason for the continuance of the sham, but, on the contrary, should be a guarantee of its early disappearance.

The first Government that in this country declares that one Army in these islands is enough, but that that Army must be capable of fighting with any men, anywhere, would deserve the thanks of the country. In truth, we are not without evidence that the maintenance of the idea of a local and separate Army for purely defensive purposes is impracticable, for every now and then the authorities, under the pressure of circumstances, have been forced by their action to acknowledge that it is untenable; and it has during the past twenty years been subjected to some very rude shocks.

In 1855 the idea of a local versus an Imperial army received its first shock. The business connected with the militia was transferred from the Home Department to the War Department. In 1867 again the separate idea gave way, for a number of militiamen were, by the payment of a retaining fee of £1 a year, engaged in case of war to go with the Regular Army—although, by their training, they were and are utterly unfit to be sent against trained troops.

Again in 1871-2 the militia force was brought more directly under the War Office, and less under the control of Lords-Lieutenant of counties.

Each of those occasions are memorable—the first just after the Crimean War; the second after Sadowa, in 1866; the third after Sedan, in 1870.

Our militia force, as at present constituted, is a mere remnant of an old and exploded feudal system by which the peasantry of a county came out under the leadership of the country gentlemen for home defence, and if they volunteered at the beginning of the century, as they did, to fight in our Continental wars, they were generally pretty much as to training, &c., equal to the enemy; although even then they were evidently a mistake, for the Duke of Wellington has left



as on record his opinion, given at a time when it was worth having—namely, when, in September, 1813, Lord Castlereagh proposed to send *him* some militia volunteers to the Peninsula, he wrote most emphatically that he did not think them the force he could rely upon:—"I never," he wrote, "had under my command more than one regiment of English militia. I found that, however, to be so entirely divested of interior economy and real discipline and subordination, that, however well the soldiers may be disciplined as far as regards their drill and movements, I should very much doubt that a large militia army would be very useful in the field for more than a momentary exertion. To enter upon a war with infantry regiments so composed would be a risk not hitherto incurred, or incident to the old system." If after this even a faint notion of their being of any use out of the country remained, the events of 1866 and 1870 have utterly, completely, and for ever shattered them. In 1813 the discipline and training of our militia was such as to make the Duke of Wellington reject their services. The mass of them to-day are mere raw lads, utterly incapable of facing any of the well-trained troops of Europe. To send out our raw, untrained, undisciplined, militia to meet the highly-trained, well-disciplined troops of Europe, would not only be madness—it would be direct murder.

The militia are not only useless themselves, but are, directly and indirectly, the great main hindrance to our having a splendid army and at a reasonable cost. Beyond any doubt, if we had recruiting only for the Regular Army, with somewhat increased attractions, the great mass of the men who now join the militia would join the Army. That this is manifest I will make quite clear by plain facts that cannot be gainsaid:—

1st. From 1805 to 1813, both inclusive, 110,098 militiamen volunteered into the Army.

2nd. In March, 1855, when 61,764 militiamen were called out for training, 19,450 of them volunteered, within a month, to go to the Crimea with the Regular Army.

3rd. 71,182 militiamen joined the Army during the Crimean war.

4th. The Duke of Cambridge stated, on June 8, 1866, before Commissioners appointed to inquire into the question of recruiting, that "the moment that you recruit for the militia as you do for the Line there is no doubt that the militia interferes to a great extent with the Army, because I believe that many a man who now enlists for the militia would go into the Army; and there are such difficulties in the way of any militia soldier coming into the Army, even if he wishes it, that we do not get these men."

5th. Report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting, Jan. 10, 1871, stated that recruiting for the Regular Army was very seriously affected by recruiting for the militia.

6th. The only streak of something like light which I have seen in the dark and dreary history of recruiting for our military forces, given by Mr. Clode in his valuable work, "The Military Forces of the Crown," occurred in 1807 under Mr. Wyndham's Act, when recruiting for the militia ceased; the term of enlistment was shortened, and higher attractions in the Regular Army were offered. The result (drawn from another source), I find, was that during the only six months that it was in operation 10,418 recruits joined the Army, or more than had joined directly during any one of the whole of the preceding three years, and within thirteen men of any of the preceding six months, including volunteers from the militia.

And whenever we again adopt the plan of recruiting for one Army only, and offer the terms suitable to our own time, we shall get all the men we want.

We must give up our great militia trap, which seems set for the purpose of catching any men who may be militarily inclined, and keeping them from becoming trained soldiers, unless they, after getting all they can in the militia, desert and join the Army, and perhaps desert again.

This double-army system has to-day given us this splendid result—that these islands literally swarm with deserters from both forces. During the last five years over 72,000 deserters have been advertised for by our two armies. During the same five years each of our two armies have been valiantly fighting against each other for recruits; the Regular Army getting over 100,000 men and the militia 150,000 men, or a quarter of a million of men drawn from the labouring classes, when, by a sound system, less than two-thirds of the number, if picked and passed through one army, would have given us a good and trustworthy force of trained men.

I should add that, during this same five years, something like 220,000 fresh men joined our volunteers. To talk of conscription to get men for our modern requirements, in the face of such facts, is quite absurd.

There is no people in the world more brave, or more willing to serve voluntarily, than the mass of our fellow-countrymen; they only need to be fairly paid, and the duty of serving their country in the Army to be recognised as honourable and not to entail withdrawal too long from home in time of peace, to attract three men for every one we want.

Here I should say something upon

#### CONSCRIPTION.

Conscription for the Regular Army cannot be said ever to have had an existence in this country, and it is impossible to read the history of those efforts which have been made to introduce it, either directly or indirectly, without being satisfied that any new effort to force it upon the country would be resisted by the united judgment and intelligence of the nation.

Since the reign of Queen Anne Parliament has from time to time enforced compulsory service upon criminals, vagrants, and persons without a lawful occupation. The dishonour and discredit thus thrown upon our Army survives to this day, and the desirability of doing something to remove it never appears to enter the minds of our authorities.

#### BALLOTING FOR THE MILITIA

is the modified form of compulsory military service which has been resorted to in this country. It was regarded as an indirect means of recruiting the Army. Men, after being enrolled in the Militia, were induced by high bounties to join the Line.

But an impartial consideration of the occasional experience we have had of this mode of raising men conclusively shows that it is, perhaps, the most clumsy, imperfect, and expensive system that could possibly be devised. One of the conditions which accompanied it was that substitutes might be provided, and the extent to which the people availed themselves of this mode of escape from military service may be judged of by the fact that in 1803, out of 45,492 men raised by ballot, 40,098 were substitutes; in 1807-8, out of 26,085 men raised, 22,956 were substitutes; in 1810, out of 8498 men selected by ballot, only 397 served.

The system, in short, practically became one for selecting recruiting agents, not soldiers, by ballot; and the waste of money involved by this roundabout process was enormous. The competition for substitutes between individuals selected to serve who had no wish to do so raised the price not only against themselves, but also against the regular recruiting agents for the Line. In 1803 the bounty paid to the Army Reserve Men alone amounted to £1,145,949, while the cost of

24,691 men, who had been coaxed out of that force by the regulars, cost the Imperial funds no less than £188,268.

These facts conclusively condemn the system of recruiting through a militia raised by the ballot. Yet no thinking man can look with satisfaction on the system now in operation, and on the scenes which take place daily in the taverns and public-houses frequented by the recruiting-sergeant, without feeling utterly ashamed of the manner in which our much-vaunted British Army is brought together. Such a system and such scenes reflect disgrace upon us as a nation.

Who can hesitate to believe that if we were to adopt the simple and straightforward plan of offering to a recruit the fair market value of his labour, we should obtain an abundant supply of men possessing the qualities we desire? We pay our private soldiers less now than the average weekly wage of an agricultural labourer. Were we but to resolve upon offering this wage, under a simple and easily-understood contract, which would admit of the men, as soon as they had become trained soldiers, to pass into a reserve force, in which, while obtaining a liberal retaining fee, they would be at liberty to follow their ordinary civil avocation, we should very soon have a different class of men in our service than the cheap bargains now supplied to us by the recruiting-sergeant. The War Department, under such a system, would come to be regarded as an employer superior to other employers of labour. Their service would become as honourable and as desirable as any other service under the Crown. And look at

#### THE IMMORALITY OF OUR EXISTING MILITARY SYSTEM.

No other civilised nation, I am satisfied, would tolerate for a single year the existence in its midst of such a barbarous military system as we possess. Our barracks are military monasteries, in which vice is nursed and encouraged in a most shameless manner. Mere boys are brought into companionship with men who have been living in a state of enforced celibacy for a long term of years. How many promising youths have been ruined, how many homes have been made desolate, by the profligacy which such a system directly encourages?

However feeble our military authorities have been in reforming and reorganising our military forces, they have, I regret to say, shown an alacrity in accepting measures calculated to promote and sanction vice in our celibate Army, which is a scandal to us as a Christian people. No better security for the progressive prosperity of the nation could be given than the promotion of the moral and religious welfare of the people; but while the State with one hand seeks to do this by encouraging education and suppressing crime and vice, with the other, through our military system, it sanctions and encourages the vilest immorality.

No better mode of corrupting a nation could be conceived than that which our military authorities now practice by keeping a large number of young men for a long term of years living an idle and a vicious life. We see the result in that abominable organisation which has grown up among us during the past ten years under the fostering protection of the Contagious Diseases Acts. The epitaph written on the tomb of every nation that has passed away has been that it perished because it became corrupt.

The influence of a barrack life even upon the small percentage of privates who are permitted to marry is also pernicious, while the women and children become an impediment in moving troops about, which is unknown in a sound modern system.

Again, clandestine marriages among soldiers frequently take place, despite the stringency of our regulations against them, and when this is the case very frequently the wives and children become a burden upon the parish authorities. By a return, published by the Local Government Board, it was shown that in 1873 739 wives and 1428 children of soldiers were in receipt of parish relief.

All this, it must be acknowledged, is most degrading, and it cannot fail to keep honest and respectable young men from regarding our Army as attractive. Moreover, the amount of sickness and the mortality among the troops is directly encouraged by our vicious system. Some thousands of men (in 1872, 5628) are constantly in hospital, and beyond a doubt the death of about eight hundred men annually may be traced to the same cause.

In Prussia they have long recognised the fact that, whether they obtain their men by conscription or as volunteers, their stay in barracks should be made as short as possible. A young man, once thoroughly and fully trained and disciplined as a soldier, is at any time ready for his place in the ranks. The object of the Prussian military authorities has long been to do this in as brief a time as possible, and this problem they have now so satisfactorily solved that they do not now keep men in the barracks or training school for more than twenty or twenty-two months on an average.

During this time he is hard at work, but as soon as his term of training is over he is free to marry and settle in life. Such a system encourages industry, discipline, and morality, and presents in these respects a very marked contrast to our own.

The German authorities have long ago discovered that it is both cheaper for them as a nation, and better for the men individually, that they should live as much as possible at home, maintaining themselves by their own industry rather than in huge dreary barracks, at an enormous cost to the State.

This is a question in which the women of England are deeply and directly interested. It is not just to the women of England that we should maintain a system which prevents a large proportion of young men from marrying. In Great Britain there is an excess of women over men between the ages of twenty and thirty of not less than 321:7:2, or something like a third of a million of women chiefly belonging to the poorer classes. In the face of such a fact, for us to keep 100,000 men in a state of enforced celibacy is both a blunder and a crime, and there is no excuse whatever for our so acting except the indifference and apathy of the nation. The cure is simple and easy, and could be speedily applied if the nation demanded it.

I have prepared three diagrams in order that I may convey this to you more clearly and show that Prussia does not depend upon her mode of obtaining men—conscription—for her great results. On the contrary, I think Prussia is at a great disadvantage in this respect compared with ourselves, who require comparatively few men, readily obtainable by a properly paid voluntary system. The great difference between Prussia and ourselves will be found in the use we each make of recruits after we get them, and the perfect simplicity of her organisation. No doubt it must be borne in mind that the Prussian organisation, which is as near perfection as the human mind could well devise, has been the outcome of much thought and labour during nearly seventy years; but it is on that account the more worthy of our admiration and adoption.

The first diagram shows broadly the Prussian system; the second, our own system as it is; the third, our own, modelled after the Prussian system.

The first diagram will be readily understood when I say that the leading principle of the Prussian system is decentralisation. Her army is divided into separate little armies, each with a General at its head, invested with great power

and corresponding responsibility. In 1870 the Prussian army consisted of thirteen such army corps, giving a war strength of over 940,000 men between twenty and thirty-two years of age, 203,000 horses, and 1400 field guns. To maintain this force an annual inflow of 100,000 men was required, as will be seen by the diagram, or about one in three of the population who attained military age each year, which, divided amongst the thirteen army corps, give each 7700 men, who, after being in barracks twenty or twenty-two months—not three years, as is generally supposed—and made thorough soldiers, are sent home on furlough, ready to be called out in case of war. Each General of an army corps has thus a small army of over 72,000 men, 15,000 horses, and 100 guns under his care, and the cost of such army is not more than £865,000, a result at which surely the people of this country may well open their eyes. Of course each General vies with another to show good results, both as to cost and efficiency; efficiency being thoroughly tested by autumn manœuvres, and cost shown by the amount each army corps receives. It is to the interest of the General not to keep a man a day longer in barracks than he can help, and officers are not employed for show, or more of them than is required. The cost of this army in 1870 was £10,140,000. Since 1870 five and a half army corps have been added (and the Landstrum organisation). The number of men already added amounts to 209,000, which, with a corresponding number of horses and field guns, at a total cost of £16,000,000, and in a few years the whole army will number nearly 1,340,000 trained men. I would particularly draw attention to the fact that since 1870, with 42,400 recruits annually, they have obtained already an additional army of 29,000 soldiers, between twenty and twenty-five years of age; and in seven years more this army will number nearly 400,000, at a cost of something like £6,000,000.

The War Minister at Berlin can now, in a few days, rely upon having an army in the field of any size he likes, from 20,000 men up to much over a million of men, by merely telegraphing to the General at the head of each army corps.

Moreover, as all detail is carried out by each Army Corps, the central administration is simple and inexpensive, and in place of crowds of clerks, and the helpless and hopeless undignified confusion of our own large War Office, there is a calm continually reigning at the small War Office of Berlin, which permits the Minister thoughtfully and carefully even further to improve the administration of their wonderful system.

Now look at the second diagram, showing our Army as it is—an unorganised mass—taking our total forces—home, colonial, and Indian—costing over £30,000,000, apart from a cheaply-paid native force of 122,000, and our untrained militia of 104,600, the total number of British soldiers is 188,000, out of which 64,600 are either too young or too old, thus leaving only 123,500 men of the age and training that Prussia would accept from any of her Generals, and to obtain which army, apart from natives in India, over 50,000 recruits were required. Or look at our home and colonial Army, numbering with militia and yeomanry, 242,600, of which only 78,500 are of right age and trained, with horses scarcely equal to one Prussian army corps, and only 339 field guns, the outcome of over 45,000 recruits, and fourteen or fifteen millions a year, a less outcome than Prussia gets in three and a half army corps requiring only 26,000 recruits, and three millions sterling annually.

The third diagram shows our own Army organised under the Prussian system. All recruits would be enlisted for seven years, those for Indian and colonial service remaining the whole seven years with the colours, receiving at the end their discharge and a sum of money in lieu of pension. Those for home service in peace—and anywhere in war—to remain in barracks not longer than is necessary to make them thorough soldiers, which I put here as about two years (thus reducing the number of men in barracks by about 50,000, compared with the number we now have), then passing into the reserve B, and receiving pay at the rate of £20 a year at least; for a reserve force is only valuable if it can be depended upon when wanted, and I regard high pay in the reserve as the keystone of the system which I venture to advocate. By retaining in hand most of this sum till the last year we should have a guarantee for the appearance of our reserve men when wanted. I have by this diagram shown the number of trained men at home, after seven years, between 27 and 32. These I do not think we need bind to our service by any agreement; for in case of war I have no doubt that, by an offer of money, we could secure the service of all we should want for home defence without difficulty. When we recollect that in August, 1870, we voted £2,000,000 for 20,000 men, the force of this can well be understood. By this it will be seen that, with only 32,000 picked recruits, taken from men of 20, we can provide India and our colonies with all they want, and younger and better men than at present, and have a force at home of over 220,000 trained men between 20 and 32; and, as most of the men we now have might be draughted into the reserve and civil life, I calculate, if our home army were divided at once into five army corps, with five of our best Generals, one at the head of each (and we have some splendid officers), with great power given to each of them, they might place our forces upon a respectable footing in three years and save millions to the nation.

The main causes of our wasteful expenditure are obvious.

1st. The maintenance of two competing armies:—

Direct cost of Militia and Yeomanry .. .. .	£1,350,000
Indirect cost to regular army, making recruiting costly, promoting desertion and consequent imprisonments, causing us to take boys and keep them until they grow men, causing us to take men without character, I estimate at, say .. .. .	400,000
Keeping men too long, and paying pensions for long service .. .. .	1,030,000
Keeping 50,000 more men in barracks than we ought to keep, at £37 each .. .. .	1,850,000
Saving in hospitals, &c. .. .. .	250,000
Reduction in number of officers (we have 7000 now for home and colonial army, or 2000 more than we need, and chiefly in the higher ranks) .. .. .	500,000
Saving by work of War Office being reduced by work being done by each army corps .. .. .	100,050
	£5,480,000

Besides this, I leave out of sight altogether the great saving that might be looked for from wholesome competition between the Generals at the head of each army corps. There falls to be deducted from this—

Pay to 100,000 men in the Reserve B of £20 a year, chiefly deferred till end of his seventh year .. .. .	£2,000,000
Increased pay—to bring up pay of all privates to 16s. a week .. .. .	157,300
Increased pay—non-commissioned officers .. .. .	16,250
Colonies pay at end of seventh year in lieu of pension .. .. .	90,000
	£2,263,550

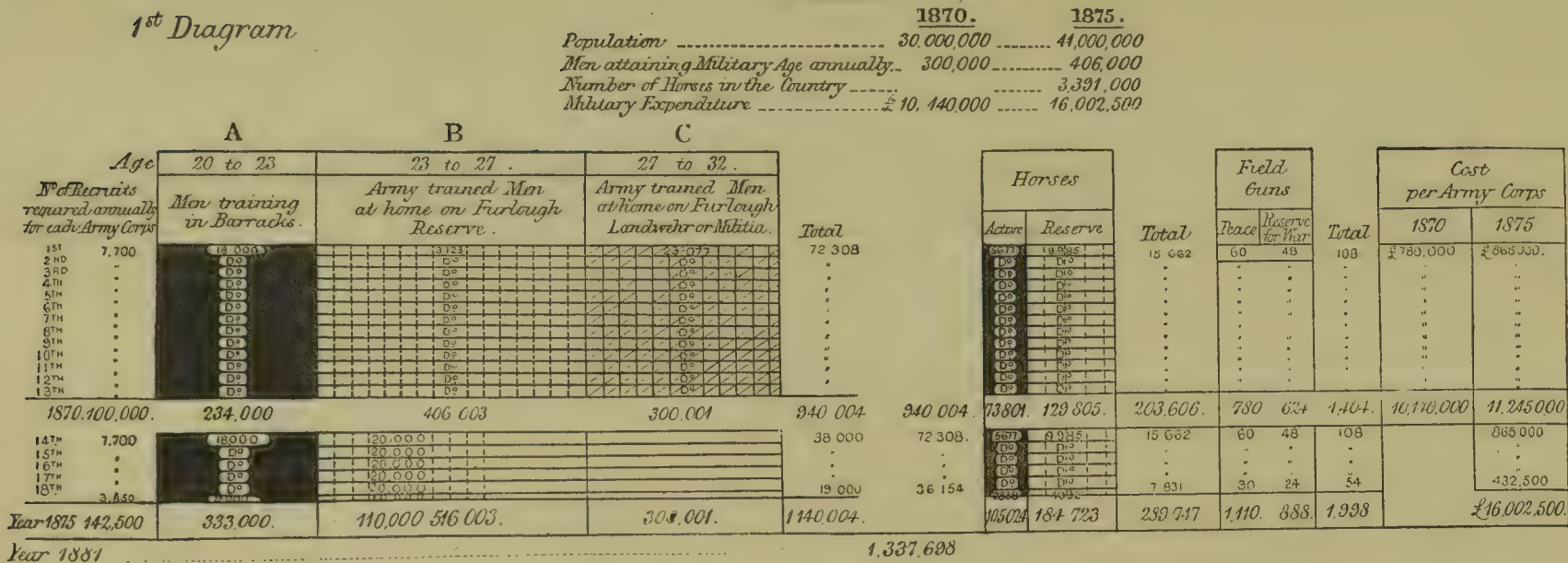
Direct saving .. .. .	£3,216,450
50,000 men at home, earning 15s. a week .. .. .	£1,950,000
100,000 militia, 15s. (six weeks) .. .. .	450,000
Indirect saving .. .. .	2,400,000

Direct and indirect saving .. .. . £5,616,450



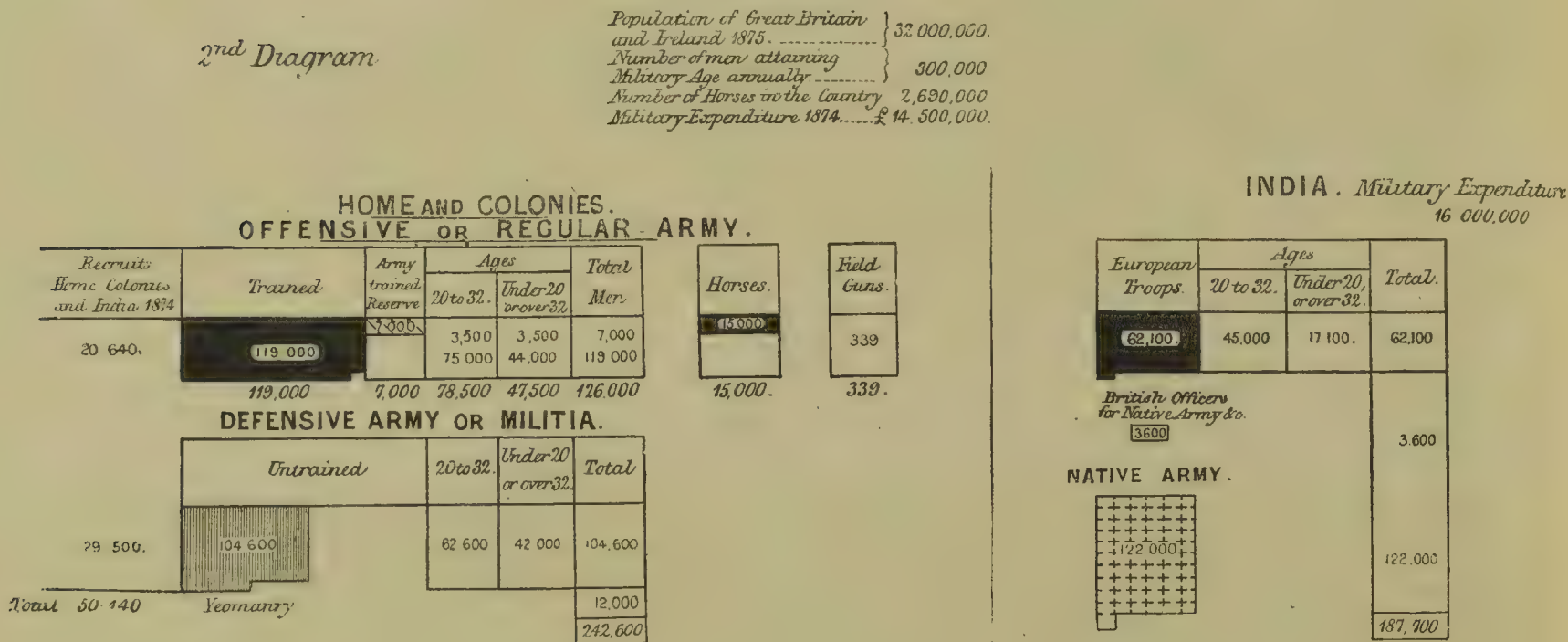
PRUSSIAN ARMY.

1<sup>st</sup> Diagram



BRITISH ARMY

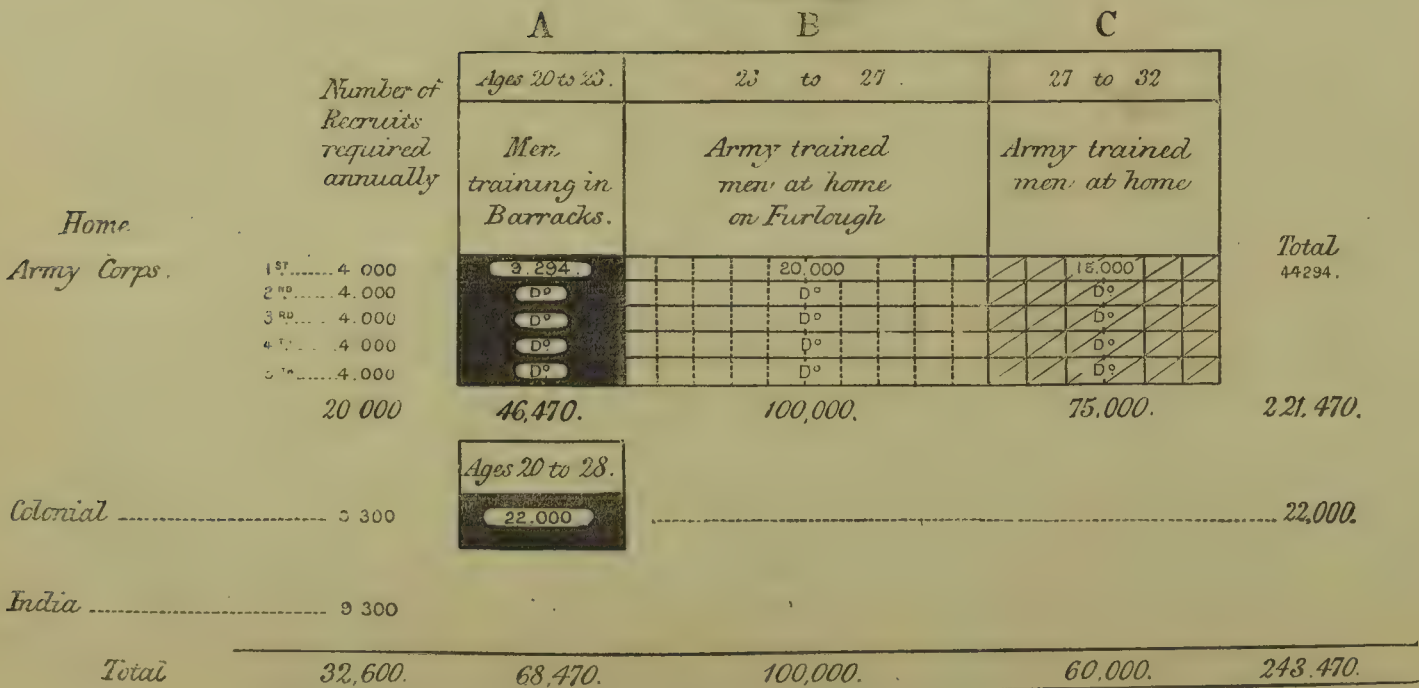
2<sup>nd</sup> Diagram



BRITISH ARMY

HOME AND COLONIES.

3<sup>rd</sup> Diagram.







THE TRYSTING-TREE. BY E. WAGNER.





PRESENTATION OF ASHANTEE MEDALS TO THE 2ND WEST INDIA NEGRO REGIMENT AT BARBADOES.



A BELGIAN THRESHING-MACHINE.



I am aware that it will be urged by many military authorities that however suitable such a scheme of service as I have suggested may be for a nation like Germany, it is altogether inappropriate to ourselves, because so large a proportion of our men are required to serve abroad in India and our Colonies. This I regard as a very superficial fallacy.

The truth is, that our combined home and foreign military service is especially suited to the voluntary system of service. It enables us to give our recruits a choice, and in this respect we can admirably suit the varied tastes of our countrymen.

No doubt the short period of service which I suggest with the colours at home would be unsuitable for India. But there is no difficulty whatever in arranging for a suitable term for India, and yet maintaining harmony and direct connection with the home and Indian armies.

Were such a choice offered, I am satisfied we should have no difficulty whatever in obtaining an ample supply of suitable recruits for our foreign service. It is acknowledged that our Indian service, even as it is, has always been popular; but a grave responsibility unquestionably rests on us as a nation for our reckless disregard of the consequences of sending men to India at such an age when their constitution is ill qualified to resist climatic influences. We send men abroad in our military service of all ages, although the evidence of our medical men establishes the fact that when our troops in India reach the age of thirty and upwards the mortality among them becomes very great. In like manner we retain many men in India far beyond the term which the best medical authorities agree in considering to be safe.

The cruelty of such a system is as obvious as it is extravagant.

In order to understand the composition of our Army in India in respect to age, I moved for a return, and found that on Sept. 1, 1873, out of 59,000 men, there were only 35,000 between the ages of 20 and 30; 22,500 were over 30. This is what an eminent military authority—Sir Lintorn Simmonds—has to say by way of comment upon these figures:—"If the men in India had all been between the age of 20 and 30 throughout the year, instead of being as they were on that day, there would have been 380 fewer deaths, 840 fewer men in hospital, 592 fewer men sent home as invalids, and of course 592 fewer recruits to send out to replace them. We should have had a battalion of 840 more men effective out of our small Army of 60,000."

The saving to India, Sir Lintorn Simmonds adds, would, without calculating recruiting or dépôt expenses, have amounted to £230,000 a year.

I might here dwell also at some length upon the demoralising influence of a protracted residence in India upon European soldiers, and upon the effect which long contact with inferior Eastern races produces upon them. The official sanction given to the immorality of our troops in India I cannot but regard as a grave national scandal. I dare not venture here to quote in detail the evidence which has been placed on record upon this point; but should any doubt be entertained about it the statements made by Dr. Ross before a Royal Commission in 1871 can be readily referred to (and I do hope that many will refer to them), because, in my opinion, they disclose a state of things which reflects much disgrace upon our system.

Many people, I am aware, fondly imagine that our soldiers return from India seasoned by enterprise and experience. Seasoned they are, unquestionably, but it is in habits and practices that do not improve them for home service. This is what military men themselves say upon this point:—"Regiments returning from India are quite unfit for the hard work of a campaign in Europe. The soldier has been so long accustomed to an easy life: native servants to attend him, everything carried for him on a march, quite unfitting him for active service at home."

I would only add to this, that I understand that when soldiers do return from India to join our own Army they are simply put to do at once the heavy work without any consideration of the special conditions under which they have been placed, and to which I have just referred.

I repeat that the power which we possess of offering to men who have a taste for military life a choice between home and foreign service, so far from proving a difficulty, would positively be an aid in organising our military forces under the scheme which I venture to suggest.

It should also be borne in mind that our military position in India has greatly changed since the mutiny. Prior to this event, the proportion of native to British troops was very much larger than it is now. In 1856-7 we had something like 268,000 natives to 42,000 Europeans. Now we have 120,000 native troops and 60,000 Europeans.

Again, the opening of the Suez Canal and the establishment of direct telegraphic communication between Great Britain and India are obviously important additional elements of strength.

In the opinion of Lord Lawrence, and I could quote no higher authority I think, our requirements are fairly provided for as to numbers. When examined before the Select Committee on East India Finance, Lord Lawrence said:—"Of course India must look for help to England in desperate circumstances, such as an invasion of India. But I do not myself think there would be an insurrection if you kept 60,000 English soldiers well officered in India. I do not think a dog would bark against us, let alone an insurrection take place; but, if such a thing did occur, I think it would be put down before it spread."

Now, the force which we have could, in case of invasion, be quickly brought up to a point far beyond the highest number we ever had in India during the mutiny.

Our colonial forces are now nearly all on the way to or encamped around India.

In 1875, out of 23,910 men of our colonial army, over 10,000 were at Malta and Gibraltar, and nearly 7000 of the rest at Ceylon, China, Straits Settlements, Mauritius, and the Cape, between which places, considering our large Navy, exchange of troops with India, judiciously made, might make service in India of no longer period for each soldier than four or five years. And as, according to Lord Lawrence, it is only in case of invasion that we should need one man more than 60,000—the present number—in such case we should have considerable warning. A man must be little acquainted either with the history of his country or the pluck of his fellow-countrymen who entertains a doubt of the number who would, independently of their agreement, to go out in case of war, volunteer to go to India from our home Army; and, moreover, in such a case, we might depend upon drawing considerably from the natives of India.

In March, 1871, the Secretary of State for India wrote thus to the Governor-General of India:—

"It must never be forgotten that the great mutiny of 1857 was suppressed with the aid of native levies; the gallantry and fidelity of the troops so raised were indeed conspicuous. It cannot be said, therefore, that any doubt was cast by the events of that year upon the power of the British Government to yoke the native race of India to its military service."

As to organising our Army, we should maintain one Army,

yet with perfect harmony and united action between forces at home and abroad; for, as regards exchange of officers and recruiting to meet the requirements of both, that is a matter so simple that I need not enter upon it.

I know several officers who could carry this out at once. In truth, we have many talented officers in our Army at the present moment, but our system is such that we do not make the best use of them, any more than of the recruits we obtain.

I have finished, and beg to thank this assembly for the courtesy which they have been pleased to extend to me during the reading of a paper which, owing to the nature of the subject, I have been unable more thoroughly to condense.

It is to be hoped that the discussion will be entered upon in a broad and purely national spirit, and that the outcome of this meeting will be to hasten the solution of one of the most pressing and urgent problems which this country has had in hand for more than a generation.

In the discussion which followed the reading of the above paper observations were made by Sir Walter Crofton, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, C.B., Mr. David Chadwick, M.P., Mr. Sheldon Amos, and several other gentlemen. Mr. Holms, in his reply, said that he could not, without trespassing too much upon their patience, answer each member who had spoken or comment upon all the suggestions which they had been good enough to make. But there were certain leading points to which he felt it desirable that he should shortly refer. One was the reference made by Sir Walter Crofton and Mr. Edwin Chadwick to the minimum age at which recruits should be taken. Both those gentlemen were of opinion that twenty years was too high a minimum, and that recruits might safely be taken as young as seventeen. His answer to this was that, so far as regards India and foreign service, Parliament had already decided this question by fixing twenty as the minimum age at which they should be accepted. Then, by the system which he had ventured to suggest of dividing our Army into separate army corps and leaving the full control in the hands of the General at the head of each, it would clearly be the business of each of these responsible commanding officers to take recruits at the age they might think best. If, indeed, they thought it wise to take mere babies of seventeen months old, that was their affair. But then, the nation would look to see which General gives the best value for the money he expended. As regards taking boys from reformatory or industrial schools, he could not conceive why we should for a moment deem it necessary to direct the special attention of such boys to our Army any more than to any other calling. It was to this mistaken idea of regarding the Army as something so entirely different from all other occupations that we could in a great measure trace the difficulties in which we found ourselves. One of the essential features of his scheme was that we should altogether get rid of the notion that soldiering should be the sole occupation of a man's life. The Army should be made so attractive to the men for the short time that we require them to manufacture them into efficient soldiers that they would flock most willingly and readily into the ranks. One other point suggested in the discussion was that conscription would be valuable to the nation as drawing men into a school for drill and discipline which the whole male population should be required to pass through. His answer to this argument was that every one would not like such a school, and that we really require no such force. He was convinced that a brief experience of a well-devised scheme of short service, accompanied with good pay, would attract a much larger number of good recruits than we really require; and, the system being a flexible one, it followed that if the attractions to enlist should become too great owing to the popularity of this school of drill, we might at any time be able to adjust matters by lowering the scale of pay. It had been hinted that he had lauded the Prussian system somewhat too highly; but while he admired and praised their organisation and system of administration as being as near perfection as possible, and while he was satisfied that if any nation desired to have a good Army it must closely follow the Prussian model in these respects, he yet thought he had made it clear that recruiting by conscription and the German practice of maintaining a vast military force were altogether and entirely unnecessary here. He certainly had said nothing which would lead anyone to suppose that he desired to see the Prussian model copied in these respects. He strongly deprecated the idea of a military system being established in this country which, as in Prussia, would appear to overshadow all other institutions, greatly to the detriment of the freedom and independence of the people. In closing these final observations Mr. Holms expressed his great gratification at seeing this question so earnestly appreciated there. The evils and immorality which at present attended our existing military system were subjects that well merited the careful consideration of all who took an interest in the social progress of the people. But he could not disguise from himself or from the meeting that ignorance on the one hand and self-interest on the other were in this, as in all cases where a reform of existing abuses is in question, the great barriers to be overcome; and that they could only be overcome by displacing that ignorance with a true knowledge of the facts as they exist, when self-interest must give way to sound popular opinion. The chief work now was to get the working classes of this country to understand this subject, and it was for them to say whether the terms he had suggested were acceptable and satisfactory. This being accomplished, the constituencies throughout the country would then demand that their representatives should turn their attention without delay to this most important question.

The resolution moved by Mr. E. Chadwick, for the appointment of a committee to consider the whole question, having been seconded by Mr. Frederick Hill, was unanimously adopted. Mr. David Chadwick expressed a desire that the essay of Mr. Holms should be printed and published at full length. We have thought it likely to prove acceptable to many readers of this Journal.

## THE SECOND WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

An interesting military ceremony took place at Barbadoes on the 3rd ult., when, in presence of a large assemblage, Major-General Farren, C.B., commanding the troops in the West Indies, presented to the detachment of the 2nd West India Regiment of negro troops stationed at Barbadoes the medals graciously bestowed upon them by her Majesty for their gallant services in the late Ashantee Expedition. Upon this occasion a battery of the 7th Brigade Royal Artillery, and the headquarters battalion of the 98th Regiment, together with the 2nd West India detachment, were drawn up on the Savannah so as to form three sides of a square. The General and staff arrived punctually on the scene. After addressing Captain Jones and the officers and men of the detachment in a short and soldierly speech, the General proceeded to pin the medals on the breasts of those to whom they were awarded. Several ladies kindly assisted in this pleasing act. The troops were then ordered to march past, but in consequence of the heavy rains which began to fall this display was interrupted. We are indebted to Lieutenant C. Bradley, of the 98th, for the sketch we have engraved.

## THE MAGAZINES.

This month's magazines one and all bear testimony to the sway of the dull season—the second-rate contributor's opportunity. All are principally made up of the articles which the judicious editor, in the very act of accepting, mentally rated among articles that would keep. Any conspicuous exception must be sought in the serial novels, which ought to be unaffected by the season of the year. We cannot say, however, that the *Cornhill* is fortunate in the two fictions on which, in default of good miscellaneous matter, it has mainly to rely. The remaining items comprise a somewhat commonplace paper on Cowper and Rousseau; an analysis of Dante's "Vita Nuova;" an unconvincing argument on the negative side of the certainly difficult question of grants of public money for scientific purposes; and an elegant and picturesque essay on rustication at the seaside.

*Macmillan* has one contribution which derives a vital interest from existing circumstances—Dr. Anderson's account of the exploring expeditions to Western Yunnan of 1868 and 1875. The writer considers that the motive of Mr. Margary's murder is not as yet sufficiently ascertained. Sir Bartle Frere's paper on the Banians is disappointing, containing little of the special information that we might have expected from the writer's opportunities, and dwelling principally on the well-known details of the "Maharajah" trial. Mr. Creighton's "A Schoolmaster of the Renaissance," a sketch of Vittorino dei Ramboldini, preceptor to the Duke of Mantua's children early in the fifteenth century, and the Dr. Arnold of his generation, is perhaps the most generally-interesting and the best-written article in the number. Much praise is also due to Miss Macdonell's analysis of the shrewd and self-possessed, yet lovable and not unfeminine, type of heroine which peculiar social circumstances are rendering an institution in American fiction. The second part of Mr. Stevenson's able discussion of John Knox's relations to women treats of the Reformer's private female friendships. It is amusing to see how little difference existed in this respect between the grim Knox and the blindest and most honeyed of popular preachers. Mrs. Adamson, we are told, "delighted much in his company, by reason that she had a troubled conscience."

*Blackwood* is quiet and unexciting this month, with the exception of the present instalment of "The Dilemma," which, laid in the thick of the mutiny, is as full of fire and spirit as a military novel ought to be. "Wrecked off the Riff Coast" is a good story, in a style familiar to the readers of *Blackwood*. A paper on "Money" is more amusing than is the wont of financial discussions. The writer investigates the question what has become of all the treasure that has been in circulation during the world's history; and arrives at the conclusion that the disappearance of the precious metals "since the Tower of Babel" cannot be reckoned at less than two thousand millions worth, the greater part of which is probably "somewhere underground in Asia."

*Fraser*, in sympathy with the season, seems to have almost run to seed this month; but is preserved from absolute dullness by one instructive, one lively, and one curious contribution. The first is a valuable essay, by Mr. J. K. Laughton, on the organisation of the Venetian navy in the sixteenth century, to which is appended a graphic sketch of the battle of Lepanto. Miss Betham-Edwards describes the recent scientific congress at Nantes in very agreeable fashion, interspersing many bright and shrewd remarks on social and domestic matters in France. Mr. Wratlaw's account of the pressure put, some thirty years since, upon the great Bohemian historian, Palacky, is a curious contribution to the annals of the Austrian censorship. It is no discredit to the writer of a long essay in defence of Monarchy that he should at this time of day be able to adduce nothing but commonplaces in support of his thesis; but it is to be regretted that he should damage a fair case by his prejudiced and unhandsome treatment of other political forms. An apology for Queen Mary falls flat. No sophistry can conceal the distinction between her deliberate inhumanity and the severities which the necessities of the State forced upon her successor.

The *Fortnightly* is not very brilliant this month. The most generally interesting paper is Mr. Sayce's account of his visit to Syracuse, full of vivid colour, and inspired by classical recollections. Professor Dowden's essay on Wordsworth's prose works is thoughtful and eloquent, but the theme is not stirring. Mr. H. Richards contributes a short but unanswerable plea against exclusively clerical fellowships, and General Strachey discourses on the place of geography in physical science. In his critique on Baudelaire Mr. Saintsbury advocates the most mischievous of literary heresies—the sufficiency of the power of expression, without reference to the beauty or value of the idea expressed. Baudelaire was judged by anticipation by the remark of a witty countryman on a kindred spirit, "Il dit tout ce qu'il veut, mais malheureusement il a rien à dire."

The "Notes on Contemporary Questions," by the late Bishop Thirlwall, with which the *Contemporary Review* opens, will be consulted with interest as precursors of the posthumous writings of this powerful thinker. They principally treat of questions directly or indirectly referring to the Church of Rome, and conclude with a powerful denunciation of the intellectual indolence and dishonesty imputed to this communion. In general, however, they are characterised by a judicial and unimpassioned tone. Mr. W. E. Hall contends that the proposed change in international law, exempting private property from capture at sea, may be prudently adopted by this country. Mr. A. S. Murray discusses the affinities of the mysterious Etruscan people from the archaeological and æsthetic point of view, dwelling on the general resemblance between Etruscan, early Hellenic, and Pelagian art. Mr. Branch contributes a highly interesting paper on the popular superstitions of the West Indian negroes. The botanical element is decidedly too rampant in the final instalment of Mr. Grant Duff's notes of his Indian tour.

After a long and dreary journey through his correspondence with Mrs. Browning, Mr. R. H. Horne has, at length, arrived at something worth giving to the world. The poetess's condemnation of Sir Henry Taylor's dramas for an imputed want of poetical enthusiasm, printed in the *St. James's Magazine*, is a splendid piece of impassioned prose, whatever may be thought of its critical soundness. There is much good sense in Mr. J. C. Paget's treatment of the question, "Can we Support Turkey?" The "crusade" enforced upon "the nineteenth century" by Earl Nelson is one for the abolition of pews.

"Basil's Faith," in *Temple Bar*, is a vigorous story, and there is considerable interest in the biographical papers on Daniel O'Connell and Hans Christian Andersen.

The *Month* has an interesting paper on "Old York;" an account of the Ultramontane historian Crétineau Joly; and an able paper on labour and capital, remarkable for the use made of foreign economists whose writings are little known in England.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* will be chiefly read for the continuations of Mr. McCarthy's and Mr. Francillon's novels, but has several other excellent contributions. Among them may be noted Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke's recollections of authors of the last generation, this month principally devoted to Mrs. Shelley; a remarkably successful lyric by the Hon. Roden



Reports have been received from several districts in England of loss of life and great destruction to property caused by heavy floods, resulting from the exceptional rainfall on Saturday. Districts in Central Warwickshire and Leicestershire, and Nuneaton, Banbury, and Bicester have all suffered. Acres of meadow land have been submerged, houses have been flooded, cattle have been swept away and drowned, and in some places the roads were impassable to foot passengers. The most distressing accident is reported from Rugby. The land between the town and Clifton Mill was completely inundated, and three men, who were proceeding with a horse and cart through the water in order, if possible, to rescue some cattle. Other deaths are recorded.

CHESS IN VIENNA.			
<p>Played recently at the Vienna Chess Club, between Mr. S. HAMEL, the president of the Nottingham Chess Club, and Dr. MEITNER, of Vienna.  <i>(Fianchetto di Donna.)</i></p>			
WHITE (Dr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Dr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd	10. Q to R 5th	P to K Kt 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	B to Q Kt 2nd	Evidently a miscalculation.	
3. B to Q 3rd	P to K 3rd	11. B takes Kt P	Kt takes B (ch)
4. B to K 3rd	P to K B 4th	12. R takes Kt	R takes P (ch)
A move of very doubtful merit.		13. K takes R	Q to K B 3rd (ch)
5. P takes P	B to Q Kt 5th (ch)	14. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes B
Having compromised his position by the advance of the K B P, Mr. Hamel, we think, ought to have gone in boldly for winning the exchange by 6. P takes K Kt P. In that case the following would have been a probable continuation—			
6.	B takes Kt P	15. Q to K 5th	Q to K B sq
6. Q to R 5th (ch)	P to Kt 3rd	16. Q takes Q B P	B takes Kt
7. P takes P	B to K Kt 2nd	17. R takes B	Q to K 2nd
1. P takes R (P disch)	K to B sq	18. Q to Q B 4th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
9. P takes Kt (Queen- ing ch)	K takes Q	19. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
10. Q to K Kt 4th	B takes R	20. P to K Kt 3rd	R to K sq
Black has not a good game, but he has won the exchange, and his position is still defensible.			
6. K to B sq	P takes P	21. Kt to Kt 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th
7. B takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	22. Q to Q 3rd	P to Q R 3rd
8. P to K R 4th	Castles	23. Q R to K B sq	Q to Q 3rd
9. R to K R 3rd	Kt to Q 4th	24. R to B 7th (ch)	K to R sq
		25. Q to Q 2nd	Q to K 4th (ch)
		26. K to R 2nd	Q to K R 4th
		27. Q to K B 4th	B to K 2nd
		28. R to K sq	P to K Kt 4th
		29. Q R takes B,	
		and wins.	



# ROYAL AQUARIUM AND SUMMER AND WINTER GARDEN SOCIETY.

**NOTICE TO ARTISTS.**  
The following gentlemen, among others, have already consented to act on the Art-Committee of the Royal Aquarium Society:  
J. E. Millais, Esq., R.A.  
The Earl of Clarendon.  
W. Calder Marshall, Esq., R.A.  
Lord de Lisle and Dudley.  
E. W. Wyon, Esq.  
General Gorton, C.S.I.  
G. D. Leslie, Esq., A.R.A.  
G. Cruikshank, Esq.  
F. A. Marshall, Esq.  
Baron Alfred Rothschild.  
Lord Clarendon.  
Tom Taylor, Esq.  
Notice to Artists.—The Society will be prepared to receive pictures and other works of art for exhibition on and after Dec. 1. No pictures or other objects of art will be received after Dec. 11. The Society's Gold Medal and £100 will be awarded for the best Oil Painting exhibited; as also the Society's Gold Medal and £50 for the best Water Colour; and the Society's Gold Medal and £50 for the best Silver Medal and five Bronze Medals will also be placed at the disposal of the Art Committee for award for special merit.  
Prizes to the amount of £3000 will also be given away for distribution amongst Fellows and Season-Ticket-holders in the Art-Union of the Society, and these prizes will be mainly selected from the Society's Gallery.  
The acceptance or rejection of pictures and the award of the Society's medals will be left solely in the hands of the Art Committee.

# THE ROYAL AQUARIUM and SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN SOCIETY.

**BALLOT OF FELLOWS.**  
Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of becoming Fellows of the Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden Society should at once send for application forms from the Secretary, and return them to the Offices of the Society.  
As hereafter members will only be elected when vacancies occur, original applicants will be balloted for in order of application.

**ELECTION AND PRIVILEGES OF FELLOWS.**  
1. Every candidate for admission as a Fellow or Member shall be proposed at one election meeting and balloted for at the next.  
2. Fellows will alone have the right of admission on Sundays, together with the privilege of writing orders for two.  
3. All Fellows balloted for and elected by the Council of Fellows, or by the Executive for the time being, will be entitled to free admission on all occasions on which the building is open, as also to the free use of the Reading-Rooms and Library, and a ticket free in the Art Union of the Society.  
4. Three special fêtes will be held annually, at which Fellows, Members, and their nominees will alone be entitled to be present. These fêtes will be amongst the most exclusive and fashionable of the forthcoming season.  
5. By the rule incorporated in the Articles of Association of the Society, no Fellow is in any way liable to contribute to the debts and liabilities of the Society beyond his donation of £55s. and his annual subscription of £22s.

BRUCE PHILLIPS, Secretary.  
Offices, Broadway Chambers, Westminster, S.W.

# BANK of NEW ZEALAND, Incorporated

by Act of General Assembly, July 29, 1881. Bankers to the General Government of New Zealand, the Provincial Governments of Auckland, Wellington, Canterbury, Otago, &c. Paid-up Capital, £500,000. Reserve Fund, £180,000.  
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Samuel Nelson, Esq.  
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**LONDON BOARD.**  
The Right Hon. Sir James Ferguson, Bart., K.C.M.G.  
Arthur Hamilton, Esq.  
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# ROME.—HOTEL QUIRINALE.—Mr. Th. BAUR, of Zurich, Switzerland (Hotel Baur au Lac), begs to inform families travelling in Italy that the above-named hotel will pass into his hands on Nov. 1. This hotel, erected a few years since, is situated in the broadest and most fashionable street of Rome, on the Monte Quirinale, near the Royal Palace, and is arranged with all modern comfort. The site is in a sanitary respect excellent, the climate fine, with the principal well-ventilated apartments, looking south. Foreign newspapers in great number. British travellers will find the arrangements and the management in accordance with their wishes and demands, and of the same standard that has won the reputation of the Baur au Lac at Zurich.

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This RESTAURANT is removed to more spacious and commodious premises.  
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Entrance to Private Rooms in Carlton-street, adjacent.

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This celebrated and most delicious old mellow spirit is the very CREAM of IRISH WHISKIES, in quality unrivalled, perfectly pure, and more wholesome than the finest Cognac Brandy. Note the Red Seal, Pink Label, and Cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky." Wholesale—20, Great Titchfield-st., Oxford-st., W.

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which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted a NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature "LEA and PERRINS" which will be placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE after this date, and without which none is genuine. Sold wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London; and Export Oilmen generally. Retail, by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.—Nov. 1874.

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Anti Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder. Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted. Four times the strength of Cocoa Thickened with Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c.  
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12 Dessert Spoons .. ..	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
12 Tea spoons .. ..	0 12 0	0 18 0	1 2 0	1 5 0





The Black Line and Arrow mark the Route of his Royal Highness,



# INDIA

AND

## THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

### INTRODUCTION.

WHEN, with proper pomp and due Masonic rites, the first stone of a great public edifice or a national monument is laid, immemorial custom has decreed that, within a cavity cunningly hollowed in the block on which the mortar has just been spread, there shall be deposited a vial containing gold and silver coins bearing the effigy of the Sovereign in whose reign the enterprise was commenced; while to these has sometimes been added, in modern times, a parchment scroll giving the names of the illustrious or distinguished individual who laid the stone, the architect who designed the fabric, and the principal personages present at the ceremony; together with a carefully-folded copy of a contemporary newspaper: so that Posterity might know—should the sharp tooth of Time spare the record (and Time has spared Egyptian *papyri* of untold antiquity)—what men were doing in the civilised world at the epoch which saw the beginning of the work. Such facts must form my main apology for venturing to undertake the task which lies before me. Concurrently with the departure of the Serapis from Spithead on her way to Brindisi, the first stone of an Imperial monument was virtually laid in the memory of the British nation.

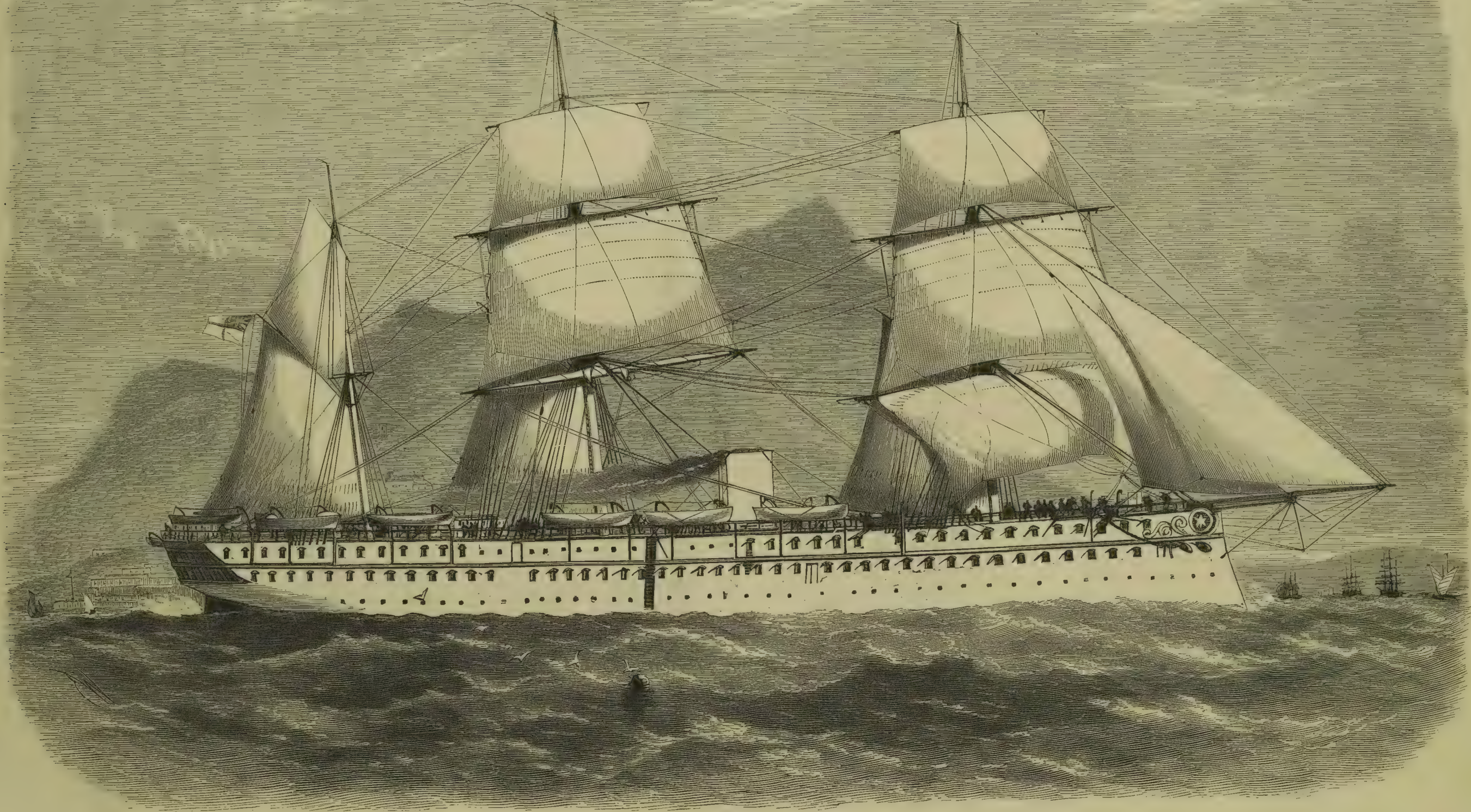
The expedition of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the vast dominion of which his illustrious parent is the Empress is an event every detail of which must speedily pass into the Great History of the Land, not to linger there in a pale and shadowy guise, but to form an integral and an important part of the chronicles of the Victorian era. Those chronicles will have their Froissarts and their Monstrelets. Other and abler pens than mine will narrate, step by step, every episode in a Royal progress more splendid in its pageantry—and which may prove, it is earnestly to be hoped, more fruitful in satisfactory results of a political kind—than any voyage hitherto taken by a puissant Prince to a remote dependency. I may be told that such an excursion has not been, in our own age, wholly unprecedented. I may be reminded that, less than ten years since, the Emperor Napoleon III., then at the height of his power and his prosperity, paid a visit of state to the colony of Algeria. Of that brilliant pageant I was permitted to be a spectator and a chronicler. I followed Caesar through his Mauritanian provinces. I saw at Algiers, at Bouffarik, at Oran, at Constantine, at Philippeville, and in Kabylia the wild native chiefs trooping in to the Court of the dreaded Sultan from Frangistan, and bending their proud necks while aides-de-camp pinned on their burnouses those crosses of the Legion of Honour by the bestowal of which it was hoped that their loyalty—or at least their submission—might be secured. Then Caesar Africanus returned to his own country; and, six years afterwards, came Sedan, and all was in the dust. Only the very faintest parallel can be drawn between the *tournée* taken by Napoleon III. through Algeria and the progress which will be made by the Heir to the Throne of Britain through Hindostan. The Emperor's following was, indeed, in

the highest degree sumptuous and imposing; but it made little, if any, impression on those whose imagination it was specially designed to fascinate. The Arabs stared phlegmatically at the glittering throng of French soldiers and French functionaries; and then retired to their dusky coffee-houses to puff at their chiboucks and curse the Giaour under their breath. The chiefs went home to their *douars* to concoct fresh plots for “lifting” French cattle and sheep or for burning French villages; and three months after the termination of the Imperial visit it had been forgotten by the indigenous population, or was remembered only with contempt.

Of a far different nature must be the stately march of the Queen's eldest son through the territories of that wonderful Empire which our arms and our policy have subjugated, and for the maintenance of which under our sway arms as well as arts are still necessary. A population which in French Africa may be estimated by scores of thousands, must in India be reckoned by scores of millions.

English people, as a rule, are content complacently to acquiesce in the expediency of retaining our Oriental possessions, and of adding to them by any means which statesmen may devise or soldiers accomplish. “Our Indian Empire” is spoken of from time to time with pardonable pride, but with a very scant amount of knowledge as to what our Indian Empire comprises, of what are its geographical conditions, or by what races it is inhabited. Scattered through a sufficiently voluminous library of generally expensive works a mine of information may be gathered as to the religion, the literature, and the antique laws, the manners and customs of the peoples of India; but little of this information has as yet come down to the public at large. There is a compact section of travellers and men of letters who are supposed to be “up” in Indian matters; but they are somewhat of an exclusive race, and, save on rare occasions, they sit apart and keep their own counsel. With the exception of the Household troops, nearly every regiment in every arm of the British Army is liable to Indian service. All of us know officers who have been stationed in India for years together; but with few exceptions, and those exceptions relate chiefly to the narration of sporting adventures in the great Peninsula, books of Indian travel written by English military men do not throw any very strong light on Hindoo life and manners. Such glimpses as we do from time to time acquire are due usually to the published diaries of ladies who have accompanied their husbands or their parents to India; while, pictorially, scarcely anything was known of a country absolutely marvellous in the grandeur and picturesqueness of its scenery, and equally imposing in the number and variety of its antique palaces and temples before the life-like drawings of Mr. William Simpson and the admirable photographs of Mr. Frith brought Indian landscape, Indian architecture, and Indian humanity home to our very doors. The manufactures, costumes, and domestic economy of the Far East have likewise been copiously illustrated, both in a literary





H.M.S. SERAPIS.





LORD NORTHBROOK, VICEROY OF INDIA.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT GUNISH KHIND, POONAH.



and graphic manner, in the great work of Dr. Forbes Watson; while Indian agriculture has been most ably treated in the valuable book called "Rural Life in Bengal." With all this the general public—albeit they may have read James Mill and Miss Martineau on the history of British India, although Indian Gazetteers and Indian guide books abound among us—are still, to a considerable extent, liable to the reproach levelled at them in the opening to Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive. "Every schoolboy," observes that brilliant writer, "knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa. But we doubt whether one in ten, even among English gentlemen of cultivated minds, can tell who won the battle of Buxar, who perpetrated the massacre of Patna, whether Sujah Dowlah reigned in Oude or in Travancore, or whether Holkar was a Hindoo or a Mussulman." Perhaps, Macaulay adds, the fault lies mainly with the historians. The style of Mill, he remarks, was not sufficiently animated or picturesque to attract those who read merely for amusement. Orme, he continues, is minute even to tediousness, allotting, as does that exhaustive historian, a closely printed quarto page, or thereabouts, to the events of every forty-eight hours. There was one historian, indeed who could have written an account of India unsurpassingly brilliant and incomparably entertaining. It was he who penned the dazzling passage, "Of the provinces which had been subject to the house of Tamerlane the wealthiest was Bengal. No part of India possessed such natural advantages both for agriculture and for commerce. The Ganges, rushing through a hundred channels to the sea, has formed a vast plain of rich mould which, even under the tropical sky, rivals the verdure of an English April. The rice-fields yield an increase such as is elsewhere unknown. Spices, sugar, vegetable oils are produced with marvellous exuberance. The rivers afford an inexhaustible supply of fish. The desolate islands along the seacoast, overgrown by noxious vegetation and swarming with deer and tigers, supply the cultivated districts with abundance of salt. The great stream which fertilises the soil is, at the same time, the chief highway of Eastern commerce. On its banks, and those of its tributary waters, are the wealthiest marts, the most splendid capitals, and the most sacred shrines of India." This is certainly more amusing, and may be to a certain extent as instructive, than the accurate but icy narrative of Mill and the erudite but wearisome prolusions of Orme. The name of the brilliant writer whom I have presumed to quote was Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay. He had resided in India; he had helped to frame its criminal code; he knew the country well; he might have written a history of it, which, now in eloquent flow of language, and now in vivacious descriptions of scenery, life, and manners, would have rivalled, if they had not surpassed, Prescott's glowing accounts of the Spanish conquests in Mexico and Peru. But, beyond the essays on Clive and Warren Hastings, Macaulay has left us nothing to remind us that he ever sojourned in "the land of the towering palm, the burning sun, the sacred river, and the yellow streak of caste." Without exaggeration, beyond the circles of the specialists, the learned pundits of Indian philology, or the enthusiastic students of Indian literature; the retired military men and civilians; the sportsmen, who have regarded the peninsula principally as a happy hunting ground, peculiarly adapted to the chasing of deer, the shooting of elephants, tigers, and cheetahs, and the spearing of wild boars; and a few members of Parliament and publicists who had "read up" India, just as they might read up British Columbia or the Straits of Malacca, with ulterior views thereupon—it may be said that, politically, there are not more than four cardinal points permanently fixed in the British mind with regard to our Indian Empire. These points are, first, that when there is a mutiny among the native troops in India, such a revolt must be promptly and inexorably put down; secondly, that when a famine breaks out in our Eastern dominions, the suffering population must be swiftly and munificently relieved; thirdly, that Indian Kings, Rajahs, Nawabs, and other dark potentates must be made to "know their places;" and, finally, that, when things are going on pretty smoothly in Hindostan, the British Parliament and the British public must be troubled as seldom and as slightly as possible about Indian rights, Indian wrongs, Indian Budgets, Indian railways, or, indeed, anything Indian at all.

So much for politics. Socially I may mention just twenty-four points, which may be summarised by the charmingly terse

and comprehensive system adopted in the catechisms of the late Mr. Pinnock. "What do you know about India socially?" I will suppose a preceptor asking the youthful Bull. "(1) India," glibly answers young John, "is a place which can be reached very easily by means of the Brindisi route, the Suez Canal, and the admirable steamers of the P. and O. (2) Soldiers go to India because they cannot help themselves. (3) Civilians journey thither to make their fortunes; and when they are civilians of Scottish extraction they usually succeed in the intent. (4) Alexander the Great was a Scotchman. Was he not king of M'Edon? (5) Immense quantities of soda-water, Allsopp's pale ale, and Henry Brett's ginger brandy are consumed in India. (6) Indian curry is very good, but very few English cooks know how to make it. Mango-chutnee is very nice when too many decomposed apples are not put into it. (7) Trinchinopoly chains come from India. (8) So do Trinchinopoly cheroots. (9) The most beautiful shawls in the world come from Cashmere." "Is Cashmere in British India?" here the preceptor sternly interpolates. Young John puts his hands behind him, blushes, stammers, and remarks that he is not quite certain about it—a state of uncertainty which, together with sundry matters relating to Burmah, is not unfrequently shared by his teacher. Soon, however, the youth proceeds as glibly as before. (10) India sends large quantities of opium to China. (11) The traffic is supposed to be an immoral one; still, it brings in a mint of money. (12) Young English ladies who come home from India are usually extremely pretty. (13) Old gentlemen from India are frequently endowed with hasty and peppery tempers. (14) Retired Indians, both civil and military, are very fond of talking, writing, and particularly of grumbling about pay, pensions, and allowances; and, seemingly, are not passionately fond of the Marquis of Salisbury or of the heads of departments at the India Office. (15) Do I know when the Banda and Kirwee prize-money will be paid?" (it is young John who is speaking, not the present writer.) "How should I know anything about it?" Nobody knows anything about it except those who officially ought to know, and they won't tell. (16) Indian Judges and members of Council home on leave give excellent dinners; and the cooking at the Oriental Club is splendid. (17) It is difficult to overrate the affectionate solicitude shown by schoolmasters and schoolmistresses to welcome 'Indian children' into the bosoms of their establishments. (18) Numbers of Anglo-Indians reside at Brighton, Bath, Cheltenham, Leamington, and Bournemouth. (19) They have nearly ceased to reside in Baker-street, Portman-square: much preferring the splendour and salubrity of Tyburnia or of the Grosvenor Mansions. (20) When Indian princes come to England they are mobbed; but the West-End tradespeople and hotel-keepers love these dark visitors dearly. (21) I don't *think* that Indian corn comes from Bengal, or that an Indian file is a product of the iron manufactures of our Eastern Empire. (22) Indian hemp (*Cannabis Indica*) will send some people to sleep, drive other people mad, and on others produce no kind of effect whatsoever. (23) Indian coral is very exquisite; and the Koh-i-noor is a very magnificent gem, but it did not look worth more than fifteen shillings until after 1851, when it was re-cut by Dutch lapidaries. Finally (and this is the very last responsive remark which I shall place in the supposititious young John's mouth), I never could make out why India—so conspicuously and so exceptionally patronised by Bacchus—India, whose population 'cheerfully submitted to the rule of a deity whose conquests were easy and without bloodshed, and who taught them how to till the earth, to make honey, and to cultivate the vine'—should never have been distinguished, within modern times at least, for the manufacture of wine." My theory is—it is I who am now speaking, in *propria persona*, and not Young John—that some thousands of years ago the population of the peninsula had so prodigiously developed the instruction in viniculture imparted to them by Bacchus that they had acquired the habit of getting, like "Roger the Monk" in the Ingoldsby legend, "excessively drunk." In the nick of time, just as the country was going to Jehanum, there arose an enthusiastic fakir, one of the disciples of Brahma, of Vishnu, or of Buddha—I am sure that I do not know which—who persuaded the natives to pass a Prohibitory Liquor Law; and they have thus been, ever since, the most incorruptible of teetotallers.

Very likely this little hypothesis may seem to you a transparent absurdity. More probably those four-and-twenty



petty items of knowledge which confessedly formed Young John's stock in trade may appear the grossest of caricatures. But they need present such an appearance, I humbly submit, only to the instructed few who, like Sir Bartle Frere, like Sir Henry Rawlinson, like Mr. Edwin Arnold, or like Sir Henry Anderson, know India, her institutions, her language, and her manners, *de fond en comble*, thoroughly and appreciatively well. I do not think that I have burlesqued the information, or rather the want of information, which has been the lot of nine out of every ten educated Englishmen with respect to the most wonderful country in the world—the cradle, it may be, of the whole human race. A parallel paucity of real instruction afflicts us with regard to the marvellous regions bordering on the Equator—a portion of the globe's surface which affords in the compactest compass the greatest possible variety of impressions from the contemplation of nature. "From the mountains of Cundimarca, of Quito, and of Peru," writes the greatest traveller of modern times, Alexander von Humboldt, "man is enabled to contemplate alike all the families of plants and all the stars of the firmament. There, at a single glance, the eye surveys majestic palms, humid forests of bambusa, and the innumerable species of musaceæ; while above these forms of tropical vegetation appear oaks, medlars, the sweet-briar, and umbelliferous plants, as in our European homes. There, as the traveller turns his eyes to the vault of heaven, a single glance embraces the constellation of the Southern Cross, the Magellanic clouds, and the guiding stars of the Bear, as they circle round the Arctic pole. There the depths of the earth and the concave of the firmament display all the richness of their form and the infinite variety of their phenomena. There the different climates are ranged the one above the other, stage by stage, like the vegetable zones whose succession they limit; and there the observer may readily trace the laws that regulate the diminution of heat as they stand indelibly inscribed on the rocky walls and abrupt declivities of the Cordilleras." Thus Humboldt; but may not as much and more be said of the "Abode of Snow" of the Himalayas, to form a mental picture of whose crowning peak, the Dhawalagiri, we should pile the Schreckhorn and Mount Pilate on the Schneekoppe, and those on Mont Blanc, so as to attain the height of Chimborazo; and then to the colossus of the Andes add the Righi or Mount Athos? But South America does not belong to us. India, if it be not wholly under our sway, concerns us, from end to end, very intimately indeed; and we are bound to know a great deal more about her. Surely one of the many happy consequences which may be expected from the visit of the Prince to India should be an increase of interest and curiosity in all things Indian among the Christian subjects of a Monarch whose mild and beneficent sceptre rules more than a hundred and eighty millions of Mohammedans and Hindoos. It is not rationally to be expected that his Royal Highness will have either time or inclination to trouble himself to any great extent about the Himalaya Mountains, the altitude of Dhawalagiri, or the facts that on the southern slopes of the ancient Paropamisus nature no longer displays the same abundance of tree-ferns and arborescent grasses, heliconias, and orchidous plants which in tropical regions are to be found even on the highest plateaux of the mountains; while on the Himalayan slope, under the shades of the Deodora and the broad-leaved oak, peculiar to these Indian Alps, the rocks of granite and of mica schist are covered with vegetable forms almost identical with those which characterise Europe and Northern Asia. His Royal Highness will have a great many things to think of besides telluric phenomena. He will have to hold Courts, to pass armies in review, to give and to receive splendid hospitality, to behold glittering spectacles and to hunt great game. Nor is it very probable that even the most alert and observant members of his Royal Highness's suite will, unless they have previously sojourned in India, bring home with them anything more than a vague and fugitive impression of having looked upon a continuous but somewhat confused pageant of a most dazzling kind. We may learn a great deal from an artificial moving panorama when we are seated in a comfortable arm-chair, and the panorama glides gently before us. On the other hand, we are apt to derive but very little instruction from a natural panorama, which is stationary, while we dash past it in express-trains or rapid steam-ships. To find those who may in the greatest measure profit by the Royal trip to Hindostan

I venture to look at home. The graphic and animated descriptions of the Prince's tour which will be published in the newspapers, Anglo-Indian as well as English, and the multitude of private letters which will be written home by all and sundry connected with the expedition—from the loftiest aide-de-camp to the humblest stoker on board the Serapis—should awaken in the minds of the public at large a lively and a lasting interest in India and all appertaining to it; yea, even in the Himalaya mountains and in the beautiful valleys of Kumaoun and Garwhal. We have more business there than we have to be pottering about the Alps, tumbling into *crevasses* and getting ourselves buried under avalanches. Switzerland does not appear to me to produce anything—abating a sketching-ground for painters of mountainous scenery, and from under their feet the ground has been cut by M. Loppe and Mr. Elijah Walton—beyond chamois, preserved milk, toy cottages, alpenstocks, hotel waiters, couriers, and watches that won't go. Did Alexander the Great ever invade Switzerland? Did Tamerlane? Was there a Swiss Akber? a Swiss Aurungzebe? a Swiss Tippo Sahib? a Swiss Hyder Ali? Don't tell me about Jean Jacques Rousseau. It is only by accident that Geneva belongs to France; and it was quite as much an accident that Jean Jacques Rousseau was born a Swiss. Don't tell me about William Tell. Every historian knows that there never was such a person as William Tell. These circumstances do not in the slightest degree militate against my strong and long-entertained conviction that Switzerland is one of the most charming regions in Europe, and that the Switzers are a strong, brave, thrifty, industrious, upright, and deservedly thriving people. Only, just at present, you see, my business is not with Helvetia, but with Hindostan. One at a time. I shall be very fond again of the thirteen Cantons when the proper time comes.

#### H.M.S. SERAPIS.

I shall be truly grateful to the ladies and gentlemen who are courteous enough to peruse this performance to imagine, for the nonce, that they are seated in one of those comfortable stalls which I spoke of anon, and that they are about to behold the unrolling of a panorama painted by the very best scenic artists—I mean draughtsmen on wood and engravers—of the day. Never mind how many thousand strong the audience may be; the proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS will find room for them all. So far as I am personally concerned, I have nothing whatever to do with the painting of the pictures. I am only the Showman—ahem! the term savours somewhat too strongly of a booth at a fair—I mean the Lecturer. Have you not frequently observed at entertainments at the Egyptian Hall and elsewhere a stout, elderly individual in evening sables and with a white neckcloth, who, with a wand in his hand (some lecturers think it derogatory to use a wand; but my grandmother used to tell me, when I was a child, that "it was very rude to point"), stands at a little table on the platform before the panorama and explains the scope and purport of the pictures as they pass? He does not look precisely like a gentleman, nor like a waiter, nor like an undertaker. His outward guise is a curious compound of all three. His voice is far-reaching, but somewhat husky. His diction is voluble, but not always strictly grammatical; still, the angle of the proscenium in which he ensconces himself is conveniently dark, and you cannot see his blushes when he inadvertently breaks Priscian's head. Sometimes, like the member of Parliament so mercilessly quizzed by Sheridan, he has to trust "to his imagination for his facts and to his memory for his jokes;" but he must never be at a loss for words, and, should there happen to occur from time to time a hitch in the machinery, he had better even sing a sentimental song than irritate the audience by the spectacle of a *vacua arcana*. Sometimes the opposite angle of the proscenium is occupied by a lady at an "upright grand," who plays "Row, brothers, row!" when the picture of a shipwreck is exhibited, or the "Market chorus" from "Masaniello" when a view of Naples, or Covent-Garden, or the Fair of Nijni Novgorod happens to turn up. On the present occasion it is proposed to dispense with a pianoforte.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am the elderly individual—I am the Lecturer—very much at your service; and, if you please, I will call your attention to this very striking representation





BOMBAY.—ORIENTAL BANK AND SHARE MARKET.





RIVER SCENERY IN INDIA.—SUNSET.



of H.M.S. Serapis, of aforetime one of the great galleons called "troopers," destined to transport an entire regiment at a time from Portsmouth to India per Suez Canal, but specially and splendidly fitted up for the accommodation of the Prince of Wales and suite. We must not linger long either outside or inside the Serapis; for I can call to mind a great many books of travel, otherwise admirably written, in which the traveller's "bark" has been "on the sea" and his "boat" has been "on the shore" until he wearied the readers, discounted the interest, and marred the success of his work. Suffice it to name the main points in the transformation of the Serapis from a floating barrack into a floating palace. No yacht afloat in any waters in the world—not even the wonderful hurricane-decked steamers in the Southern Pacific—can compare with the Serapis in cabin or saloon space. She carries twenty tons of ice alone, double the usual allowance of troop-ships in the Indian "relief" season. The lower saloon cabins, which were formerly occupied by military officers, have been appropriated for the bestowal of the members of the Prince's suite. The midship cabins on the maindeck have been entirely removed. The grand entrance to the Prince's suite of saloons will be by the "after-entry port;" and entering here, when the Serapis is in Indian waters, the Rajahs, Nawabs, and other illustrious personages will be received by the proper officers and conducted up a grand staircase to the state apartments. The decoration of this staircase is in white and gold. The apartments are very spacious, but can be easily partitioned off by silk curtains. The saloon is laid with rich carpets, and the entire fittings are worked in highly-polished English oak; while the stern settees or lounges are framed in highly-polished wood of the same species, and covered with green leather. The principal dining-saloon will accommodate sixty guests, the table being in the form of a horseshoe. This table, however, will not be always used, and is so disposed that it may be contracted into a hospitable board for only four-and-twenty guests. The table-covers are of Indian patterns. The plate and electroplate have been supplied under contract to the Admiralty by Messrs. Elkington, of Birmingham and London. The furniture of the Royal sleeping-apartments is likewise of oak. He will sleep on a handsome brass bedstead, which is fixed to two upright brazen standards, so as to give an easy "cradle" movement to the couch. All the furniture bears gilt devices of his Royal Highness's arms and cipher. Comfortable accommodation has, of course, been provided in lower stages of the huge vessel for the officers of the good ship Serapis, and for the numerous domestic attendants on his Royal Highness.

So much for maritime upholstery and decoration and for the general appearance of the very phenomenal "trooper," whose hull throughout is painted white with a broad band of blue relieved by gold. Of life on board the Serapis during her occupancy by her illustrious passenger and his suite it would be a gross act of impertinence, as it would be likewise a palpable absurdity, to attempt to give any kind of forecast or imaginary picture based on perfectly unwarrantable assumptions, or on more or less objectionable gossip. The Serapis is for the time being the private marine residence of the Prince of Wales—only it is a villa which floats on the broad bosom of the main instead of being attached by strong foundations of brick and concrete to the solid earth. It may be that at some future time the Prince will tolerate the publication of some discreet and sober narrative of the way in which he and his distinguished guests passed their time on shipboard. Meanwhile, my business is no longer with the Serapis, at all; but with the "Land of Veda," with India, whither I shall transport my audience without any further delay.

But the Prince will go overland to Brindisi—it was to have been to Venice, you may remind me. Certainly; still, ladies and gentlemen, you are a refined and cultivated audience, and, consequently you are reasonable. Pity the sorrows of a poor Lecturer. You may not all have visited India; but, unless I am very much mistaken, everybody who is "anybody" knows Charing-Cross Railway Terminus quite as familiarly as Juvenal was, through the persistent boredom of the "hoarse Codrus" and the "huge Telephus," forced to know the Grove of Mars and the Cave of Vulcan, "bordering on the Æolian Rocks." The Prince, leaving London by Charing-cross, will land at Calais. You would not, I imagine, require your Lecturer to entertain you, or weary

you, with stories about Queen Philippa and Eustache de St. Pierre; about the railway buffet or Turner's picture of the pier, or Hogarth's engraving of the Gate; about the Reverend Lawrence Sterne, the Franciscan monk, and the *désobligeante* in the courtyard of Dessein's Hotel. *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda, e passa.* And Paris? Who has not been to Paris? The Mont Cenis tunnel, again? *That*, I think, has been pretty well discounted. Turin to Brindisi: it is a very long railway run, I will admit; but is there anything new at this time, at least, to be said about it? I should be ashamed (as a conscientious Lecturer), even under the direst stress of matter, to "fill up" withal, to paraphrase, the principal episodes in Horace's "Journey to Brundisium." Or, supposing that the Prince had sped to Venice. I really could not have found it in my heart to say anything more in print about the lagoons and the Lido, about gondolas and canals, about the Piazza San Marco, the Procuratie Nuove and the Procuratie Vecchie, the Ducal Palace, the pigeons, the Campanile, and the Caffé Florian. The "Stones of Venice," like the flags in some suburban thoroughfares of our metropolis, have had so many pictures scrawled upon them in pen and ink, or coloured chalks, that it is wellnigh time for the police to interfere and rub them out.

Still the Prince goes to Athens to pay a brief visit to his brother, King George, erst of Demark, *Basilius* of the uneasy little kingdom which was created by sentimental European diplomacy, and which has been a thorn in the side of practical European diplomacy, both Continental and insular, ever since its creation. Everybody has not been to Athens; but your Lecturer does not find a picture in his panorama of the capital of the Greek Monarchy, and his notices thereof will be therefore of the most cursory kind. The advice given in *Punch* by poor dear Horace Mayhew "to persons about to marry" was comprehended in the single word "Don't." I might say "Ditto to Mr. Burke," by offering a closely cognate piece of advice to "persons about" to go to Athens. I might say "Don't." The Parthenon is not half so handsome a building as the Midland Grand Hotel; and what remains of the Acropolis is shockingly out of repair. "They may well call it a Necropolis," remarked the American tourist, slightly erring as to the proper designation of the locality, "*for I never broke my shins over so many tombstones in all my born days.*" Athens is the windiest place in the whole world except Dodona and Washington. Nobody goes to Dodona, because there is nothing to be seen there but a rocky seashore—the Oracle having gone away and left no address; and nobody ever goes to Washington save for his sins, or when he wishes to do a little legislative "lobbying." There is more dust in Athens than in any other town of its size, with the exception of Antibes. The Athenian hotels are bad, and the boarding-houses worse. If you try to learn modern Greek, you find that you must begin by forgetting all the ancient Greek you thought that you knew. The natives change their Ministry, on an average, once a fortnight; and, altogether, I should recommend you to read as many books as you can possibly procure about Athens, but to refrain from journeying thither: unless the Hellenes take it into their heads some day to elect you King of Greece. Under those last-named circumstances, the best thing you could do might be to draw a year's Civil List allowance in advance—and then abdicate.

Malta. Any description thereof would have but a stale and accustomed savour, I am afraid. Maltese oranges, Maltese filigree jewellery, Maltese lace, and Maltese dogs have been written about to satiety. There is nothing new to be said about the Knights of St. John, "Nix Mangiare stairs," and the silver altar rails in the Cathedral, which balusters the Capitular body, in 1799, discreetly painted black, in order that the precious posts should escape the rapacious eyes of the French invaders. A parallel artifice was as successfully made use of in 1863 by the clergy of the Cathedral of Puebla in Mexico. Bazaine and the French were coming; and it was feared that the (then) gallant Marshal and his companions would carry off all that they could lay their hands upon. Now, in the *Sagrario* of the church there were three—some say six—indubitable and magnificent Murillos: one of them as fine as the famous "Crescent Moon" chef-d'œuvre which Soult "annexed" at Seville. What did the reverend curators of the pictures at Puebla do but superpose on the oil paintings a series of coarse and clumsy daubs representing the acts and deeds of some obscure saint. The French came; surveyed with ineffable contempt the seemingly worthless "smudges," and went away. Then



the clergy carefully applied a wet sponge to the surface of the pictures; and the daubs, being only in "distemper," were at once removed, and Don Esteban Murillo appeared beneath, literally "as fresh as paint," and in all his glory.

Alexandria. Ah! we "burn," as the children say at blind-man's-buff. At length we are nigh upon the East. The population of Alexandria is 21,000, of whom three-fourths appear to be donkey-boys, and the residue more or less ragged Egyptian soldiers. Two thousand years ago the population exceeded, it is said, a million. When the Caliph Omar, in the seventh century of our era, burnt down the Alexandrine library (he never really burned it, any more than he set the Suez Canal on fire) there were, it is reported, four thousand baths in the city and an equal number of bakeries, the stoves and ovens of which were heated during four months by the incineration of the library treasures so ruthlessly condemned to the flames. Cleopatra's needle, a splendid monolith presented to the British nation many years since by the Turks, lies in the sand at Alexandria. About once in every five years a proposition is made in the newspapers to put this mass of granite on "trolleys," roll it down to the port, hoist it on board ship, bring it to England, and set it up on the Thames Embankment or in the middle of Lincoln's-inn-fields. I think that Cleopatra's Needle had be best left alone, and that the money which it would cost to transport it to our shores would be much better spent in erecting a new and handsome pair of ornamental fountains in Trafalgar-square.

I mention Alexandria (marvellously improved and beautified within late years, and where there is now a spacious and elegant European quarter, with many new and comfortable hotels) purely *en passant*, just as the ship's captain did who was requested by his owners to note down in his log-book the manners and customs of every land he sighted, and who, on rounding Cape Horn, made the entry—"Passed Patagonia, seventeen miles N.N.E., natives kind and hospitable." The Prince will not have much to do with Alexandria or with Egypt.

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to give you a full historical account of the Suez Canal, the construction of which was so bitterly opposed by the late Lord Palmerston, supported by the preponderating weight of English public opinion, but which, in spite of seemingly insurmountable obstacles, was at length triumphantly completed by the skill and energy of M. de Lesseps; but if I went into any details concerning this wonderful piece of engineering I should be bound to be equally loquacious concerning the Red Sea, and I tremble to think of whither *that* would lead me. You must imagine the Serapis safely through the Bitter Lakes, as safely at Suez, and that, with equal prosperity and dispatch, the voyage through the "Bahr Malab," or Salt Sea of the Arabs, has been accomplished. Observe the remarkable pair of rocks called the Two Brothers. Take note of the numerous coral reefs. When you are close to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandel (Babu' Imandab), or Gate of Tears, probably so called because so many vessels were wrecked there in ancient times, before the establishment of the P. and O. and the discovery of Mr. Plimsoll, you may distinctly see, if the weather be clear, the mountains of Yemen, where the coffee of Mocha, said to be the most delicious in flavour in the whole world, but which is no more so than Arabia is Araby the Blest. Do not forget, also, to survey through your telescope the Island of Perim, which still nominally belongs to Turkey, which now and again France thinks belongs to her, and which, when Great Britain doubted the fact, led (some thirty-five years since) the French *Moniteur* to publish the memorable political aphorism—"Perfidious Albion French commerce would destroy and reserve to herself the empire of the deep." British troops and guns are stationed on the Island of Perim when necessary, but French commerce has not yet been wholly annihilated. The Island of Perim has, however, done as doughty service in French polemics as the Straits of Malacca—what has become of those straits lately?—once did in political controversy on this side the Channel.

Aden. The panorama now begins to unfold itself in right earnest; and, as Artemus Ward used to say, "you might commence to feel kinder interested, just now, if you felt like it," since the Prince is expected to arrive at Aden on Nov. 2. Aden is the Gibraltar of the East—minus, however, the humours of

Main-street, the wonders of the bombproof galleries, and the privilege of buying very big cigars for a penny-farthing apiece. Aden is a wild, rocky, and barren peninsula, inclosed in the crater of an extinct volcano. The population is 20,000 in number, and is squalid, red-haired, and depraved. The place produces sand, sunstroke, and a few fat-tailed sheep such as are to be found in Turkistan. It rains about once in three years at Aden; but when it *does* begin to rain, it does not seem to know when to leave off again. The Prince of Wales's Hotel—most appropriate of signs, under present circumstances—is said to be clean, comfortable, and moderate in its charges.

We have already entered the Indian Ocean, and a few days' run should enable the Serapis to reach Bombay. Touching the portion of the panorama, ladies and gentlemen, unrolled up to this time, you may remark that my passing references to objects of interest have not always been accompanied by pictorial views. That I freely grant; but, should you need any apology from me, a sufficient one will, I hope, be found in the following significant lines spoken by "Chorus" as an exordium to Shakspeare's "Henry the Fifth":—

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance;  
*Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them*  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth.  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must dub our Kings (our Prince),  
Carry them (him) here and there; jumping o'er times;  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hourglass: for the which supply,  
Admit me, Chorus, to this history,  
Who, Prologue like, your humble patience pray  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge our play.

Things would never get on in this world, I fancy, if we did not take a great many things upon trust.

#### OF INDIA IN GENERAL, AND INDIAN ARCHITECTURE IN PARTICULAR.

Behold a lively scene in Bombay! It should be the Ninth of November—the Prince's Birthday—and the Prince, having prosperously passed "the big black water," as the Hindoos call it, should have landed on the soil of the "Land of Veda."

We are in India; and, once for all (I distinctly promise that I will not repeat the offence), I must trouble you with a few statistics. You may get them from any gazetteer, from any guide-book; but everybody does not carry "Murray" in one waist-coat-pocket and "Bradshaw" in the other, or perchance "Thornton's Gazetteer of India" (a light and elegant volume of one thousand and forty pages, royal octavo) in his hat. Our "Indian Empire," then, lies between 8 deg. 4 min. and 36 deg. N. lat. and 99 deg. 30 min. E. long., and comprises all the countries situated between the mountains of Tartary and Thibet to the north; Bootan, Assam, and the Bay of Bengal on the east, the Indian Ocean on the south, and the same ocean, with Persia, on the west. It is almost an insult to your understanding to tell you all this; but how many things are there which we learnt in our happy school days which we have now clean forgotten? Canning, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, frankly confessed his chronic incapacity to work a sum in long division; and when a celebrated American statesman was asked to define the boundaries of the United States, he promptly replied, "To the north by the North Pole, to the south by South America, to the west by the rolling prairies, and to the east by one of our frigates. The rest, I guess, you'll get in *Harper's Railway Guide*."

India is divided into the following great divisions:—First, Hindostan proper, which includes the provinces of Bengal, Behar, and all the regions lying to the north of the River Nerbudda. Secondly, the Deccan, which contains the provinces of Candeish, Doulatabad, Visiapoor, the north part of Golconda, Bocar, Orissa, and the Circars; and the peninsula, which comprises the whole tract south of the River Kishna; and the North-Western Provinces, with the Punjaub (five rivers), Cabul, Scinde, Bhawalpore, and all the States between Candahar and Allahabad. These divisions are about 2000 miles long, 1600 broad, contain nearly 1,300,000 square miles, and are subdivided into four Presidencies—the term has long since lost its original signification—Bengal, capital Calcutta; Madras, capital Madras; Bombay, capital Bombay; and





A TIGER-HUNTING PARTY IN INDIA.—PREPARING TO START.





TIGER-SHOOTING FROM THE HOWDAH.



the North-West Provinces, capital Agra. The entire population has been estimated at 180,884,297; but the calculation is none of mine; and I leave it to the consideration of the Statistical Society. 200,000,000 is an Indian aggregate frequently given. Do you know how many people there really are in London? Can you tell me the precise number of the parish of St. Giles? I reside in that parish, yet I am sure that I do not know how many neighbours I have.

We have done with statistics for the present—I hear a gentle sigh of relief from the stalls; but for the benefit of the younger portion of his hearers—I hear a murmur of horror—the Lecturer takes the liberty to state, and to beg that all young ladies and gentlemen present will learn his statement by heart and repeat it to their parents and guardians after breakfast to-morrow, that India, among other things common in Europe, produces cocoanut, papaw, mango, pine-apples, plantain, pomegranates, pumpkins, jacks, custard-apples, leeches, guavas, melons, oranges, almonds, tamarinds, nulleoll, mangosteens, jamrocks, loquats, yams, figs, dates, curry-powder, cheroots, tea, sugar, opium, hashish; diamonds, and other precious stones; silk, cotton, tigers, antelopes, wild boars, camels, elephants, apes, hyenas, leopards, jackals, panthers, lynxes, buffaloes, musk-weasels, lions, bandicoots, snakes, one-horned rhinoceros, bears, wolves, shingushes, ponies, black ants, sheep, goats, scorpions, and Eurasians.

Again (parenthetically, but with some ideas of practical utility in my mind) I would observe that, considering the vast and almost bewildering variety of palaces, tombs, and temples at which, during his tour, the Prince will probably visit, and which the newspapers, with equal accuracy and graphic force, will be bound to describe, it would not be out of place to set down a few, a very few, facts concerning architecture in India. I will only (quite seriously) state the leading points as I have studied and noted them carefully; for there is a time for all things, tomfoolery included, and architecture is not a thing to be trifled with. First bear in mind that no authenticated monument, structural or sculptured, in India, is of a more ancient date than 250 years B.C. The oldest discovered consist of a few “topes” and about forty triumphal columns of the period of King Asoka, one of the supposed founders of Buddhism. Colossal and superb edifices are spoken of in the Sanskrit epic poem, the “Ramayana;” and these edifices should have been in existence at least a thousand years before the Christian era; but traces of them are no more discoverable than of the Tower of Babel. Indian architecture may be divided into four families. The “tope” (Sanskrit *stupa*, tower or tumulus), a building somewhat after the form of a hay-rick, and each individual of which contained, so said tradition, a relic of the body of Buddha, which King Asoka had divided into 84,000 portions (observe the curious ringing the changes on the quadruple number). Many of the “topes,” however, seem to belong to the third century A.C., and one in Ceylon belongs clearly to the eleventh century. Second in the order of Indian architecture comes the “Vehara,” consisting in excavated constructions frequently found in the vicinity of the “topes,” and forming a kind of monastery, with temples, chapels, and cells, hewn out of the living rock. Some of these belong to the period when Buddhism was dominant, from the second to the fourth centuries; others, which are more richly and more fantastically decorated, are manifestly associated with the Sivaite-Brahminical reaction, the dogmas of which became triumphant in the fifth century. The most celebrated of these rockhewn temples are those of the Ghat, in the western part of the Deccan, and the sacrificial caves of Ellora, and the famous Brahminical temple of Visouakarma, named Kailassa. The third division is of the open-roofed temples in the mountain sides, dedicated to Siva; and, fourthly, come the Pagodas (from the Hindoo “Phagu-Wati,” or sacred house; or, perhaps, from the Persian “Poat,” idol, and “Meda,” a house), which are extremely numerous in Southern India, and are even more abundant in the Chinese Empire. Pagodas, according to some authorities, were introduced into India itself from China. Remember that the most ancient Indian pagoda is the one-storied building at Fu-Rangum in the south, and that the grandest, the most renowned, and the one which attracts the largest number of pilgrims, is the Pagoda of “Djaggernâth” (our corrupted “Juggernaut”) on the bank of the Orissa, and sacred to Vishnu. Among the features of Indian architectural form may be cited the “Vimani,” generally a temple of rectangular form; the “nun-

tapos,” or advanced porches; the “gopuras,” or pyramidal gates; and the “tehoulties,” or hypostylar halls, the roofs of which were supported by columns. Indian architecture is, in its entirety, somewhat less severe, and is more richly decorated, quite as angular, and nearly as ponderous as the monuments of Egypt. India possesses the *form* of the arch, as in the temples of Ellora; but the Indian vault is not a true arch, and is destitute of a key-stone. The “Boa Malloa,” or inclosures of the Sacred Trees in the island of Ceylon, are pyramidal constructions offering some slight analogy to the *teocallis* of Mexico and Central America. Hindoo literature can boast a respectable number of treatises on architecture, much more rational in style and practical in their directions than the so-called “classical” treatises forged by the Italians in the early days of the Renaissance, in order to bring Gothic architecture into discredit. Hindoo builders recognise seven different orders of architecture; but they wisely hold that the genius of the architect should not be cramped, should he feel disposed to invent seven times seven additional orders on his own account. The French archaeologists are very strongly of opinion that, whichever country may have been “the cradle of the human race”—according to Dr. Darwin its earlier berceau was the branch of a tree, to which it hung by its prehensile tail—Indian civilisation is of far more recent date than that of Egypt, of China, or of Central and Southern America. These logical archaeologists (a Frenchman is always logical) sternly insist on the inadmissibility of any ancient stage of civilisation unless the claim can be supported by some vestiges, however slight or however rude, of ancient art. India can show nothing going further than 250 years B.C. Now, Alexander the Great died at Babylon, “loaded with the spoils of the East,” full seventy years before this date. When he invaded India and vanquished Porus, is it to be supposed that the Macedonian utterly destroyed *all* the stone buildings in Hindostan? Or when Bacchus had taught the Hindoos to cultivate the vine and to drink the fermented juice thereof, are we warranted in assuming that they got so tipsy as to emulate the exploit of Mademoiselle Thaïs at Persepolis, and burn all their temples and palaces down? A similar practice had been adopted by their Chinese neighbours in the roasting of sucking-pigs. But all this is a mystery.

#### FROM BOMBAY TO MADRAS.

The population of the city of Bombay is estimated at 560,119 souls, one half of whom are Parsees. Its area is twenty-one miles, and its elevation 190 feet above the level of the sea. The island in which the city is situated extends from north-east to south-west about eight miles, with an average breadth of three miles, and landlocks the harbour lying between it and the mainland, protecting it from the violence of the Arabian sea. The adjoining rocky islet to the south, called “Old Woman’s Island,” is joined to Bombay by a causeway, overflowed at high water; and this again is connected with another eyot called Colaba or Lighthouse Island. This artificial breakwater is still further continued northward by the linking together of Bombay with the large island of Salsette. This union is effected by a causeway and an arched stone bridge, the latter constructed by Government, aided by the munificence of the late Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Bart., a Parsee merchant of immense wealth, whose good deeds were, comparatively speaking, innumerable, and whose generosity was almost boundless. “It is a moral crime,” once observed a traveller in India, “to speak of Bombay without mentioning at the same time the name of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy.” Among the most remarkable buildings in the city—exclusive of the Old Fort, with its absorbingly interesting historical associations—are Government House, extending along one side of a large square planted with trees, and containing the Government offices, a saloon, and a library. The Oriental Bank pictured in the Panorama is a most stately edifice. The Byculla Club is well known as a pleasant place of social resort. There are numerous large and handsome churches for the Established Church and other Christian denominations, and a sufficiency of chapels, mosques, temples, and synagogues for the Buddhists, the Brahmins and Hindoos of other castes, the Moham-medans, the Parsees, the Sindees or negroes, and the Jews. It will be obvious, under these circumstances, that there is a plenitude of religious festivals all the year round.



A Babel-like confusion of tongues may be heard in the streets and bazaars of Bombay. The languages and dialects spoken include Assamese, which is very similar to Bengali; Beig Bhakur, which is derived from the Sanskrit; and Hindoo, or Hindostani. If the traveller keeps his ears open where merchants most do congregate in Bombay he may likewise hear spoken Canarese, Cutchi (a Cingalese dialect), Guzerati, Mahratta, Malaya, Parita, Sindee, and Punjabee. Sanskrit is the ecclesiastical language of Brahminism, just as Slavonic is that of the Russo-Greek Church. Persian was used in the Indian courts of law until 1837, but is now only cultivated as a literary language; but the mixed and composite dialect, Hindostani, which has resulted from the fusion of Hindoo, the idiom of the Hindoos, with the Persian and Arabic of the Mohammedan invaders, is as current for ordinary business and colloquial purposes in Bombay as it is in Madras and Calcutta. It is not only the regular spoken language of at least fifty millions of people in Central India, the North-West Provinces, and the Punjab, but it is also the common medium of communication between Mussulmans, Europeans, and Hindoos in all the great centres of population. The most formidable obstacle to Europeans in acquiring a grammatical and literary acquaintance with Hindostani lies in the Oriental characters, "those crooked and forbidding symbols, which, like a fence of brambles, block the avenues of approach to every Eastern language, deterring nearly all but students from compulsion from attempting an entrance to the real precincts of the language." I do not, so far as I am aware, know ten words of Hindostani, and I daresay that I am too old to learn; but it strikes me that the characters bear a strong resemblance to those of the Arabic, which I can read and transcribe tolerably well. In all the Hindostani grammars I have glanced at the letters (as in most Arabic grammars published in England) are divided into detached, final, medial, and initial, differing radically (so it seems at first) in their forms; but the French Orientalists of the new school, who teach Arabic in Algeria, usually tell their pupils that the first erroneous idea which they have to get out of their heads is that any appreciable difference exists between detached finals, medials, and initials. All depend on the first and initial letters. Get your eye and hand well accustomed to *those*, and you will find that the so-called variations are only of the nature of curtailments and connections in the middle and ornamental flourishes at the end. There are in reality no more four varieties of a and b in Arabic than there are four varieties of a and b in English writing. "It is a wicked delusion, *une erreur pernicieuse*," the old French gentleman who teaches you Arabic will exclaim, flourishing his reed pen, "a delusion fostered by type-founders and printers."

Everybody has heard of the Bombay University and of the Elphinstone College for the higher education of the natives. There is likewise an abundance of excellent schools: among others, the Robert Money Establishment, the Byculla Schools, the Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy Schools, and the Grant Medical College. This last, and the hospital near it, owe almost everything to the liberality of the benevolent Parsee Baronet, whose Samaritan deeds are continued, without any surcease of philanthropic zeal, by his descendants. Although tanks are extremely numerous on the Esplanade and all about the vicinity of the fort and the native quarters, the supply of water, especially during the dry season, April and May, occasionally left something to be desired; but this has now been definitively remedied by the completion of the Vihar waterworks. The streets exhibit a continual carnival of varied races and costumes; only the object of the multi-coloured and multi-clad people rushing to and fro is, in general, not to make holiday, but to make money. The streets in the old town are narrow, but, like most streets which are old and narrow, they are picturesque. The buggy-wallahs or cabdrivers of Bombay are said to be very reckless in their driving; but Government does not allow them so to extortionate. For the rest, the thoroughfares present an astounding *mélange* of savage buffaloes, drawing hackeries, or native carts, water-carriers yelling out "panee" (water), coolies squabbling over pice, money-changers intent on their "usances," native ladies and children fantastically bedizened in equipages drawn by oxen, Parsee merchant princes in sumptuous chariots with outriders, Arab horse-dealers, ayahs with babies, English "soldier officers," and European or native soldiers, old-fashioned

Moslems in flowing robes and prodigious turbans, Brahmins, Jews, Portuguese half castes, sailors, grooms, and porters, all "working up together," as the innkeeper in "The Old Curiosity Shop" put it, "into one delicious gravy."

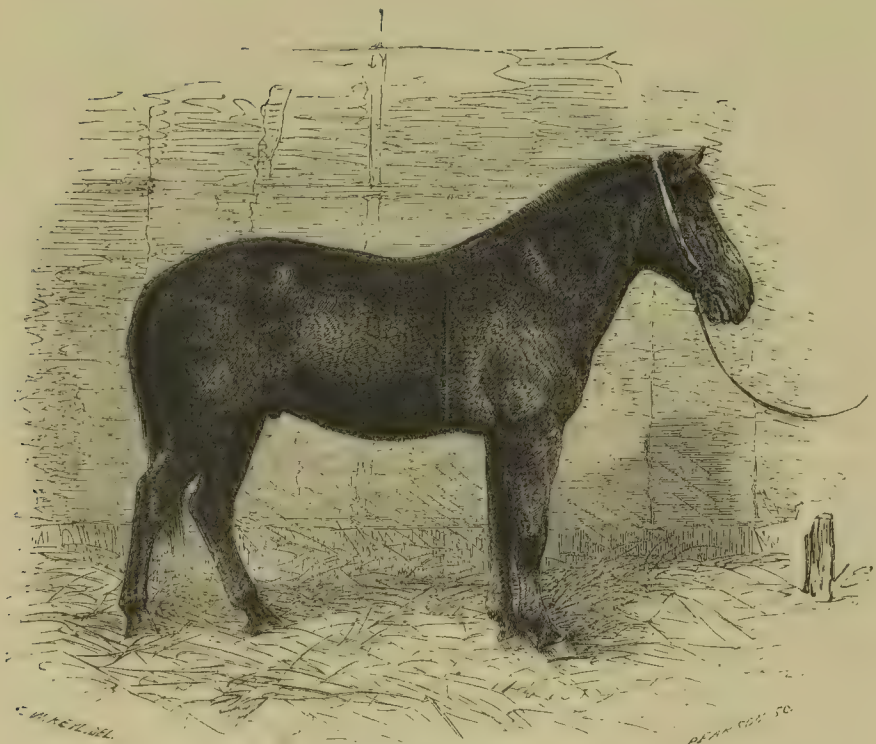
It is no venturesome vaticination to predict that the Prince of Wales's reception in this wealthy, intelligent, splendid, and picturesque city will be on a magnificent scale; and that his Royal Highness will be received with every demonstration of loyalty and respect. The latest advices from Bombay recite that the Decoration Committee are erecting ten ornamental arches, reaching across the principal street of the native town; and that there will be a plenitude of Venetian masts and gonfalons, temporary balconies, tribunes, and platforms; and that the illumination is to be conducted on a plan of decorative lighting by the removal of the lanterns from the lamp-posts and substituting clusters of globe lamps lit with gas, the standards themselves being made radiant by wreaths of coloured lamps fed with oil. The triumphal arches on the route will be glorified by Chinese lanterns, and particular portions of the fort will be similarly illuminated. Seven thousand school children are to be feasted. The number of juvenile guests seems phenomenal; but Indian school-children are easily satisfied. In England a similar feast would imply the consumption of at least ten thousand pounds weight of plum-cake, even if the traditional school festival maxim of "eat all, but pocket none," were strictly observed. There will be also given an entertainment to the seamen of the vessels of H.M. Navy in port at Bombay, and this festival will be given in a pavilion capable of holding 2000 guests. A sub-committee has likewise arranged for a fair to be held on the Esplanade; and another sub-committee has made definitive arrangements for a superb display of fireworks, which is to take place on Nov. 9 and 10. It is obvious that all the dates I have, or from time to time shall have occasion to, set down are susceptible of modification, seeing that the exactitude with which the carefully settled programme is adhered to must be dependent on circumstances over which even masters of ceremonies cannot have absolute control. Neptune and the barometer will have to be consulted in the matter.

It has been pointed out by an observant French traveller that Bombay is the only city in the East that has a "city" proper. Pardon the tautology; I mean an essentially "business" quarter, like our commercial and monetary region east of Temple Bar—densely populated during the day, but wellnigh a desert solitude at night and at early morning. The vast square in which are situated the principal banks and mercantile houses, the City Hall, and the Mint, is within the walls of the fort. Wander through the dark and tortuous streets of the Kilah at seven in the morning and you will find all as silent as Granada, or as Sandwich in Kent—two of the most silent towns that I have ever seen. You may meet a few native policemen, but that is all. All windows are jealously closed; all doors rigidly locked and barred. But between nine and ten a.m. the scene changes with magical rapidity. From the esplanade surrounding three sides of the fort vast cohorts of carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians bear down on the fort—the "city," in fact. Then the looms of traffic and speculation begin to roar. Then invocations to Mammon—idol greater than Brahma, greater than Siva, greater than Vishnu—are uttered in fifty tongues. Then Cotton is King, and the very dust beneath the feet seems to be mingled with "dhollorah," "broach," and the dross of rupees. At four o'clock transformation again takes place. The great mob of traders and speculators—priests of Mammon, votaries of Mammon, and victims demanded for Mammon's human sacrifices—rush out of the "city" as though pestilence were at their heels; and the "city" of Bombay is abandoned once more to silence and to solitude.

The native or "Black" town of Bombay is situated to the north of the fort, beyond a long esplanade called the Maidana. Here are situated the immense native bazaars; and here, beyond the struggling and jostling, and the incessant din and *vacarme* of human voices, three things will, in a somewhat oppressive manner, strike your senses. First, the darkness of the place and the closeness of the air. Secondly, the smell—not very appetising to the olfactory nerves of Europeans—of the native cookshops. Thirdly, the subtle and penetrating odour of musk, arising, it is



INDIAN DOMESTIC ANIMALS.



A BURMESE PONY.



BIMINUTIVE PONY.



LONGHORNED OUDE BULLOCK.



A MUTANAH, A SPECIES OF WILD COW.



BUFFALO COW.



PATNA WETHERS.





BAZAAR AT MADRAS



HINDOO SCHOOLMASTER.



said, from the untold thousands of musk rats with which the native houses swarm. You have often read of the "spice-laden breezes" of the East. Inhale, in imagination, the musk-laden breezes of Bombay, and tell your Lecturer how you like it. This pungent perfume notwithstanding, the bazaars of Bombay are the most wonderful *emporia* of the kind to be found in all India, two thirds of which immense region are supplied from Bombay with European goods. Bombay is the place of debarkation for Orientals coming from Persia, from Arabia, and from the African coasts; and hence depart all the Indo-Mohammedan pilgrims bound to the sacred shrines of Mecca, Karbala, or Nadjiff.

There are, nevertheless, many handsome and spacious streets in this immense city; and among the "lions" of Bombay to be visited by the Prince will be, doubtless, the famous Bhendi Bazaar, the great Arabian horse repository—the Tattersall's and the Aldridge's of Bombay. Here are purchased most of the cattle used for purposes of pleasure or luxury in the island of Bombay. Many of the horses sold here are brought from the provinces bordering upon the Persian Gulf; others from Kattyawar or from Cabul; but the most superb are the thoroughbred Arabs from Djaof and Nedjid.

But I must linger no longer in Bombay. Were I to attempt to describe the characteristics of the Chinese Bazaar; the Jamma Masjid, or Cathedral Mosque; or the Hindoo temples of Païdaneh, I should very soon fill this sheet to overflowing. A few words, however, may be devoted to the Jaina hospital for animals: one of the most curious institutions of pure beneficence to be found in the whole world. All Hindoos have a religious veneration for the creatures which we, in our ignorance and conceit, term "brute beasts;" but the innocent sectaries called Jainas hold, not only that animal life must not be destroyed, but that it is the bounden duty of every pious Jaina if he meets with a sick, wounded, or starving dumb animal, to take it to his house or convey it to the hospital. I wonder whether the first idea of a Dog's Home in London was suggested to some tender-hearted Englishwoman domiciled in India, who had seen or heard of the Jaina hospital at Bombay? Horses, asses, dogs, cats, and other "small deer" are here affectionately nursed. Some of the poor creatures are in a most deplorable condition: and there is a story of a European tourist, going through the hospital one day, who, pointing to a most direfully afflicted dog, asked the attendant whether, all things considered, it would not be better "to put the poor thing out of its misery?" "Is it thus your doctors treat sick people?" asked the attendant, turning a quiet eye on the tourist. A peculiar people, these Jainas, and, like most "peculiar people," mainly illogical and irrational in their practice. I have heard that, in addition to four-footed brutes, there may be seen in this exceptional infirmary lame ducks, paralytic vultures, blind buzzards, valetudinarian crows, and *herons and kingfishers with wooden legs* (it is M. Louis Rousselet, not I, who must be held responsible for the last amazing statement); yet I suppose that the Jainas have little scruples about killing fleas, stamping on ants, or crushing flies; and I should imagine that if a Jaina were out for a walk and met a wounded tiger or a valetudinarian boa-constrictor he would think twice before he took such an embarrassing specimen of the animal creation to the Jaina hospital. I should be glad to learn that I am wrong in this regard. My Uncle Toby spared the life of the bluebottle which had been tormenting him all the morning. I know a lady who declares that wantonly to kill that most beautiful, ingenious, and industrious insect the spider is an act of detestable cruelty; but, for aught I can tell, the Jainas neither kill fleas nor flies, holding as Captain Shandy did, that there is room enough in the world both for flies, fleas, and Jainas.

Any notice of Bombay, however brief, must necessarily include some mention of the lugubriously renowned Dokhma of the Parsees, otherwise the "Tower of Silence." It is here that the sectaries of Zoroaster deposit their dead, in order that the corpses may be devoured by birds of prey. The Dokhma is approached by a fine road leading from Valkêchevar across the summit of Malabar Hill. Concealed behind a sombre curtain of tall trees, the tower rises gaunt, solitary, and terrible. Its rampart is fringed by vultures, sitting each alone, gorged, and brooding. Reticence is about the best course to adopt in glancing at this dreadful place—this Indian Golgotha—this Montfaucon of the East, where not the corpses of horses but of human beings are devoured by obscene creatures.

The Parsees even are cautious as to talking of the Tower of Silence: none are permitted to penetrate within its gloomy precincts save the "dartours" or Priests of Zoroaster. To these priests the relatives of the defunct abandon the remains, which are placed within a kind of double grating, so that the vultures may satiate themselves with the flesh, but cannot carry away the bones of the dead. Once a month the guardians gather up the bones and throw them into a subterranean drain leading to the sea. From the foot of the Tower of Silence stretches a widespreading forest of palm-trees, thickly planted, and extending, in gentle undulations of the soil, to the shores of the bay. When the sky is clear the play of radiant light on the tufted foliage of the palms is surpassingly beautiful in effect. The green and golden foliage throws masses of deepest purple shadows; the branches of the trees are full of birds of a thousand hues; in the extreme distance gleam the white terraces and esplanades of Bombay; all tells brightness and cheerfulness and Life: but look not back; for there is the Tower of Silence and Death, with the gorged vultures brooding on the parapet.

The festivities at Bombay having come to a close, the next pictorial landmark in our panorama is Poonah, distant from the first-named city 92 miles by road and  $112\frac{3}{4}$  miles by the great Peninsula Railway. Poonah is known for its admirably organised College, and for its manufacture of leather, paper, harness, boots, &c. The climate is considered very healthy, and the station is much frequented during the monsoons in consequence of the slight quantity of rain that falls. Side by side with the strange Asiatic life stand the usual adjuncts of Anglo-Saxon civilisation—a race-course, a Masonic lodge, "St. Andrew's in the East," and a Sanitarium. Among the most notable attractions are the great aqueduct, constructed by a member of the distinguished Maratha family of Rastias; and the waterworks, an edifice mainly due to Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy. The will of this Oriental Man of Ross was proved in the Supreme Court of Bombay in August, 1859, under £8,500,000. He contributed £17,000 to the construction of the waterworks, the Bombay Government adding £2500.

Poonah is situated in the midst of a somewhat arid plain, almost devoid of trees, and lying at the base of the mountains of Sattara. The town is divided into seven quarters, each bearing the name of a day of the week. A few of the streets are straight and spacious; but the majority are dark, crooked, and ugly to view. The houses of the wealthy natives are distinguished by richly sculptured beams and by panels or *plaques* curiously painted with figures of idols, elephants, tigers, and other emblems classed by house decorators under the generic name of "grotesques." The temples are numerous, and many of them, with their pointed roofs hung with little bells, are pretty even to elegance; but the ecclesiastical edifices are generally diminutive in size. The population of Poonah is almost entirely Hindoo. The European community, some three hundred in number, exclusive of the civil and military employés of the Government, occupy handsome houses surrounded by gardens, situated in the midst of a vast Champ de Mars or parade-ground conveniently near to the cantonments of the soldiers in garrison. The streets are full of sleek and simpering Brahmins and sanctified beggars, unclothed to the waist, and with their features begrimed with dust and ashes. In the bazaar a number of sacred bulls may be observed taking their ease at large, feeding at whichsoever green-stuff stalls they like to patronise, sprawling lazily in the roadway, and, like the majority of animals when well fed and tenderly treated, doing nobody any harm.

The architectural "lion" of Poonah is the ruined palace of the Peishwas. There is shown the fatal balcony from which, on the morning of Oct. 25, 1797, the youthful Peishwa, Mahadoo Rao, flung himself in an access of spite and mortification. On the 22nd he had reviewed his brilliant cavalry force, and in the evening held a durbar, at which the principal Mahratta chiefs and the foreign Ministers attending his Court were received with the utmost pomp and splendour. But his Prime Minister, Nana Farnavis, a Mayor of the palace, more arrogant than Charles Martel, presumed to reprimand the Peishwa in the presence of the English Resident and of the great Mahratta nobles. The Royal boy retired to his apartments, sulked for two days, and then flung himself, as I have said, from the balcony. His brains were dashed out on the terrace beneath. The interior of the disused edifice is



as dismal and dilapidated as the unfinished palace of Charles V. at the Alhambra, but not nearly so picturesque. There are huge, silent courtyards, vast silent saloons; but very little that is remarkable in the way of proportions or decoration. As a slight compensation for this, every room, and wellnigh every corridor, has its individual history of rapine, treachery, or murder. The Peishwas, who had usurped the throne of the Mahratta Princes, were in their turn assailed by the ambition of their satraps, the Scindias and the Holkars; and at last came the English, who, in 1818, calmly swallowed Poonah, and ate up the last of the Peishwa dynasty into the bargain. We have a very large appetite, nationally. *Tardé venientibus ossa*, says the proverb; but the bones we find when we come late to a feast have usually a very plentiful allowance of meat on them.

To the west of Poonah rises the hill of Parvati, covered with Hindoo temples, and dominating the beautiful "Hira Bagh," or Vale of Diamonds, formerly the favourite *villeggiatura* of the Peishwa. Here, on the borders of a pretty lake, one of the summer palaces of the Mahratta Princes yet survives: it is a pavilion, with elegant columns and decorations, half hidden in a grove of mangoes. The borders of the lake are fringed with little kiosques and temples. A gentle ascent leads to the Temple of Parvati, where is the silver statue of the idol Siva, holding on its knees the golden images of Parvati and Ganesa. It is asserted—I know not with what truth—that the eyes of all these idols are formed of single diamonds. Another very picturesque feature of Poonah is the Sangam, at the confluence of the rivers Mouta and Moula. Here the Hindoos burn their dead. The banks of the two streams are thickly covered with cenotaphs and pagodas—purely commemorative monuments, since they do not contain any human ashes.

From the city of Bombay it is possible that the Prince may pay a flying visit to one of the hill stations of the Presidency—say Mahabliishwar or Matheran. There is, indeed, a host of excursions, as pleasant as they are picturesque, to be undertaken from Bombay, if the traveller is only provided with that most precious of commodities—time. Among other places worthy of a visit may be cited Coorla, where the rural scenery becomes strikingly beautiful; Bhandoop, where there is a remarkable distillery of arrack (the Indian "potheen"); Tannah, whence the caves of Cannari are reached; Narel and Matheran, as above, a delightful sanitarium. Almost all the maladies directly due to the climate of India are said to yield to the salubrious influences of the air of Matheran and the fresh breezes of the plateau of the Ghâts, rising here to a height of 2100 ft. above the sea-level. There are barracks at Matheran for the accommodation of invalids from the garrison of Bombay. Matheran itself is a rock with bare and wellnigh perpendicular flanks, rising abruptly from the centre of a vast plain, situated at nearly an equal distance from the sea and the great chain of the Ghâts. Excursions are made in palanquins or on the little country ponies called "tatous." The rocky fastnesses of Matheran are wont to boast of a race of aborigines, disdainfully dubbed by the Hindoos "jungliwallahs," or savages. They are described as a long-legged, high cheek-boned, flat-nosed generation, following a very odd kind of religion, inasmuch as they are said to boast of their descent from a demon named Ravana. Their chief divinity is, or was, the Tiger; their houses are mere man-coops or kraals of bamboo cemented with mud, and their temples are heaps of jagged stones smeared with red ochre. In the outlying villages those of the "jungliwallahs" whom advancing civilisation has spared are employed as scavengers; in the bazaars of Matheran they "bring in wood," sell the birds which they rear to the Parsees for tobacco and ardent spirits, of which they are immoderately fond, and are, on the whole, a kind of subdued Calibans. The Empress of Hindostan has assuredly some very odd subjects in her Eastern dominions; yet have I heard of "jungliwallahs" to gaze upon whom it would not be necessary to cross the Indian Ocean. These savages, I am told, may be found within pistol-shot of a place called Seven Dials, London.

Bear in mind, if you please, that the sanitarium of Matheran is a noted resort for jugglers and mountebanks, who during the season go about from bungalow to bungalow, performing feats of "contortionism," prestidigitation, and legerdemain which might make Robert Houdin feel envious and Hiller "feel small." One of

their favourite tricks is that of the "Baby in the Bamboo Basket." A group of jugglers gather round a basket, and a little child is placed therein, to the intoning of wild chants and the monotonous banging of tom-toms. Then, the basket being apparently tightly closed, the jugglers fall upon it with long knives and transfix its every part with repeated stabs. The frail structure disintegrates. Little is left of the basket, and nothing whatever of the baby. Then the circle of jugglers is re-formed; the intoning of chants and the banging of tom-toms recommences; the re-established basket is again visible, the lid is lifted, and the child leaps out of it as though nothing had happened. Nothing *has* happened beyond a little clever juggling. Another very curious trick is that of the automaton top, which, revolving at the end of a stick placed in equilibrium on the operator's nose, spins round, stops, and goes on again at the bidding of the spectator, but seemingly without any movement on the part of the juggler to arrest or to accelerate the movements of the top. The feats of the acrobats of Matheran are tolerably similar to those performed by their brethren in Europe, with the exception of one very puzzling *tour de force*, which consists in the mountebank allowing a stone ball, apparently of great weight, to be dropped from a considerable height on to his shoulder. He seems none the worse for the shock, and he *is* none the worse; but how does he do it?

In any case, by Nov. 16, or thereabouts, the Prince should be back again in the City of Bombay; and at some period of his sojourn his Royal Highness will probably have paid a visit to the Island and caves of Elephanta. The island lies at a distance of five miles to the south-east of Bombay; and is six miles in circumference, formed of two hills, with a long narrow valley between them. The famous caves are called by the natives, "Linon," or "Laina." The first conspicuous landmark, or rather rockmark, is a huge effigy of an elephant called the "Garapuri," and giving the native name to the island. The statue is 13 ft. long, very much mutilated, and rapidly decaying. In 1814 the head fell off. Further on is the entrance to a magnificent temple, with massive columns of colossal dimensions, hewn out of the basaltic rock. The roof is flat, and appears to be entirely supported by the giant columns, the capitals of which have an artfully flattened form, as though they were partially crushed by the enormous superincumbent weight. The great "lion" of the Elephantine temples (which are three in number) is the gigantic bust of a three-headed deity, by some supposed to represent the triform unity of Siva; by others assumed to symbolise the Hindoo Trinity of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. This is only one specimen of a multitude of sculptured figures at Elephanta, representing different subjects of the Brahminical mythology. The period when these sculptures were executed is unknown, and the names of their sculptors are equally enveloped in mystery; but, to judge from the elaborately ornate character of much of the carving, and of the symmetrical, albeit Titanic, proportions of the architecture, the antiquity of the rock-temples of Elephanta is not of an extremely remote date.

If I say that about Nov. 19 the Prince will re-embark at Bombay on board the *Scrapis*, and that, after steaming some 570 miles, his Royal Highness should touch, about the 23rd, at Beypore, in the British district of Malabar, presidency of Madras, I am only timidly and tentatively tracing the *étapes* in a programme which may or may not be followed, and "speaking by the card," when a card of a very different kind has been, or may be, substituted for the original route. At all events, it will not do you any harm to learn that Beypore is a seaport situated on the north side of the estuary of the Sharapoya, that the situation of the town is very beautiful, but that it has little trade save in "lumber" or timber, the product of the dense forests of the Western Ghâts, and which is floated down the river of Beypore for exportation from this place. Calicut, also, which is only six miles from Beypore, may in this regard be spoken of. Here, however, is neither river nor haven—only an open beach—and large ships must anchor at a distance of three or four miles from land. Calicut (whence Calico?) was formerly a place of much importance, but very few vestiges of its former magnificence remain. There was once a harbour, but it is now filled up with drifted sand; and the last descendants of the Tamuri Rajahs or Zamourins who once reigned here in awful splendour were disestablished long ago to become stipendiaries of the old H.E.I.C.S. The name of Calicut must, nevertheless, always present some





BENARES.





TAMING A WILD ELEPHANT.



TESTING THE ROPE.



AN ELEPHANT NOOSED.



AN ELEPHANT KRAAL, WITH THE "GRAND STAND FOR ENGLISH VISITORS."



interesting associations to students of Indian history, since it was the first place on the shores of the peninsula touched at in 1498 by Vasco de Gama. As early as 1616 the English East India Company established a factory at Calicut.

That agreeable potentate Tippoo Saib held a high carnival of bloodshed and rapine when, assisted by the French General Lally, he captured Calicut in 1789. Tippoo massacred, under circumstances of the most horrible barbarity, the greater portion of the inhabitants of Calicut; others he tortured with the most exquisite refinements of ferocity; and then, with a view to the entire ruin of the miserable city, he carefully caused all the cocoanut and sandal wood trees to be cut down, and all the pepper vines to be torn up by the roots. As for the town it was wellnigh entirely demolished, and the fragments were carried off to Nellura, six miles to the south-eastward, where Tippoo decreed the erection of a new city to be called Furruckabad or "Fortunate Town." I never read about the atrocities of these abominable devastators of the earth—these Tippoos and Timours, these Cæsars and Napoleons, these Zinghises and Tillys and Constables de Bourbon (is there so much as an "anna" to choose between them?) without thinking of what the Spirit says to Volney in that wonderful book the "Ruins of Empires." Volney, in true human-parrot-fashion, is speaking of "the destroying hand of time." "Time never destroys," answers the Spirit. "Time only changes. You mean the hand of Man: that only utterly destroys and spares not." Time has spared the Pyramids; but if you would oblige me with a couple of Tippoo Saibs, an Attila or two, and any stray Cæsars you could spare, I would undertake to pull down the Pyramids in three months.

So much for Calicut, which, you will allow me to mention, is 335 miles from Madras. Were the programme, long since sketched out, but liable, it would appear, to camelion-like changes, to be followed in precise accordance with the original suggestions made, the Prince, disembarking from the Serapis at Calicut, would make an excursion to the Neilgherry Hills. This remarkable range—consult your map, I entreat you, lest I should find myself straying from the Neilgherries into the Andes, or the Alps, or the Kaatskills—is connected on its western side, where its summits bear the names of the Koondahs, with the Siadu branch of the Western Ghâts. The general form of the Neilgherry group approaches the outline of a scalene triangle, having its base from north to south, facing Malabar; its north side, east and west, facing Mysore; and the remaining side, from north-east to south-west, towards the British district of Coimbatore. Taking into extent the great undulations of the surface, the superficial extent of the Neilgherries may be estimated at from 600 to 700 square miles. The highest summit of the Neilgherries is that of Dodabetta, which has an elevation of 8760 ft. above the sea, the highest hitherto ascertained in India, south of the Himalaya; but the most recent geographers may correct this statement, which the Lecturer, tied as he is at present to the W.C. and E.C. districts of London, is at present obviously unable to verify. The Neilgherries rise from a plain nearly as level as the Carnatic. I will not irritate you by enumerating the respective elevations of the peaks or plateaux of Kudiakad, Davursolabetta, Tamburbetta, Ootacamund, Dimhutty, or Coonoor. There is no natural lake in the whole group; but an artificial one has been formed at Ootacamund from the streams flowing from the adjacent hills. These mountains are not, on the whole, very densely wooded. The forests occur in patches so singularly isolated that, looking at the geographical situation of the region—which, placed as it is, between the tropics and abounding in moisture, should favour the greatest luxuriance of vegetation—the inference may be warranted that the slopes of the hills were once densely covered with primæval forest, but that much of this has been, in the course of ages, cleared away for purposes of cultivation.

There should be right princely sport in the Neilgherries. Elephants are plentiful in the jungles at the foot of the hills, but are not to be met with on the table-lands, where probably the chilly giants would find the air too cool. The tiger may be heard of in the hill country; but he is a little less ferocious than his brother in the valleys. The cheetah or hunting leopard is "on hand," as the Americans say, in the Neilgherries; as also the jackal, the wild dog, the marten, the polecat, the wild boar, the bear, the "gamber" (a kind of wild deer), the muntjak, and

likewise a species of ibex. Hares are numerous; likewise porcupines, and some of the streams are patronised by the otter. Jungle fowl and quail are abundant. Partridges are scarce; but there are woodcocks, snipes, and pigeons; with blackbirds, larks, thrushes, and wrens. From the elephant to the wren! I think I have said enough to impel intending brides and bridegrooms of sporting tastes to spend their honeymoon in the Neilgherry Hills. Stay, the eagles are very large and very savage; and there are multitudinous tribes of hawks and horned owls of monstrous size; but, for the benefit of those also who may have to "camp out" during a tour in search of game, I may mention that venomous snakes are not common, and that scorpions and centipedes are altogether unknown. The Neilgherries are inhabited by five distinct races of human beings, ethnologically curious but numerically insignificant. There are the Erulars on the ground floor, so to speak, of the range; and the Karumbars, who live above them, on the first floor. Both races are of the nature of "jungliwallahs." "Manners they have none, and their customs are very nasty." Race number three. The Kohatars are queer folk. They have no caste; but are skilled in the arts of life, being goldsmiths, silversmiths, blacksmiths, and so forth, and follow these pursuits high up in the mountains. They will have nothing to do with Brahma, but worship imaginary divinities incomprehensible to others, and, very possibly, to themselves. The Burghars, who are the most numerous, wealthy, and civilised of the Neilgherry people, are Brahminists, divided into eight classes, all worshippers of Siva, and speaking principally the Carnatic language. Finally, come the Todars, or Toruwars, a strictly sectarian, eccentric sort of people, dressing, or rather undressing, in a fantastic manner, and leading a semi-nomadic life in small clusters of thatched huts, called "morts," which in appearance somewhat resemble the tilt of a waggon. The Neilgherries possess many sanatoria for invalid Anglo-Indians: Ootacamund, Coonvoo, and Kotagui among the number.

Will the Prince escalate the Ghâts of the Neilgherries into the territory of Mysore? The original programme attributed such an intention to his Royal Highness; and by using the lecturer's privilege I think that I am entitled to suppose him to be at Seringapatam. To the front, Seringapatam! This celebrated fortress was once the capital of the territory of Mysore (look to your maps again), and is situated on the eastern extremity of an island in the river Cauvery. The town is described as an ill-built, mean place, with narrow streets, full of ill-ventilated houses, hot, and exceedingly inconvenient for Europeans. Some travellers have gone so far as to qualify Seringapatam as "a sink of nastiness." There is plenty of water, however, in the river Cauvery, which washes the outside walls, if it fails to lave the interior apartments of the people who dwell in them. The expalace of Tippoo Saib is within the walls of the fortress, and is a huge building with walls of stone and mud. It is a wretched, dilapidated plade. Contiguous is the extensive and lofty temple of Srivanga, the tutelar divinity of the place, and at no great distance the ancient palace of the Hindoo Rajahs of Mysore.

And Mysore, capital of the territory of that name. This is a substantial and most interesting town, from the Orientaly-picturesque point of view, strongly fortified, and containing the palace of a titular Rajah. The population exceeds 50,000. Arcot might also be found well worthy of a visit; and there are many more localities in Southern India which might be explored, possibly with pleasure and probably with profit, by the illustrious traveller; but by this time it occurs to me that it is fitting that you should remind me, or that I should remind myself, of the celebrated maxims of the ancient philosopher—namely, that Life is Short; that Art is Long; that the Occasion is Fleeting; that Judgment is Difficult; and that Experience is Fallacious. Under these circumstances, it might be as well briefly to remark that about Dec. 2 next there is some probability of the Prince of Wales being at Bangalore, and of his then passing a numerous contingent of the Madras army in review. There is not very much to be said about Bangalore, save that it is the chief station of the British military force in the territory of Mysore. The town is tolerably well built, has a good bazaar, and is inclosed by a wall, a ditch, and a fence of thorns and bamboos. As a central military establishment Bangalore possesses immense im-



portance. The cantonments are nearly two miles and a half in length and a mile in breadth.

I have (so I have been occasionally informed by my friends) a good deal of confidence, but I lack sufficient audacity to describe a grand military review which may never take place, so I will content myself with the hypothesis that all martial arrangements having been carried out to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, the Prince will arrive at Madras on or about Dec. 6. *En avant*, Madras—a view of the principal bazaar in which city is presented in the panorama before us. The Presidency itself is bounded on the north by the Bombay Presidency, the territory of the Nizam and that of Berar, and the petty native States on the south-west frontier of Bengal; on the east and south-east by the Bay of Bengal; on the south by the Indian Ocean; and on the south-west and west by the Arabian Sea. Its greatest length, from Priaghy to Cape Comorin, is 950 miles; its greatest breadth, from the city of Madras to Golamelly, about 450 miles.

The city itself is on the coast of Coromandel, on the western shore of the Bay of Bengal; and it has been remarked by experienced travellers that throughout the whole world no place of equal commercial or maritime importance is so disadvantageously circumstanced for maintaining an extensive and regular foreign trade. From the close of October to the close of December—that is to say, during the continuance of the north-east monsoon—even the crews of ships of the line, with all their means and appliances, can hold no communication with the shore without great danger, and at no time can they land in their own boats. The surf is almost inconceivably tremendous in its violence, but is said to be least dangerous when a westerly wind is blowing off shore. Embarking or disembarking goods or passengers can only be effected in a species of huge tubs, called by the natives “massulah boats,” which are made of planks without ribs, and are merely sown together with cocoanut twine or coir, somewhat after the fashion of the birch-bark canoes in which the North American Indians cross the St. Lawrence at the period when the ice is “packing.” The horror and danger of this “penal surf-itude” is increased by the presence of shoals of sharks, which never fail to keep a good lookout for any contingent luncheons which might fall in their way through the capsizing of a “massulah.” There is a smaller native craft called a “catamaran,” consisting of three cocoa-tree logs lashed together, and big enough to carry one, or at most two, persons. It is expected, however, that the boats of the Serapis will be strong enough to defy the surf.

We have had some kind of footing at Madras ever since the reign of Charles I., when a Mr. Francis Day, chief of the old factory hard by, was permitted to acquire territory, on which he built Fort St. George, the nucleus of the existing city. The sea flows to within a few yards of the ramparts, and on the land side the citadel is defended by a double line of fortifications, both bombproof. The “Black,” or native, town is separated from the fort by a broad esplanade. On the whole, Madras does not present quite so animated an appearance as does Bombay or Calcutta, to which I shall presently have the honour to introduce you. In lieu of the “forests of masts” which adorn Bombay harbour and the Hooghly you see only a “thin black line” of ships ranged at a respectful distance from the shore, which is barricaded, so to speak, by a triple range of glittering sharks’ teeth in the shape of surf. There are, nevertheless, within the city numerous handsome public buildings, and from the sea the aspect of the long, white façades skirting the rectilinear coast is imposing, if not picturesque. By-the-way, the “catamaran” boatmen form a very close corporation, and claim to be descendants of the fishermen of the Coromandel coast who were converted to Christianity by the “Apostle of the Indies,” St. Francis Xavier. Their orthodoxy appears to be much more than doubtful, and does not go much beyond placing a few Christian symbols among the idols of their temples. Still, at moments of great peril they are accustomed to cry out, “Dsavié! Dsavié!” which passes current as an invocation to St. Francis.

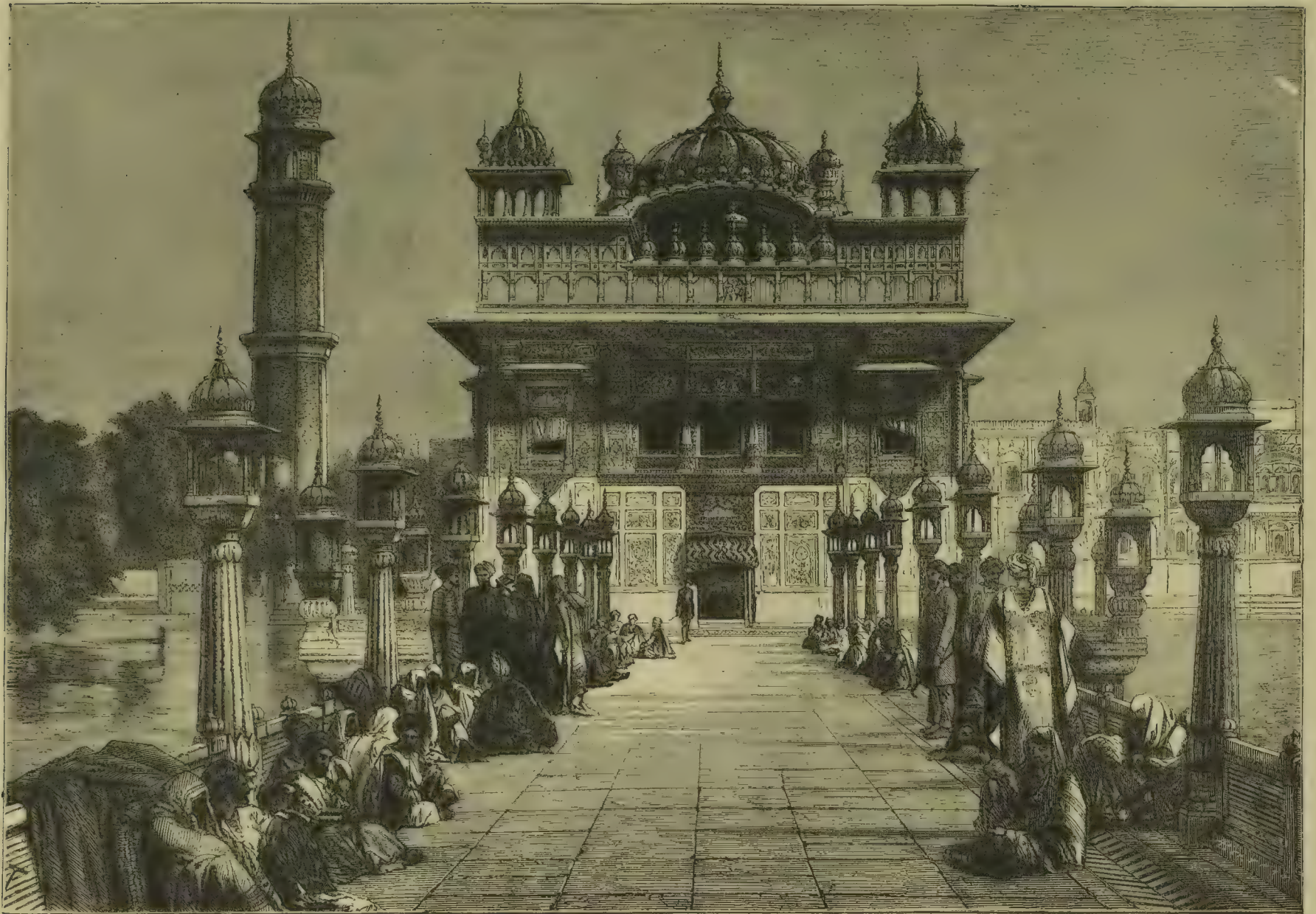
A considerable suburb of Madras is Royapooram, which lies to the north of the Black Town, and extends for a mile along the beach. It is inhabited chiefly by boatmen and fishermen. The district called Vepery, including Pursewakum, is to the west of the Black Town. The principal streets are well built and clean; but the cross-lanes are narrow, close, and nasty.

Chintadrappetah, separated from Vepery by the river Koom, which almost incloses the former, is, for the most part, regularly built, and contains a noble public dispensary. Then there are the populous suburbs of Egmore and Poodoopettah. On the right or south-west bank of the right branch of the river Koom are the Government gardens. Government House is a spacious and handsome edifice; the floors, walls, and ceiling are overlaid with a cement of “chunam” highly polished, so as to resemble the finest white marble. There is in the front an enormous banqueting-room. The palace of the Nawab of the Carnatic is situated to the south-east of the Government Gardens, and between it and the sea is a mosque of some architectural comeliness, and which is nearly the only place of Mussulman worship of structural note in the city. The European residents live in garden-houses or villa residences, situated in “compounds” or distinct inclosures, dispersed throughout the suburbs. These villas are usually two-storied, constructed in the lightest style of Indo-Italian architecture, and are often very graceful in design. They are generally terraced, with porticoes and verandahs supported by columns. The lower windows are, as a rule, large and fitted with jalousies, so as to further free ventilation, while the apartments are lofty, spacious, and airy. During the prevalence of the hot winds mats made of “kusha,” a fragrant grass and kept wetted, are hung before the doors and windows at the western side of the house, so that coolness, a sense of moisture, and a delicate perfume may be mingled with the atmosphere permeating through the mats. By these means, aided by the universal “punkah,” the heat is robbed of some of its more terrific features. The compounds, or inclosures, in which the villas are situated are usually so thickly planted with trees and shrubs that, even when viewed from a considerable height, the roofs only of the dwellings can be seen. This embosoming verdure is said to be inimical to proper ventilation; but the evil is tolerated in consideration of the protection afforded by the redundant vegetation from the dust and glare so distressing in the Carnatic. You may see houses and grounds laid out on precisely the same “compound” principle at Cannes, at Antibes, at Fréjus, and at many other exquisitely beautiful seaside places in the south of France, where the heat of the Mediterranean seaboard yields but little in intensity to that of the Carnatic. And in the midst of such an ever-luxuriant greenery lived and died the philosopher, John Stuart Mill.

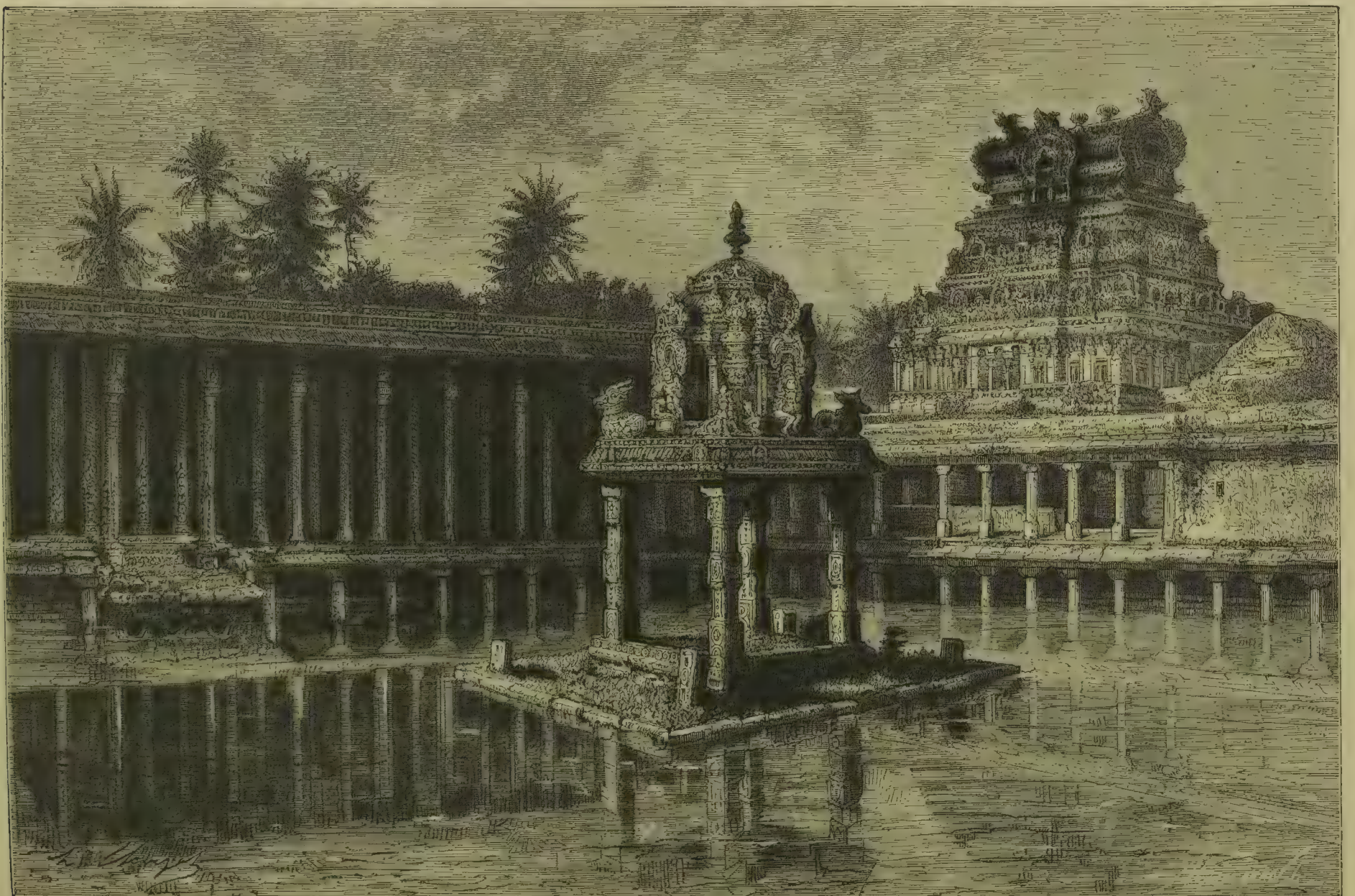
It has been announced that on Dec. 8 the Prince will open a new railway line to Tuticorin, where the Serapis will be lying in readiness to convey his Royal Highness to Ceylon. You are respectfully solicited not to confound Tuticorin with “Tattycoram,” a female character, if I am not mistaken, in “Little Dorrit.” Tuticorin is in the district of Tinnevely, on the north-west shore of the Gulf of Manar, and has a safe roadstead, with good anchorage. Tuticorin is a considerable emporium for the cotton trade, 7000 bales of cotton having been shipped by the enterprising Tuticorinians in less than fifteen months for the China and India markets. There are pearl banks, also, in the neighbourhood; and with plenty of cotton and plenty of pearls, I apprehend, even the discontented philosopher in the burlesque would have no right to complain that he “was not happy.”

But the Nizam and Hyderabad (not to be confounded with Hyderabad in Seinde). Will the Prince set eyes on the dominions of that once puissant potentate, now represented by a little boy some eight years old? There has been a fierce controversy going on for some time since as to whether the Prince should be advised by his counsellors to visit the capital of the Nizam’s territories or whether it should be suggested to his Royal Highness to leave that fanatical Mohammedan city alone. A few words, in any case, may be put on record concerning Hyderabad. It is situated on the River Mussi, here between 400 ft. and 500 ft. wide; and, approached from the west, the aspect of the city is remarkably striking. The palaces and mosques rising above the neighbouring buildings give it an air of loftiness and grandeur which is much strengthened by the superb pile of buildings forming the British Residency. The town is but feebly fortified, and would hold out but for a very few hours against heavy guns. The British Residency is in a considerable suburb on the left side of the river; and the communication between it and the city and palace is by a handsome stone bridge, planned and executed, in 1831, by a British





THE TEMPLE OF UMRITSUR.



SACRED POOL, TRICHINOPOLY, INDIA.





BENGAL JEPOYS OUT OF UNIFORM.



officer. The city is crowded with buildings of every description, from the stately and stupendous palaces of the nobility and other men of rank and wealth to the mean and dirty hovels of the poor. The construction of the mansions of the great is exclusively indigenous, displaying little or no taste. They are packed closely together, rendering the locality exceedingly confined and consequently unhealthy. The streets, some of which are paved with stone, are, as a rule, inconveniently narrow. In the environs of Hyderabad are numerous gardens of enchanting beauty, containing sumptuous pavilions. Among them the gardens of the Prime Minister of the Nizam are described as quite equal to the "Arabian Nights" standard. It is inclosed, after the Asiatic manner, by high walls, the centre containing a large marble basin filled with water, and fed by numerous fountains, their silvery jets rising against a dark background of cypress-trees. The pavilions, galleries, and terraces around are built and embellished in the richest style of Oriental architecture, that beautiful carved trelliswork which always produces so exquisite an effect being abundant, while there is an equal profusion of painting and gilding. The population of Hyderabad is said to exceed 200,000, of whom by far the largest proportion are Mohammedans of the most bigoted and ferocious type.

According to the latest reports, the Prince will *not* go to Hyderabad; but the child Nizam will visit Bombay to do homage to the eldest son of Queen Victoria.

Will the Prince travel to Ceylon? Well, the prospects of a splendid reception, to say nothing of rumours of elephants absolutely anxious to be shot, seem strongly to invite his Royal Highness; and there will be no harm in surmising that on Dec. 12 he will disembark from the *Serapis* at Colombo; and that he may have time to visit most of the interesting places in the Cingalese territory, enjoying at the same time the most interesting and exciting sport, till, on Dec. 17, he embarks at Trincomalee, and on the 22nd of the same month arrive at Calcutta. I should be very happy to give you a full, true, and particular account of the island of Ceylon, including historical reminiscences of the ancient Kings of Candy, of the native rebellion in Lord Torrington's time, four-and-twenty years since, together with copious excerpt from the admirable work of the late Sir Emerson Tennent, an exhaustive description of the *fauna* and *flora* of the locality, and innumerable stories about elephants, leeches, and book-boring ants. But the truth is that the space allotted to me, like the walls of the captive's dungeon in the thrilling story of the "Iron Shroud," grows more and more circumscribed, so I must positively get my Prince to the capital of the Bengal Presidency.

#### CALCUTTA TO DELHI.

Our American cousins are very fond of bestowing distinctive sobriquets, usually of a complimentary character, on their cities and on their States. Thus there are "Keystone" States and "Green Mountain" States; and I have even heard of "Hoosier" and "Buckeye" States. New York is the "Empire," Philadelphia the "Quaker," Baltimore the "Monumental," Chicago the "Lake," and Cincinnati the "Porcine" city; while Boston prides herself on being "the Hub of the Universe," and Washington has been called, half in eulogy and half in disparagement, "the City of Magnificent Distances." In Britain we seem to have but little capacity for the invention of such grandiloquent nomenclature. Cobbett, it is true, called London, with a savage sneer, the "Great Wen;" and the metropolis has also long enjoyed the somewhat hackneyed title of the "Modern Babylon;" but, beyond these, and the fact that Brighton will always be the "Queen of Watering-Places," Bath the "City of King Bladud," and Edinburgh the "Modern Athens," we usually take our cities as we find them, and, leaving them locally to select such sobriquets as may please them best, bestow upon them, nationally, none at all.

The East, however, is the land of hyperbole; and Calcutta has long been known as "the City of Palaces." Let the Lecturer endeavour to ascertain whether the city, which is not only the principal place in the Presidency of Bengal, but the metropolis of all India, deserves the proud title bestowed upon it. Calcutta

is situated on the left bank of the River Hooghly, a branch of the Ganges, and regarded by Hindoos as a continuation of the sacred stream. It is distant, following the course of the river, about a hundred miles from the sea, and extends from north to south, along the bank of the stream, for about four miles. Scarcely any traces of the old line of circumvallation remain. The environs of Calcutta are studded with numerous suburbs, the principal of which are Chitpore, on the north; Nundenbagh, Bahar-Simlah, Sealdah, Entally, and Ballygunge, on the east and south-east; and Bhowaneepore, Allipore, and Kiddupore, on the south. On the opposite side of the river lie the villages of Seehpore, Howrah, and Sulkea, containing the "golahs," or salt warehouses of the Government, and several extensive factories; but the prosperity of these districts depends mainly upon the dockyards and ship-building establishments.

The approach to Calcutta is marked by a series of elegant mansions at Garden Reach, surrounded by lawns, which reach to the water's edge. Off this point anchorage is afforded to the magnificent steamers plying between Europe and the East. To the north are the Government dockyards and the mouth of the canal called Tolly's Nullah. To this succeeds the arsenal, and still higher up is the world-famous Fort William. Calcutta, as Bishop Heber saw it, was a "City of Palaces," but not a tithe so palatial as it now is. "On the left," writes the good prelate, "is the Hooghly, with its forest of masts and sails seen through the stems of a double row of trees. On the right is the district called Chowringhee, lately a mere scattered hamlet, but now almost as closely built upon as and little less extensive than Calcutta itself. In front is the Esplanade, containing the Town-hall, the Government House, and many handsome private dwellings; the whole so like some parts of St. Petersburg" (another "City of Palaces") "that it was hardly possible to fancy myself anywhere else." The aspect of Calcutta can scarcely fail to strike in the most forcible manner the mind of the tourist from Europe. He finds his eye relieved from the wearisome contemplation of the low, marshy flats which have skirted the perspective as he has ascended the Hooghly. "Columns, domes, steeples, huge ships, quays, palanquins, soldiers, horses, dark-skinned and white-robed natives" are mingled on the field of vision in picturesque tumult. In penetrating within the city the effect becomes even more imposing. "The squares, with their beautiful gardens," writes an enthusiastic Frenchman, "are worthy of London, '*la ville des squarrs*'" (so that foreigners, at least, have favoured the British metropolis with a complimentary nickname). "But soon," continues the Gallic observer, "illusions are lost. Magnificence disappears; the streets degenerate into unclean alleys; and sordid one-storied hovels, with thatched roofs, take the place of the palaces, and stretch towards the horizon of the plain in which Calcutta is situated." The different quarters do not exhibit, as at Bombay, distinct lines of demarcation. Without transition the hovel succeeds to the palace. Nor is the population quite so diversified in race and costume as is the case at Bombay. Some Chinese and some Birmans may be seen; but the vast mass of the native inhabitants are Northern Bengalis. They are great money dealers, and speculators in textile fabrics. The street porters are chiefly from Orissa, or from Birbhoum. The ancient native aristocracy has long since faded out, and has been replaced by a numerous class of wealthy *parvenus*.

There is a great deal to be said about the "Baboos;" but this is not an educational discourse. It is an entertainment copiously illustrated with views, admission one shilling. I do not find any portraits of Baboos (who are a highly respectable, intelligent, and influential class in the panorama), and I shall, therefore, say nothing about them. Nor about "Young India." Nor about the social condition of the Hindoo ladies.

The favourite pagan divinity of the natives at Calcutta appears to be Kali, the ferocious spouse of Siva, as bloodthirsty an idol as the horribly celebrated Moloch of Mexico, Huitzilpotchli, whose blood-stained altars were thrown down by Hernan Cortes. It is worthy of remark that in the great Temple of Kali the image of the goddess (she is four-handed, and wears a triple crown) stands on the effigy of an animal which is the precise counterpart of the Lion of St. Mark. Only, beneath the paw of Kali's lion is the prostrate figure of a man. July is the month when the grandest festival to this terrible fetish (renowned of



old for the human sacrifices offered to her) is held. Then the Hindoo population gather in a large plain outside the city for the performance of the grand ceremony of the "Chara Poudja"—a name which signifies "worship by revolution"—I mean actual, not political, turning round. This strange rite (long since prohibited in its more revolting sense by the British Government) used to be performed by means of a huge roundabout of wooden hobby-horses (like the "merry-go-rounds" at our fairs), astride of which the fanatical votaries of Kali, as the machine spun round, used to lacerate their flesh with nails and hooks. That way madness lay. The horrible orgy of the "Chara Poudja" is now succeeded by an annual "Turn-verein," or exhibition of gymnastic exercises, as harmless as they are wholesome. This benevolent and beneficent substitution of innocent exercise for the sanguinary pranks of the antique "merry-go-rounders" was a device of the "Baboos," of whom, notwithstanding my former disclaimer, I must say thus much, that the inventive ingenuity of their substitution of gymnastics for gore could only be equalled by its practical philanthropy.

A word must be said concerning the "arghilahs," or adjutant birds, which formerly held a much more important position and exercise much more important functions at Calcutta than do the storks in Holland, or even the repulsive "sopilotes," or black turkey-buzzards, at Vera Cruz. Those big, bald-headed, red-eyed, hideous-looking "arghilahs," standing as high as a man, were the scavengers of the City of Palaces, and did their work much more deftly than some of our parochial dust-contractors do at home. The spectacle, however, of the "arghilahs" stalking through the narrow streets, or perched on the parapets of the houses, was not a pleasant one. The "adjutant's" body is of a dirty-white in hue, but his wings are decorated with one black stripe apiece; so that when these wings are folded he appears as though he were walking with his hands behind his back. His shanks are long and skinny, and he wears yellow stockings, as though he were a bluecoat boy. His gravity, his pensive mien, and his bald head have led the native population to vary the "arghilah's" nickname of "adjutant" by another one, "the philosopher." In old Egypt, I dare say, he would have been deified and worshipped. Why not, seeing that the Egyptians worshipped apes, onions, and cheese? There are minor "dust-contractors" in Calcutta in the shape of vultures, buzzards, and carrion-crows; but the "adjutant" used to be "lord of all," from the scavenging point of view.

The population of Calcutta may be estimated at 500,000, including from 7000 to 10,000 Europeans and 500 "Eurasians," the progeny of white fathers and native mothers. The principal streets are wide, well drained, and lined with mansions as splendid as those of Pall-mall, and with shops as commodious and well stocked as those of Regent-street or Piccadilly. Among the natives, I need scarcely tell you, there are multitudinous castes. "Caste," of course, does not exist among the European denizens; but, in lieu thereof, there is a remarkable institution—which you may term, as you please, "clique," "class." These social distinctions comprise five grades:—(1) The civil service, medical officers, and clergy; (2) military and naval officers; (3) merchants, barristers, and unofficial medical practitioners; (4) clerks; (5) European tradesmen. The Eurasians form a distinct society of their own. All Europeans are "Sahibs;" but Europeans who have been received at Government House are "Burra Sahibs"—equivalent to our "gros bonnets," "hochwohlgeborn," "sangre azul," "eccelentissimi ed egregissimi," "heavy," "howling," or "no end of swells." A "Burra Sahib," when he enters a shop, pays a great deal more for the articles he purchases than a "Chotah," or little "Sahib." The Anglo-Hindoo word for "native" is "cad" or "nigger;" and, dear me, humanity is very like humanity all the world over.

On Jan. 3, 1876, the Prince should leave the City of Palaces; and on the 4th or 5th his Royal Highness, having passed through Banhipoor, should arrive at Benares. Behold that picturesque city in the panorama! Benares is built on the sacred waters of the Ganges. The population is about 184,000, one ninth of whom are Brahmins, who derive a very handsome revenue from the contributions of pilgrims. In some of the streets roam large, tame, lazy, if fat oxen dedicated to the Chief Idol of the place, because the Bull "Nandi" carried Siya on his back to the celestial regions.

This flying *Bos* was sent back to earth as a "Bossava," or learned philosopher. Besides the bullocks, the city of Benares swarms with tame monkeys, who have a temple of their own, dedicated to Humaïyoun, and with beggars. Benares is the great mart for shawls from the North, diamonds from the South, and muslins from Dacca and the East. Here, too, are warehouses for and manufactures for native clocks, cotton, silk, and fine woollen fabrics, kincols, or gold and silver embroidered stuffs used by the aristocratic and wealthy natives for wearing apparel; muslins spotted with gold and silver, and lace scarves with golden borders. Here Aurungzebe's tailor and Lalla Rookh's milliner and dressmaker might have dwelt.

On the banks of the river the "Burning Ghâts," where deceased Hindoos are subjected to the process of cremation, are numerous. The shores abound, too, with temples, pagodas, and kiosques, infested by faquirs and religious mendicants performing repulsive penances. It is said that altogether there are a thousand places of Hindoo worship in Benares. The religious edifices of Mohammedanism are likewise numerous. The principal mosque is that of Aurungzebe, erected on the ruins of the ancient Temple of Bisseshwar; while wedged between the houses in the narrow, crooked streets are an infinity of petty shrines, built and endowed by "pious benefactors" deceased. There is a splendid Sanserit College; and I forgot to mention at the commencement of these remarks that Benares is considered by the natives as pre-eminently the "Holy City" of India.

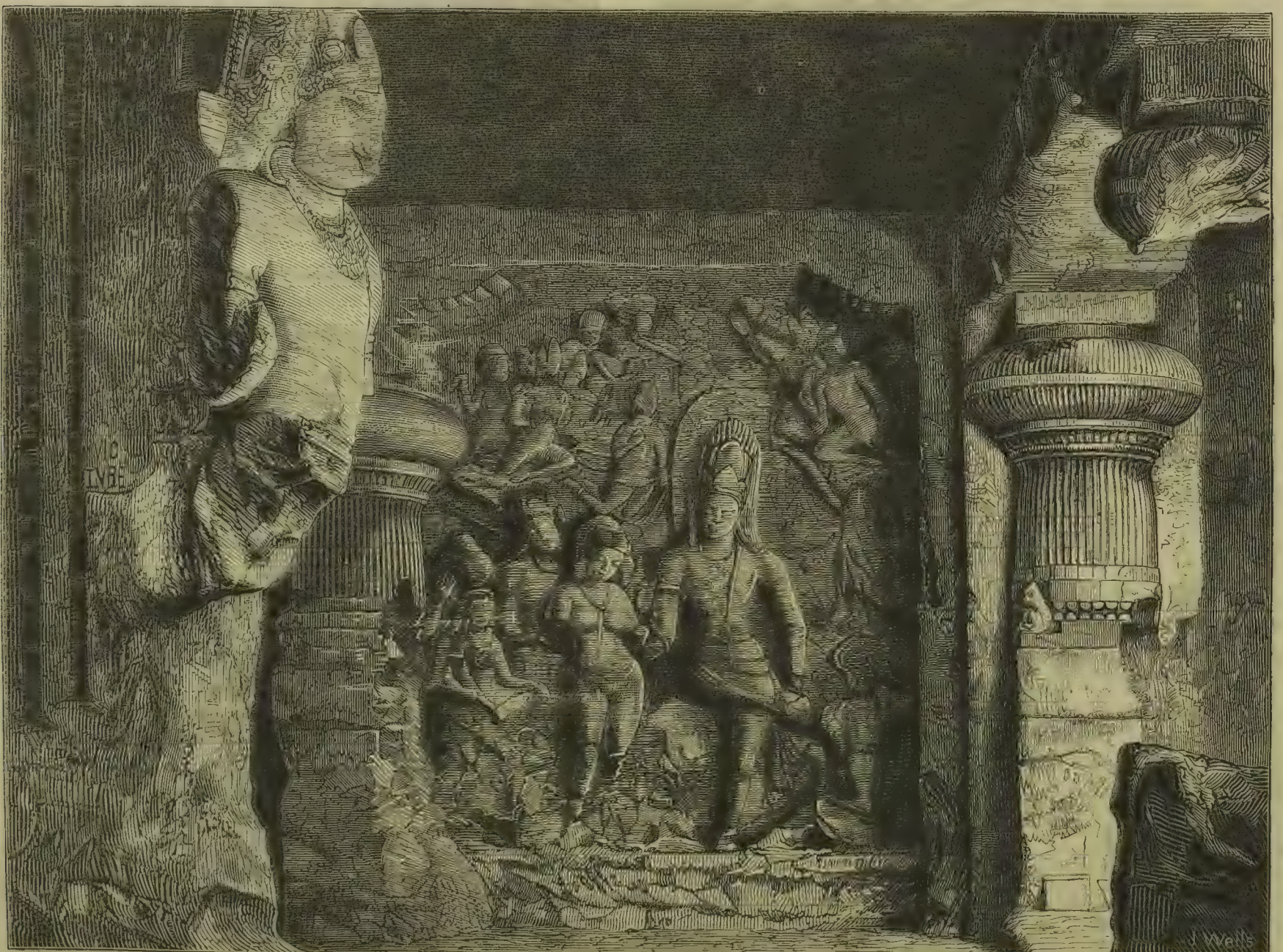
Fyzabad may possibly be visited by the Prince, even if his stay there does not exceed a few hours in duration. Fyzabad is a city of 100,000 inhabitants in the Pachamrat district of Oude. It has manufactures of cloth, brazen vessels, and arms. There is a handsome palace, with gardens laid out in the Persian style. The most recent historical reminiscence connected with Fyzabad lies in the fact that here, after the great mutiny, vast numbers of rebel Sepoys submitted to the Government. Fyzabad was assigned as a residence to the Ranee, widow of the rebel chief Banec Madho (supposed to have been slain in battle), and to his son, daughter, and sister-in-law. It was also the abode of that ineffable miscreant Khan Bahadoor. There is wolf-hunting to be had near Fyzabad. The manner in which the beast is caught is simple enough. A circular pit, twelve feet deep, is dug, and lightly covered over, with a space in the centre large enough to hold the body of a kid, and the whole is surrounded by a bamboo railing to prevent incautious natives from falling in. When a wolf is trapped notice is sent to the Sahibs. These gentlemen mount at once, and the wolf is let loose, to be run down and speared in about half an hour.

But we are getting into the very thickest of Havelock and Colin Clyde's country. Behold Lucknow! On Twelfth Day, 1876, will the Prince arrive at "the City of Timely Relief?" Pictorially considered, there are few Indian cities so charming as Lucknow. Count Edward de Warren used to call it the "Pearl of Oude." The British mouth long watered for this pearl, and at length, on a sufficiently fertile pretext, it was swallowed. Even the bazaars of Lucknow are beauteous. The streets are broad, well kept, and cheerful; and, at their convergences are pretty fountains embosomed in trees. Lucknow claims to be four thousand years old—but what are four thousand years? A mere bagatelle!—and to have anciently borne the name of Lackchanavati, the city of Lachma, son of the divinity Rama. At present the most interesting architectural feature of the city is the enormous palace, or rather the assemblage of palaces, built by the dethroned Kings of Oude. This is known as the Kaiserbagh, a grotesque combination, so it seems, of the German word "Kaiser" (Emperor) with the Hindoo "bagh," or garden. "Shahstadt" or "Khanberg" would be about equally absurd. The Kaiserbagh presents, perhaps, the oddest mixture of jarring architectural styles to be found in the whole world. It is a structural salmagundi. An ornate Italian façade surrounds purely Moorish arcades; and the attic story is a hotchpotch of Gothic and Romanesque, surmounted by a Hindoo pagoda roof hung with bells à la *Chinoise*. The architect of this extraordinary building was the celebrated Corporal Martin, a native of Lyons, in France, who in 1760 was a soldier in the garrison of the French settlement at Chandernagore, near Calcutta, under the command of the gallant and unfortunate Irishman, General Count Lally Tolland.





MOSQUE OF NUTHUR, TRICHINOPOLY.



CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.





LOW CASTE WOMEN, BOMBAY.



MODE OF CARRYING IN INDIA.



Corporal Martin, finding promotion slow, took French leave of Chandernagore. After innumerable adventures, he was made a captain in the army of the King of Oude, and subsequently rose to be Commander-in-Chief, Prime Minister, chief favourite—in fact, the grandest “Burra Sahib” that France had ever produced. In his youth Corporal Martin had been—some say a sign-painter, others say a copper-plate engraver—at all events, he had picked up some scrambling notions of architecture and decoration; and from his bizarre designs not only the Royal Palace but many of the principal public buildings in modern Lucknow were erected. The ex-corporal acquired immense wealth, of which he made excellent use; and thousands of Indian children receive to this day gratuitous education in the schools at Chandernagore, Calcutta, and Lucknow, called after their benevolent founder “La Martinière.” The good corporal also bequeathed a large sum for educational purposes to his native town of Lyons. It is only a pity that he did not make a trip to England at the time of the Regency. He might have given Nash, “prince of architects,” some very valuable hints in the grotesque, which would have enabled him to make the Pavilion at Brighton even more extravagant than it is at present.

The “Relief of Lucknow” will be brought closely to the traveller’s mind by the spectacle of the ruins of the British Residency. There, in a fortified house of three stories, built of brick, Henry Lawrence and his feeble remnant of Europeans held out against the rebel fiends. Then Colin Campbell, victorious, master after a two days’ siege of rebellious Lucknow, delivered the long-beleaguered captives. Beyond the ruins of the Residency—not to be rebuilt, but destined to be left alone in its shattered glory, a monument of heroic endurance and of the timely mercy of Providence—is the Oudian citadel of Matchi-Bhowan, which is entered by a richly-sculptured portal known as the “Roumi-Darwazi,” or Gate of Constantinople. Yet another, and perhaps the “most, wonderful wonder” of Lucknow is the great palace of the Iambara, with its tremendous lines of terraces, broken by turrets hung with thousands of bells. It dates from the seventeenth century, and was built under the auspices of an Oudian Sovereign called Asaf-oud-Dowlah. This Prince, wishing to erect a pile the like of which had never been seen before, invited the architects of all Hindostan to compete for the sumptuous prize which he offered for the best design.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree.

It was the Hindoo architect Kai fiatoullah who won the prize, and built the “pleasure-dome,” the terraces, and the turrets. I am glad to say that I can find no mention in Lucknow chronicles of Asaf-oud-Dowlah’s having caused Kai fiatoullah’s head to be cut off when he had finished his work. Architects, in all times, have habitually been infamously treated.

I find Jan. 10 marked in an official programme, which may or may not be adhered to; and against this January day I find the name CAWNPORE. That ill-omened place needs no line of description on my part. Its memories are too recent and too dreadful to dwell upon. The manes of “the great company of Christian people,” whose bones are mouldering at the bottom of that Well, are yet unavenged; for the monstrous Nana, they say, yet infests the world, unscourged, unburnt, unhung. No more of Cawnpore. Its very name now seems to smell of the shambles.

But away to Delhi, the vast, the glorious, the superb; and the Prince, so the programme puts it, should abide at Delhi full seven days. One must needs, so far as space will allow—and shutter after shutter of my “Iron Shroud” continues to collapse—have a great deal to say concerning Delhi. Thus much, at least. The name of the city glows with incomparable lustre in the history of Hindostan, since here were concentrated all the splendours, all the *fasti* of the wonderful land. There is but one ancient city in the world that can dispute possession of the palm of historical interest with Delhi, and that city is Constantinople. Delhi is a still further Rome. It was built by foreign invaders of India; and, by a curious interpretation of international law, our countrymen maintain that Delhi, having always been held by conquest, they became not only *de facto* but *de jure* its masters so soon as the British standard floated on its oft-besieged ramparts. But we have got it now, it is to be hoped, for good and all.

Devoting a few lines to bare facts and dry statistics, I may mention that Delhi forms a British district within the limits of the lieutenant-governorship of the North-Western Provinces. Its population may be a little underestimated at 500,000 or over-estimated at 550,000, Europeans, Hindoos, and Mohammedans. But another 150,000 must be added to the census if the population of the suburbs be combined with that of the city proper. The approach to Delhi from the direction of Agra is exceptionally striking, owing to the innumerable ruinous monuments of ancient grandeur and prosperity which line the route. The tourist is at once, and forcibly, reminded of the Appian Way. “Everywhere throughout the plain rise shapeless, shattered obelisks, the relics of ponderous Pathan architecture, their bases being buried under smaller fragments bearing a dismal growth of thorns and spinous shrubs.” Everywhere one treads on walls overthrown and columns broken. Brick mosaics mark the ground-plans of the demolished dwellings of the poor. Among the relics of remote ages may be occasionally discerned monuments of a light and elegant style of architecture, embellished with brilliant colours, gilded domes, and minarets encased in enamelled tiles. These surprising masses of ruins are the relics of the far antique city which extended, so the antiquaries say, for thirty miles along the banks of the Jumna. Thirty miles of city! The figures are enough to take one’s breath away. The existing Delhi was founded by Shah Jehan, in 1631. There are seven gates to the city—the Lahore gate, the Turkoman, the Caubul or Agra, the Ajmere, the Delhi, the Moer or Mohur, and the Gate of Cashmere. The last is a gate of Fame. It is the portal by which the British besiegers entered the city during the mutiny; and the Cashmere Gate was blown open by four sergeants of the British Army, led by a young commissioned officer. Each sergeant carried a sack of powder on his back; and to reach the glacis they had to cross a wide plain raked by the fire of the enemy. And it was a *feu d’enfer*. What has become of these four brave men, I wonder? Are Sergeant Ajax, Serjeant Achilles, Sergeant Agamemnon, Sergeant Ulysses, yet alive?

The streets of Delhi are for the most part narrow; but the main thoroughfare, the “Chandni Chauk,” which runs north and south from the gate of the palace to the Delhi gate of the city, is three-quarters of a mile long, fifty yards wide, and is full of handsome shops. It is a remarkably clean street, a small raised watercourse in a channel of red stone flowing along the middle of the roadway. In the Chadni Chauk is situated the Imperial Palace, qualified by Bishop Heber as one of the noblest kingly residences he had ever beheld—“Far surpassing the Kremlin, and inferior only to Windsor.” Memorandum: there is now a service of omnibuses attached to the Delhi railway terminus.

First among the monuments of the Imperial city must be noted the immense Mohammedan mosque or Jamma Masjid, a colossal edifice, built of dark red “gres,” surrounding a marble-paved court, with a large fountain in the centre for the ablutions of the faithful. There are three domes of white marble with black stripes; and the whole façade is flanked by two superb minarets, of alternate bands of white and rose tinted marble, rising to a height of 120 ft. above the terrace on which the Jamma Masjid is built. Regarding the interior of the mosque, it is sufficient to quote the opinion of an incontrovertible architectural authority, Mr. Fergusson: that it is “the masterpiece of Indo-Mussulman religious constructions.” Until the events of 1857 had been accomplished, no Christian, under any circumstances whatsoever, was permitted to enter this fane; but the “Burra Sahib” does what he likes now in Delhi; and mosques and Hindoo temples are alike liable to be profaned (as the heathens think) by his domineering footsteps. The mollahs or priests attached to the mosque will even exhibit to Europeans certain relics of peculiar Mohammedan sanctity which are in their keeping. For a “tip” of a rupee they will unlock a little tabernacle nestling in a dark corner, and produce therefrom a slender tube of silver, containing what irreverent travellers have declared to resemble very closely a pig’s bristle, but which the mollahs declare to be a genuine hair from the beard of the Prophet Mohammed. This relic is the pride and glory of Delhi, since only three other cities of Islam—Medina, Cairo, and Constantinople—can boast of the possession of a similar trophy. At Delhi the fragment of a sandal, a camel’s



hair from a *burnous*, and a leathern belt, all said to have formed part of the Prophet's apparel, are also shown; but where, I wonder, is the mutton-bone—a shoulder-blade, if I remember aright—on which Mohammed wrote so many chapters of the Koran? His green pantaloons were formerly the palladium of the Janissaries of Stamboul; and the prophetic galligaskins, floating from a pole, were often used as a standard of revolt by the turbulent Praetorians so conveniently annihilated by the Sultan Mahmoud. Well, relics are relics. I have seen the shrine of the Three Kings of Cologne, and Napoleon's sword and cocked hat in the crypt at the Invalides, and I have heard that the wig of John Wesley has been held in much veneration by simple-minded folk of a Wesleyan way of thinking.

As regards the "Palace of the Padichahs," the "Citadel of the Great Moguls," the Oriental glories of its interior are gone, not to return. The old French traveller, Tavernier, who had been by trade a goldsmith and had a keen eye for rich and rare things, has left a description of the Palace at Delhi in the seventeenth century, which reads wellnigh like a fairy-tale. It is a glittering mosaic of mail-clad warriors and courtiers shining in gold and silver "kincobs;" it is a dazzling tumult of carved and embroidered palanquins, gorgeously-caparisoned horses, sable slaves bearing parasols of velvet and gold or fans of peacocks' feathers; it is a kaleidoscope of golden thrones, jewelled necklaces, carpets from Arabia and Persia, spangled muslins, ivory carvings, and curtains of silken textures. The air is redolent with exquisite odours; the clash of silver cymbals, the blare of golden trumpets, break on the ear. Scimitars flash, banners wave, elephants wag their trunks; and the head of somebody who has offended the Great Mogul is cut off every five minutes from sunrise to sunset. Thus Tavernier, thus Bernier—very old French travellers indeed. Yet, listen to another French traveller, M. Louis Rousselet, who explored the penetralia of the palace at Delhi scarce five years since. "English soldiers, wearing grotesque wicker-work helmets and loose white jerkins, like the jackets of scullions (*marmitons*), plodded through the vast courtyard, or sat on benches before the guardhouse at the palace gate. Rudely did they awaken, with their guttural voices, the echoes of the ogival domes." The Palace of the Great Moguls has become a huge barrack. Well, Monsieur Rousselet; and Versailles? Palaces, prisons, yea, even the *pauperum tabernæ* are subject to the immutable laws of Mutability. Tavernier says that, as a practical goldsmith, he estimated the value of the gilt ceiling in the grand saloon of the Moguls at 27,000,000 f.: say £1,080,000. This was the saloon which contained the renowned "Peacock Throne," which, when the old traveller saw it, was of massive gold, two yards long by a yard and a half in breadth, and two feet in height. The back was formed by an immense plate of gold, emblazoned with exquisite enamels, simulative of the outspread tail of a peacock.

This chef-d'œuvre of cunning workmanship was executed by a French goldsmith, "Austin of Bordeaux," who was for many years in the employment of Shah Jehan. The "peacock throne," unfortunately, did not form part of the British "loot" when we felt it to be our duty to stamp out the last remnants of the Mogul dynasty. The throne and its appurtenances of pearls and enamels had already been "looted," so early as the year 1739, by that very hungry invader from Persia, Nadir Shah.

On the doors of one of the apartments in the palace you have heard, I dare say, that there is carved this complacent inscription—"If there be a paradise on earth, it is here, it is here!" An inscription almost identical adorns the walls of one of the saloons in the Alhambra at Granada. Vanity of Vanities! The Moorish Caliphs in Spain and the Moslem Soldans of Hindostan enjoyed their "earthly paradises" at Granada and at Delhi; but, for all that, their descendants came to a deplorably bad end.

Although under British rule Delhi has lost its imperial state, has been deprived of its title of capital, and is now, politically, only a dependency of the government of the North-Western Provinces, the Hindoos continue secretly to regard it as the metropolis of Hindostan. It is still the great "financial centre" of Asia; and its native bankers do business with regions so remote as Muscat, Cabul, Loh, and Yarkand—that is to say, with Arabia, Afghanistan, Thibet, and Turkestan. The dense crowd which, at

all hours of the day, throngs the Chandni Chauk is worthy of the most attentive study; and it has been remarked by close observers that the inhabitants of Delhi, both Moslems and Hindoos, are distinguished above all other natives of India by the elegance of their costume, the scrupulous care they bestow upon their toilettes, and the suavity and refinement of their manners. The Tiger, indeed, has been, by centuries of the polite influence of the Mogul Court, groomed and currycombed until his stripes glisten like black satin bars upon a field of yellow velvet. His eyes are rubies, and his claws of the purest ivory. He is, nevertheless, a Tiger, *pur et simple*; and were not the British Van Amburg, with any number of red-hot poker, knuckle-dusters, and scorpion-whips in his pocket, continually keeping an eye upon him, the elegant, refined citizen of Delhi would very speedily reassert his tigerish nature and strive to rend all and sundry in his old fiendish fashion. Tigers cannot change their brindles any more than leopards can change their spots.

The ladies of Delhi are said to be lovely; and it is to be hoped that their beauty is not merely skin-deep, and that, unlike their occultly ferocious lords, they have "the heart that can feel for another." A few grave "Mirzas" may yet be seen stalking through the city in flowing robes and birettas of golden stuff, almost as tall as archiepiscopal mitres. Their steps are solemn and slow. Their eyes are downcast, and their whole mien is full of melancholy resignation. The title of "Mirza" is bestowed on all members of the family of the dethroned Moguls; but the few who have been since the Mutiny permitted to reside at Delhi are very distant kinsmen of the Imperial line. Some of the "Mirzas" were faithful to us during the rebellion, and, as a reward, the Government has confirmed them in the possession of their hereditary fiefs.

Observe the mosque of the Souna Masjid, with its domes and minarets overlaid with golden plates. This mosque is replete with sanguinary memories. From the summit of one of its minarets Nadir Shah, in 1739, watched, like another Nero, the destruction of the unhappy city, which he had given up to pillage and to the flames. Bestow a glance likewise—a rapid glance, for we have but a very short time now to linger in Delhi—on the mosque and the mausoleum of the Emperor Houmayoun. Take notice, likewise, of the ruins of the Jantar Mantar, the once famous astronomical observatory, founded by Jey Sing, King of Jeypore. Scan at the western extremity of the plain of Delhi the colossal column of triumph erected by the Moslem conqueror, Koutab-Ouidin-Eibeg, to commemorate his conquest of the Hindoo capital. Near this is the exquisite archway known as "the Gate of Aladdin," built so far back as A.D. 1310 by the Sultan Alaouidin. Gaze, finally, on the wondrously sculptured sepulchre of Altamsch, and you will be fain to acknowledge (so they tell me) that, in comparison with the monuments of the Koutab at Delhi, the Alhambra is but a cabin and the Alcazar a hovel. In the mosque of Koutab there is a pillar of hammered iron of the height, including the portion of the shaft sunk beneath the pavement, of forty-five feet. This column weighs, they say, seventeen thousand pounds, and tradition declares it to have been forged in the fourth century of our era, at an epoch when half the nations of the earth had ignored or had forgotten the simple art of extracting iron from the ore. The culminating wonders of the Mosque of Koutab must be sought for in the enchanting arcades of columns forming the cloisters of Pirthi-Raj. Another ancient Delhi—the crafty city seems to have had, and to have shed, as many skins as a serpent—is to be found in the ruins of Toglackabad, the city of Shah Toglaç, about four miles from Koutab, on the banks of the Jumna. It is a place of tombs; and, like the sepulchres of fallen greatness epitomised by Jeremy Taylor, is "given up to be an habitation of bats and dragons." Figurative dragons, of course.

#### INDIAN MOHAMMEDANISM.

On the principle adopted by Professor Becker, who varies the continuity of the narrative in his "Gallus" and "Charides" by an occasional "excursus" relating to manners and customs, I have set down a few notes concerning the domesticity of Indian Mohammedanism which I have gathered from the curious work called "Ayeen Akbery," the Institutes of the Emperor Akber,





THE SOUNDER REARED



THE GAME-KILLING TIGER.



THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SPEAR.



THE DEATH OF A CATTLE-LIFTER.





LORD NAPIER.



INDIAN BIRD-CATCHER.



written in Persian, in the sixteenth century, by the Emperor's Vizier, and translated into English by Mr. Francis Gladwin, an Indian civil servant of the time of Warren Hastings.

The Emperor Jiladdeen Mohamed Akber was the sixth of descent from Timour, otherwise called Tamerlane. Akber was born at Amerkole, A.D. 1543. He reigned forty-nine years, eight months, and one day; and his body lies interred in the magnificent mausoleum of Secundra.

Long before I had procured the "Ayeen Akbery" of Abul Fazul Mobarek, my notions of the Emperor Akber were restricted to a vague vision of splendour after the "Arabian Nights" or "Lalla Rookh" pattern. I read that "the Court of Akber was the most gorgeous that had ever been seen in India;" that "his hunting establishment is said to have consisted of five thousand elephants, and double that number of horses;" and that, "when he marched in person he was surrounded by an equipage that enabled him to surround himself, even in a desert, with all the pomp and luxuries of his Imperial palaces. Wherever the army encamped, a vast space was inclosed by screens of red canvas, ornamented with gilt globes and spires forming a wall, within which were erected a vast number of sumptuous pavilions elegantly furnished, some of which were used as rooms of state, some as banqueting-halls, others for retirement or repose. The Emperor's own tent was hung with velvet embroidered with pearls, the carpets of silk and gold and silver tissue. "At the upper end was placed the throne, on which Akber sat to receive the homage of the nobles, who were presented with jewels, horses, elephants, and other gifts, according to the rank." Mark this passage, for there will be much giving and taking of rich gifts at the Prince's durbars. "But the most extraordinary display, both of the wealth and of the munificence of the Emperor, was made on his causing himself to be weighed in golden scales three times—the first counterbalance was of gold *mohurs*, the second of silver *dirhems*, and the third of perfumes, all of which were distributed among the spectators who crowded the plain. He also threw, in sport, among the courtiers showers of gold and silver nuts, for which not even the gravest of the ministers were too dignified to scramble, (one might almost fancy that this was an excerpt from the "Voyage to Liliput"); and the nuts were worn as favours for the rest of the day. Nobody would condescend to scramble for gold and silver nuts, either at Princely Durbars or Directorial Boards nowadays.

Does not this description bring rose-water, as it were, to your mouth? Surely some dim remembrance of Akber's glory must have been floating in the mind of Mr. Tennyson, when he wrote—

With dazed vision unawares  
From the long alley's latticed shade  
Emerged I came upon the great  
Pavilion of the Caliphate.  
Right to the carven cedars doors,  
Hung inward over spangled floors,  
Broad bared flights of marble stairs  
Ran up with golden balustrade,  
After the fashion of the time  
And humour of the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The harem of the Emperor Akber was of sufficient extent to afford a separate apartment for every one of the five thousand ladies comprising the domesticity of the Sovereign. The ladies were divided into companies, over each of which was placed a kind of matron or duenna called a Darogha, and to each individual was assigned a proper employment, "in order that the affairs of the harem might be conducted with the same regularity and good government as the other departments of the State. Each lady received a salary "equal to her merits;" but those merits were estimated by the Imperial treasurer, and not by the Sultanas themselves—an unjust proceeding, if you will; yet otherwise the magnificent Emperor Akber might very speedily have found himself "in liquidation." As things went, the fair ones seem to have received stipends varying between sixteen hundred to forty rupees a month. "Whenever any of this multitude of women," observes the still ungallant Vizier, "want anything they apply to the treasurer of the harem, who, according to their monthly stipend, sends a memorandum thereof to the Mustruff or steward at the great gate of the palace, who transmits it to the Imperial treasurer, who pays the money." When Begums, or wives of Omrahs, or other

"ladies of high character" came to pay their compliments they first signified their desires to those who waited on the outside of the harem, and from thence their request was transmitted in writing to the officers of the palace, after which they were allowed to enter the Seraglio. "And some women of rank remain there for the space of a month." This must have been what English schoolgirls call "stopping a long day" with a vengeance.

When the ladies of the harem travelled they encamped at night in an inclosure called a "Goolalbar" (the invention of his Majesty) secured by locks and keys. In the midst of this "Goolalbar" were twenty-four "Chowter Rowties," or pavilions separated from each other by "kenauts" or screens, and here the ladies slept, guarded on the outside by the "Ourdubeggean" (I am not responsible for the orthography), who were Calmuck women, presumably strong-minded and strong-armed, and who formed an A, or rather B, division of female police, whose special duty it was to look after the Sultanas. The entire camp equipage of the harem employed a land transport corps of 100 elephants, 500 camels, 400 carts, and 1000 drivers, escorted by 500 cavalry. The magnitude of these *impedimenta* recalls the story of Indian warfare in the old days of "Koompanee Schan." "Why didn't you charge?" asked a King's officer of a company's officer who was describing one of the most critical phases of a battle in which he had been engaged. "Because we were very thirsty, and the soda-water camels hadn't come up," replied the gallant warrior of the H. E. I. C. S. The story is, of course, apocryphal; but it shows to what an extent all military movements in India must be dependent on baggage transport.

Memorandum: Akber's palace was illuminated, both within and without, by flambeaux fixed upon poles with iron prongs. For each torch one seer and a half of oil and half a seer of rags. In other places grease (tallow?) was burnt; but in the palace oil alone was used. The Emperor's own private apartment was lit by twelve camphor candles in gold and silver candlesticks. They were brought into the presence at "one ghurry after sunset," when a singer of sweet melodies, taking up one of the candles, sings a variety of delightful airs, and concludes by invoking blessings on his Majesty's head.

Akber ate only once in the course of twenty-four hours, "and he always left off with an appetite." There was no fixed time for his solitary meal; but the servants always had things in readiness, and within an hour of an order being given one hundred dishes would be served up. "In the harem," pursues that desperate misogynist Abul-Fazil, "this eating and drinking was going on from morning till night." At the head of the *service de bouche* was the "Meer Bekawel," or Master Taster, who has many assistants. It was their duty to taste every dish sent from the kitchen; then the Meer Bekawel tasted the *mets*; and after this manifold guarantee of safety the Emperor addressed himself to his dinner.

The Ayeen Akbery contains many more curious regulations concerning the kitchen. There were "cooks of every nation." At the beginning of every quarter the Dewan of the offices and that vicariously devoted functionary the Meer Bekawel collected together whatever they thought might be required for the service of the kitchen. The rice of the kind called "Sukdoss" came from Baranteh; "Dhowzorah," from Gwalior; "Khenjen" from Rajowry; "Nimlahzurd" and oil from Hissar; geese and other waterfowl from Cashmere. The Imperial cooks fattened the sheep and poultry, and the meat was sent to the kitchen in sacks sealed by the purveyors. Let us not be too hasty in assuming this to have been a barbarous precaution. I think that, even in this age of enlightenment and integrity, I have heard in London of dairymen who send out milk in locked-up cans to their customers. Again, a strong guard was appointed to watch over Akber's kitchen-gardens. "Thus," remarks the sagacious Vizier, "there was always an abundant supply of greens." "Ordinary people" were not permitted to enter the kitchen—that is to say, the rule of "no followers allowed" was strictly enforced, and no one was employed as a servant who could not give security for his good behaviour. The dishes for the Royal table were of gold, silver, stone (earthenware?), and porcelain. During the time of cooking an awning was spread over the top of the kitchen. The cooks turned up their sleeves



and the skirts of their garments, and hold one hand before their mouths and nostrils. Before the Emperor began to eat "the portion of the Dervishes" was set aside; and then his Majesty began his dinner, usually with milk or curds.

In the Imperial *cuisine* three kinds of cookery were "preferred." First, there was the "Sufyanch," or cookery without flesh; next came a meat *régime*, with rice; and finally meat, with greens and other vegetables. In the non-flesh-eating department a favourite dish was "Zerdberini," composed of rice, sugar-candy, ghee (liquefied butter), "kilmishes," almonds, pistachio nuts, salt, ginger, "miskals" of cinnamon, and "half a dram of saffron." "Khuskee" (compare the Moorish "Couscoussou") was made of ten kinds of rice, seasoned with salt. "Khitcherry" was rice mixed with split peas and soaked with ghee. "Chickhee" was a paste of wheaten flour, served with ghee, onions, cloves, cardamums, coriander-seeds, green ginger, whole pepper, and asa-foetida. "Sawg" was spinach boiled with other greens—"the most natural dish," observes the Vizier, that can be cooked. In the flesh and rice series "Kabouly" was meat dressed with ghee, onions, cummin-seed, and almonds. "Kheemah Palow"—evidently twin-brother to the Turkish pilaf—was made of meat and rice. "Boghra" seems to have been akin to the Spanish *puchero*, or rather to the more comprehensive *olla*—comprising, as it did, meat, flour, ghee, "nakhud," vinegar, sugar-candy, onions, carrots, beetroots, turnips, fennel, ginger, saffron, cloves, and peppers: truly, a dainty dish to set before a king. Then there were the compounds of flesh and "pounded wheat"—equivalent, I should say, to the Italian polenta and the American hominy—such as "Horecsah," "Keshek," and "Nutab," which the natives of Hindostan call "Sembusch." In the third kind of cookery were conspicuous the Boryand Droost Gospund, which appears to be a sort of Oriental *Sauce Robert*; "yulmeh"—a goat scalded in water till the hair came off; but a kid or lamb was considered preferable—and "meseramen." This was rather a complicated dish: all the bones of a fowl were taken out through its neck, leaving the bird itself entire. Then it was stuffed with forcemeat, with eggs and ghee, and served up with rich spices. The dish entitled "dumpokt" seems to have had a great deal too much pepper in it; and "mulgorah" was meat "soused" with curded milk, and accommodated with ginger and "half a dram of cloves."

With the bread baked in the oven there was mingled the universal ghee. Other unleavened bread was baked on iron plates, like the ancient Scottish griddle-cakes; and a third kind of bread, called "chepaty"—"chupatties" (name of ill omen) were made of "ekushkeh." The Emperor Akber had a great disinclination for flesh, and was accustomed to say "Providence has bestowed a variety of food on man; but, through ignorance and gluttony, he destroys living creatures and makes of his own body a sepulchre for beasts. If I were not a King, I would leave off eating flesh at once; and now it is my intention to quit the practice by degrees." First he abstained from eating meat on Fridays; then on Sundays; then on the first day of every solar month, and on the days of the eclipses of the sun and moon; subsequently on every day between two Susyanehs, on the Mondays in the month Rejeb; on the festival of the month Teer, and all through the month in which his Majesty was born, which was Aban (October). To equalise things he also gave up to vegetarianism the entire month Fowirdeen (March). Afterwards his Majesty ordered that the "Susyanehs," or compulsory days of abstinence from flesh should last for as many days as his Majesty was years old. Thus his faithful subjects were inflicted every year with an additional "banyan" day. These whimsical enactments naturally remind the student of La Fontaine of the droll story of "Le Calendrier des Vieillards;" but Akber, a few little eccentricities apart, must have been a very sensible Sovereign. He laid down the strict rule that all water required for the service of the kitchen should be allowed to settle before it was used, and that the copper utensils for his Majesty's use should be tinned once a fortnight, and those for the princes and harem once a month. "When a copper pan," adds his Majesty, "is old, let the braziers be sent for, not to mend the old, but to make a new one." These sage directions might be with perfect propriety appended to the newest edition of Francatelli or Miss Acton.

And so I leave the housekeeping affairs of his Majesty Jilaled-

deen Mahomed Akber. To quondam residents in the East such details may present little novelty and less interest. They may have known all about "Kheemah Palow," "Hulum," or "Beryan Droost Gospund" before I was born; but there may be members of the Prince's following who have never yet touched Hindostan, who, in the course of the next few months, may be invited to dine with Indian Rajahs; and it would be both curious and edifying to learn from their experiences whether any of the dishes I have mentioned still linger in the Indian cuisine. I note that in the Vizier's notices of his Imperial master's culinary department nothing whatever is said about curry—under that specific name, at least; and in all cases it must be borne in mind that the cookery alluded to is Mohammedan, and not Hindoo.

#### AGRA AND OTHER NOTABLE PLACES.

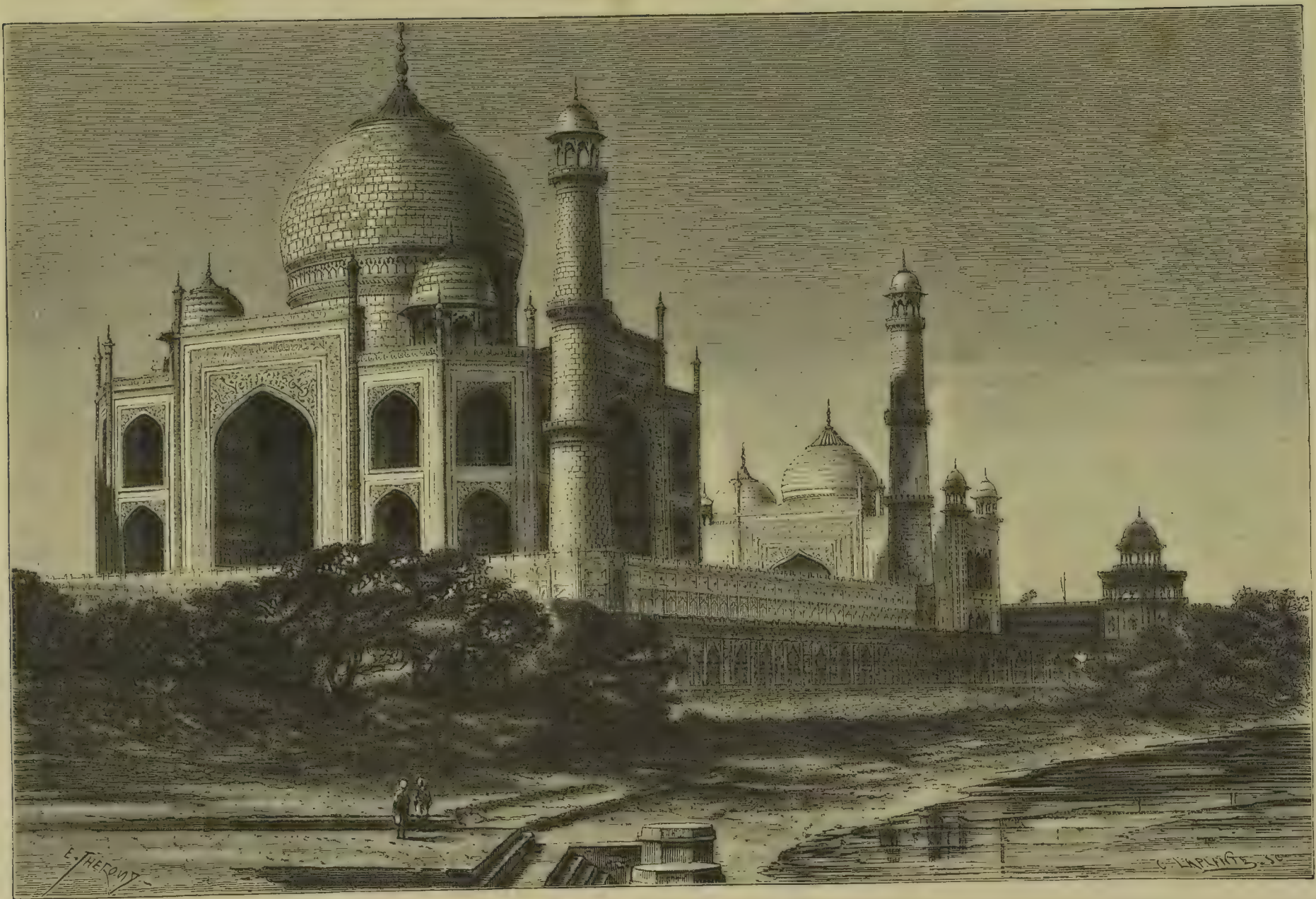
And now, "Whither away?" the Lecturer's hearers, or rather readers, may inquire. Where do we go now? Were I to answer, like the clownish fellow in Plutarch, when the soldiers of the night-watch met him, "Does anybody know where he is going?" you might think me guilty of impertinence. That, indeed, is what the captain of the guard in the old apophthegm thought of the reply of the clown; so he ordered the soldiers to put manacles upon him and "run him in;" whereat quoth the mother-witted civilian, "Did I know that I was going to prison?"

I must throw myself on the programme; again humbly reminding you that the *feuille de route* in question has been officially disavowed, and that, in all probability, no definite programme at all will be fixed upon until the Prince is well landed on Indian shores. Still, I cannot, I think, be very far out of my latitude in assuming that the Prince will spend several days at a place so important, so sumptuous, and so interesting as Agra. As well might one visit Russia without going to Moscow. Calcutta is the Petersburg of India; the Kremlin is at Delhi; Agra is its Kief; and Lahore its Nijni Novgorod.

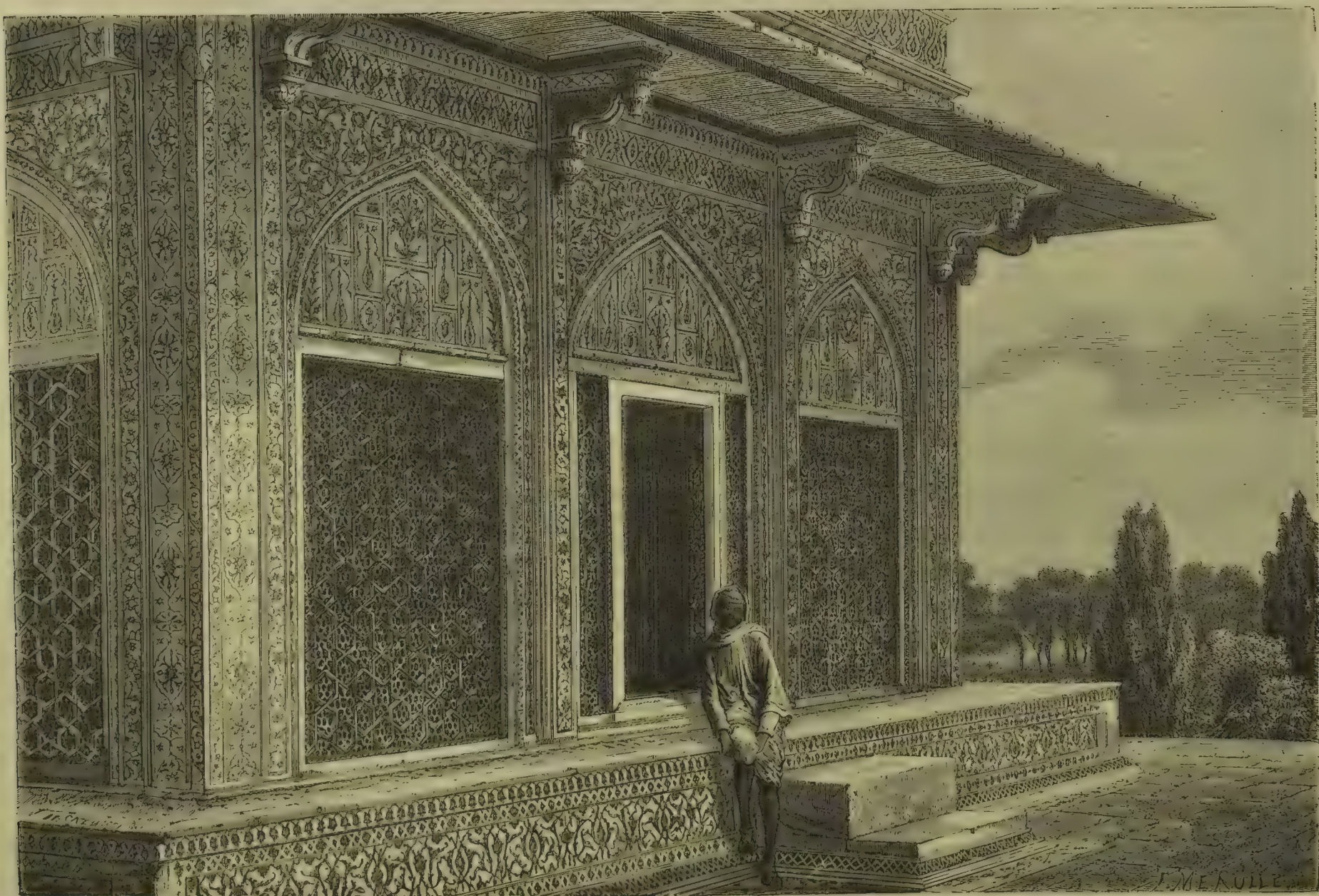
Say that on Jan. 21 his Royal Highness will be at Umritsur. What can I tell you concerning Umritsur? Little that you would care to know save that the Prince may halt there for a few hours before arriving at Lahore. It may first be noted, *en passant*, that Umritsur, or Amritsir, is the "holy city" of the Sikhs. There, in the centre of the beautiful "Gate of Immortality," the Amrita-Sara, stands the superb basilica of marble and gold which the "Gooroo" Ram Das constructed in the seventeenth century out of the money he had collected by begging, in a pious manner, through the Punjab. But I fancy that when the Gooroo came to build his cathedral the masons and bricklayers were content to receive something less than six shillings a day, and that the superintending architect waived his customary claim for five per cent as commission.

We must hurry on to Lahore, a city in the territory of the Punjab. It is an important military station, and the native population is estimated at 150,000. It is surrounded by a brick wall which, in the time of Runjeet Singh, was twenty-three feet high. There are numerous mosques and Hindoo temples, many of which were long ago deliberately desecrated by that athletic but unpolite people, the Sikhs, who killed pigs in the sanctified shrines and stabled their horses in the sanctuaries. Have I not heard of the same kind of thing being done in English cathedrals during the Civil Wars? Were Cromwell and Ireton Sikhs? Three miles west of Lahore is the splendid mausoleum of the Mogul Emperor Jehanghir, which, curiously enough, was converted, in Runjeet's time, into a dwelling-house by General Amise, one of the French officers in his service, but who died shortly after he had put the vast sepulchre in habitable repair. The tomb, you understand, had been, according to Hindoo notions, profaned; and sacrilege in India is often punished with death by an unseen Vehmgericht of Hindoo or Mohammedan organisation. I wonder whether General Amise had any diamond-dust administered to him in his coffee a few mornings prior to his decease? Another memorable tomb is that of Anarkulli, a young noble who, as local scandal reports, was buried alive and carefully bricked up by Runjeet for having dared to smile at one of the ladies of the Imperial zenana. The repentant, or in greater probability the cynically malicious, Prince caused a very beautiful funereal sarchophagus to be erected over the dreadful grave in which the unhappy





GENERAL VIEW OF THE TAJ MAHAL AT AGRA, INDIA.



UPPER KIOSK OF THE MAUSOLEUM OF ETMAD-DOWLAH AT AGRA, INDIA.





CEYLON BOATS AT GALLE.



Anarkulli had been immured. This sad story should be a warning to all young gentlemen addicted to indulging in "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" in the presence of the fair sex. The most shocking things may happen to them if they are detected. Truly, in England a smile is not sacrilege, nor has a wink yet become high treason; but a fate worse than interment alive may be the lot of injudicious smilers. They may be speared to the heart by Cupid, and hung in chains by Hymen at St. George's, Hanover-square.

The garden of Shah Jehan, otherwise "Shalimar," or "the Hours of Joy," was the *villeggiatura* whither that superb despot was wont to repair "to spend a happy day." Even Great Moguls may enjoy their Roshervilles. The Shalimar is now diminished in extent, wobegone, and mean; but it was once a sparkling *bijou* of Asiatic luxury. On its three terraces were formerly no less than 450 fountains; but the beautiful marble basins into which the jets of water fell were either wantonly defaced by the ruthless Runjeet, or were carried away to adorn his palace at Umritsir, whither he had moved his Court from Lahore. Fortunately, the race of Runjeet Singhs is not a very increasing one. It was at Lahore that, in February, 1860, Lord Canning, Governor-General of India, held a grand Durbar, at which the Rajah of Kapoorthulla, the Sikh Sirdars, and many other native magnates were received. Numerous Durbars, even grander than this, will probably be held by the Prince; and as the term has been frequently used in the course of the present paper, it may not be amiss if I jot down a few notes regarding Durbars in general. Here is a sketch of a "*funcion*" of the kind held by a native Prince. A master of the ceremonies waits on the distinguished Sahib who is to be presented to the particular Rajah or other indigenous potentate who is to hold the Durbar. The Sahib is conducted in a carriage, in a palanquin, or upon an elephant to the palace gate, where the guard present arms to him. These dusky warriors are frequently attired in the queerest imitations of European uniforms. One native Prince had a regiment dressed like Scottish Highlanders; another rejoiced in a Household Brigade arrayed after the fashion of the Cent Gardes of Napoleon III. Passing through a labyrinth of court-yards, corridors, and ante-chambers, the Sahib enters at length the Royal or princely Reception Saloon. The apartment preceding this is literally carpeted with the slippers of the native chiefs and courtiers, whom etiquette requires to enter unshod the presence of their suzerain. The Sahib is permitted to retain his boots; but a refinement of politeness may prompt him, perchance, at least to wait on native Greatness in patent leathers. Then a "Tchoubdar," or usher officiating as Gold Stick, and bearing a gilded wand, clears a passage through the crowd for the Sahib, who, with commendable loftiness, passes between two closely serried ranks of officials, soldiers, courtiers, and "people who want something," into the Presence. His proximity to the throne is announced by the customary "Majarah! Salaam!" Royalty or "Rajahlty" rises; makes a few steps towards the visitor; and, should he be a very distinguished Sahib indeed, invites him to take his seat even on the dais by the side of the throne. The throne itself is only a long divan, on which the Prince and his favourite guests alike take their place. Thus in an English court of law, when an illustrious stranger enters to whom the presiding Judge is anxious to do honour, the usher signifies to the stranger his Lordship's wish that he will be so good as to "take a seat on the bench." And thereupon he takes his seat, ordinarily looking half-ashamed and half-terrified, both at the aspect of the Judge who has exalted him and the attitude of the spectators in front, who stare at him either with envious, with admiring, or with mocking eyes. To "sit on the bench" in an English court of justice is only one degree less trying than it is (so I have heard) to stand in the dock; but no timidity need perturb a "Burra Sahib" at the Court of an Eastern potentate. Is he not a white man? Is he not the greatest man there? A corporal of the British grenadiers would be the greatest man if, besides himself, only Asiatics were present at the Durbar. Is he not monarch of all he surveys? Who is there to make him afraid? The Sahib and the potentate are the only personages seated at the Durbar; unless, indeed, a hard and humble wooden stool may have been conceded to the Commander-in-Chief of his Highness's armies, in consideration

of his, the commander's, great age and brilliant services. Smoking the hookah or "hubble-bubble" may form part of the ceremonial of the Durbar; and the interchange of rare and costly presents may be considered as an integral feature in an Oriental "drawing-room." Of course, the Prince takes with him to Hindostan a choice assortment of splendid works of art to be presented as gifts to native Princes and Chieftains; and his Royal Highness will probably be presented with equally magnificent cadeaux in return. Further on this subject it would be obviously premature to dilate.

From Lahore it is possible that the Prince may proceed by railway to Wuzerabad, and, passing the important military station of Sealkote, travel some sixty miles to Jummoo, where, if the programme I have so often dubiously quoted is a veracious soothsayer, his Royal Highness should arrive by Jan. 25. Are you acquainted "down at Jummoo." I confess that, until quite recently, I knew no more of Jummoo than I know, now, of Jugsingpoora, or of Jumuakandee: but a magician has lent me his carpet; I have travelled many thousands of miles in the company of an imaginary Puck; and, as things go, I can see Jummoo pretty plainly in my mind's eye. But, although I could fill a page with gathered historical reminiscences, graphic notes—especially as regards the "nauteches" and the "nautchni" or "bayaderes" of the place—I halt on the very threshold of Jummoo for the very simple reason that we have been officially warned within the last few days that nothing whatever has been settled as to his Royal Highness's movements after the end of January, 1876; and because it is neither the wish nor within the power of your Lecturer to compress within a compass of twenty pages of print or so an abstract of the scenery, characteristics, manners and customs, and political antecedents of a country containing 200,000,000 of human beings, more or less. Less, I should say. The Essence of Meat Company has been the means, I believe, of keeping up the strength of a multitude of invalids, and was held during the Franco-German war to be invaluable as an "hospital comfort;" but even the late Professor Liebig, all consummate chemist as he was, would have been puzzled to know how to pack the "essence" of a compound—say as large as Lincoln's-inn-fields—full of elephants into a receptacle not much bigger, comparatively speaking, than a Barcelona nut. We must wait to "see what we shall see" after the Prince has left Calcutta, and has made his appointed pilgrimage to Delhi. To Agra he may, and—for the sake of its incomparable wonders—he certainly *should* go. He may, about Feb. 3, journey to Gwalior, to visit the Maharajah Scindia; or, on the principle of Mohammed going to the mountain, the Maharajah Scindia may come to visit the Prince. His Royal Highness may tarry at Ajmere. He may even abide there three whole days. He may behold Jeypore. He may gaze upon Bareilly. On the last day of February he may, travelling viâ Shahjehanpore, come within sight of the mosques and minarets of Allahabad. Jubulpore may welcome him. He may travel to Indore. He may see Khandwa. It will be a bitter disappointment if he does not pay a visit to Ellora. He may look in about March 15 at Dowlutabad; and after that ——— Who knows? *Sait on où l'on va?* quoth the philosopher. The proverb is one of the few that have not grown musty; since the uncertainty of whither we are going on this earth's surface is impressed upon us with terrible force wellnigh every day of our lives.

It is fitting, however, that even in this brief and hurried *avant courier* of a journey yet to be (and we all hope happily) accomplished, something should be put on record regarding two more of India's structural marvels. I *must* say something of Agra, for the sake of its "Tadj." I must fain tarry, in imagination, at Ellora, for the sake of its Caves. They are both wonders of the world. And first of Agra.

Agra is the capital of the North-West Provinces, and it is one of the chiefest cities of Hindostan. Yet, although the exceeding magnificence of its monuments has rendered it famous throughout the globe, the city of Agra proper does not present and characteristics of extraordinary interest. It is a town of trade and commerce, clean, for an Oriental city, and with the usually bustling and animated Oriental population. The famous fortress constructed by the Emperor Akber is to the south of the city, on the banks of the Jumna. There is an arsenal and an Imperial palace, the latter built of white Rajpootana marble. There are



the usual modern mosques and Hindoo temples, the usual Eastern bazaars and European educational and charitable foundations, the usual barracks and the usual bungalows; but all these sink into insignificance before the mighty presence of the Tadj. This astounding monument of Oriental architecture was erected by Shah Jehan to his favourite Empress, Moutaz Mahal, or "Taj Bibi" (a pretty little name)—a beautiful and talented woman, who was dearly loved by her lord. He determined that her tomb should be the grandest that had ever been known. Vanity of vanities! Where is Ninus buried? Who can point out the cenotaph of Semiramis? You know the mausoleum of Hadrian at Rome? Time and destructive mankind have peeled the marble covering off *that* great mole as though it had been an onion; and, as the Castle of St. Angelo, it has degenerated into a barrack. The Tadj—or Taj Mahal—has had a somewhat better fate. It is still extant and beautiful—an enduring memento of a wife's devotion and of a husband's love. It was commenced in 1630, and was not completed until 1647. Thus, while the grandfathers of the future masters of India, Cromwell's Roundheads, were battering to pieces all the stone altars and stained-glass windows they could light upon in England, Shah Jehan was quietly and piously raising this touching tribute of affection at Agra. Twenty thousand men worked at it during seventeen years. A hundred and forty thousand waggon-loads of marble, white and rose coloured, were used by the architects. More precious building materials were contributed by every province of the empire. The Punjab sent jasper; Broach sent cornelian; Thibet sent turquoises; Yemen sent agate; the lapis-lazuli came from Ceylon; the coral from Arabia; the chalcedony from Asia Minor; the garnets from Bundelund, the sapphires from Colombo, the porphyry from Jessalmir, from Gwalior and Sipi; the diamonds—there were diamonds used in the decoration of the Taj—from Pannah. It is estimated that the entire structure cost in money paid out alone £2,400,000. The building, approached by a superb avenue of cypresses, glistens, like a rare bauble on the hand of a fair woman, an incomparable oasis amidst the burning yellow sands of the Jumna's shores.

The exterior of the Tadj is literally embroidered with delicate and beautiful sculpture. The interior is even more sumptuous. Domes, cupolas, arcades, cloisters, all glow and glisten with mosaics picturing bouquets of flowers, fruits, and birds inlaid with gems; and in the midst of all this fairylike splendour sleep the Emperor and Empress, a marble balustrade surrounding their sarcophagus. According to the Moslem rule, every mausoleum must have closely contiguous to it a place of worship. Thus at the eastern extremity of the platform on which stands the Tadj the architect constructed a superb mosque. But when this deft designer had completed his work at one end of the terrace, he arrived at the alarming discovery that the façade had become virtually top-sided, like a French sub-lieutenant with only one epaulette. Expense being no object to the master-builder of such a mighty Monarch as Shah Jehan, the defect was very speedily remedied; and another mosque was built at the west end of the platform, and the whole structure was consequently symmetrically balanced. Mosque Number Two was dubbed "Jawab" or "the Reply," as though the two buildings were perpetually exchanging questions and responses, as the bells of the City churches do in our nursery rhyme, or as though, to use the American locution, "Potomac called to Chesapeake" and got an answer. In our Houses of Parliament at Westminster Sir Charles Barry built the Victoria Tower to the west and the Clock Tower to the east; but it can scarcely be said that the two addenda either balance the façade or harmonise with each other. The Palace at Westminster, through some unhappy flaw in its original conception, seems destined to perform a perpetual "goose step."

Altogether, the Tadj-Mahal must be worth travelling ever so many thousands of miles to see. A thing of beauty, we all know, is a joy for ever. The postulate is indubitable; but has this stupendous monument at Agra been productive, I should like to know, of very great enjoyment to the countless millions of human beings who have been born, who have lived, and who have died—for the most part very miserably—during the two hundred years and odd since it occurred to the Emperor Shah Jehan to let

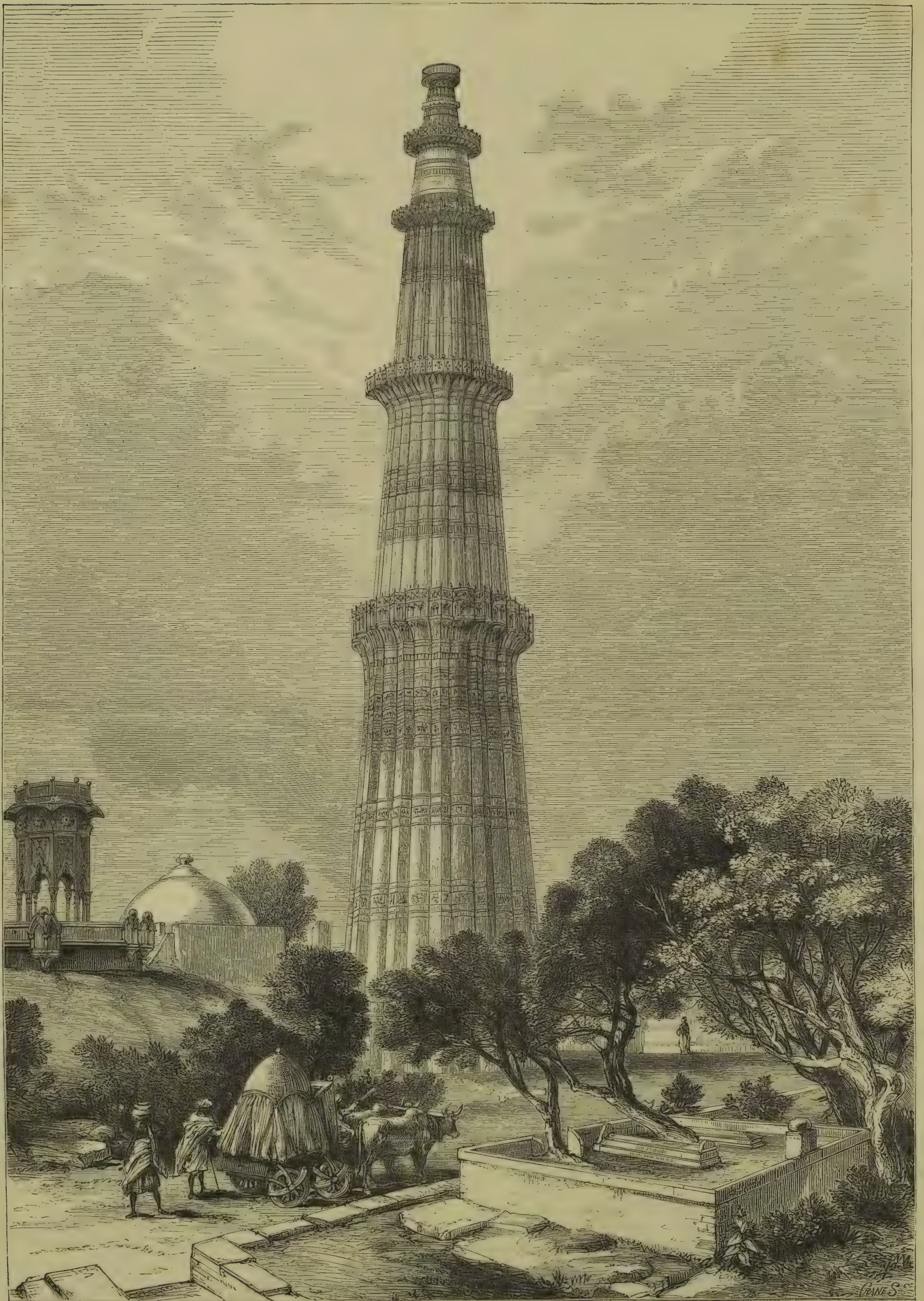
the world know how very fond he was of his wife. Beyond perpetuating the announcement of that fact—which could have been proclaimed on a marble tablet no bigger than a domino—and beyond exciting the admiration of a few architects and antiquaries who journey from the ends of the earth to behold this Wonder of the World, I fail to discern that the Tadj-Mahal at Agra is of any use to anybody at this time of day, save perhaps to the photographers. Yet it is most earnestly to be hoped that the Prince will see the Tadj.

Likewise Ellora. These famous temples are situated near a decayed town in Hyderabad, or the dominions of the Nizam, and are distant thirteen miles from Aurungabad, and seven from Dowlutabad. According to the Hindoo legend, these astonishing constructions are 7950 years old, and their origin is ascribed to Rajah Eeloo, the son of Peshfont of Ellichpore, when 3000 years of the "Dwarpa Sing" were yet unaccomplished. The less legendary and more sane account of the Mohammedans is to the effect that the town of Ellora was built by the Rajah Eel, who also excavated the cave temples. Now Rajah Eel was contemporary with Shah Momin-Aritz, who flourished—why should Emperors, painters, and philosophers always "flourish?" I never heard of a poet flourishing—950 years ago. These wonderful productions of human industry and skilfulness have been compared, as achievements of laborious perseverance, to the Pyramids of Egypt; but, as specimens of structural and sculptural art, they far surpass those brutal lumps of bricken mystery. "Whether," wrote Sir Charles Malet, "we consider the design or contemplate the execution of these extraordinary works, *we are lost in wonder at the idea of forming a vast mountain into almost eternal mansions.* The mythological symbols and figures leave no room to doubt that they owe their existence to religious zeal—the most powerful and the most universal agitator of the human mind." A most elaborate and exhaustive paper on the topography of the Caves of Ellora has been published by Colonel Sykes, but it is difficult to add anything to the terse appreciation displayed by Sir Charles Malet. That line which I have placed in italics enshrines a figure of speech which I cannot help considering as inimitable.

But I must pause. *Tempus abire.* The Lecturer and the audience may be by this time equally weary. But that I told you at the outset that I proposed during this Entertainment to dispense with professionally-musical assistance, I might beg the lady who, unfortunately, does *not* preside at the pianoforte at the opposite angle of the proscenium—thus balancing it as the two mosques balance the façade of the Tadj-Mahal—to play, with softest yet liveliest touch, the first few bars of "God Bless the Prince of Wales." Then Lecturer and audience would take up the stirring melody and join lustily in chorus. And then, perhaps, it would be time to turn off the gas and for everybody to go home to bed, humming Mr. Brinley Richards's pretty air, and wishing our Prince—the Pride and Hope of Britain—a safe and happy return to England.

So far as I am concerned, I have merely to make a most deferential bow and retire to those Obscurities from which, perchance, I should never have emerged. I am uneasily conscious, as I lay down my pen, of at least five hundred errors of omission or of commission which may be laid to my charge. I plead guilty before I am indicted. I have nothing to move in arrest of judgment—nothing to urge why sentence should not at once be passed upon me for having rushed in where accomplished travellers might have feared to tread, and for having seen all things as in a glass, darkly. Why have I never mentioned Simla? Why have I said nothing about Dum-Dum, about Mhow, about Secunderabad, about Travancore, about Pondicherry, about the rivers that are in Macedon and the rivers that are in Monmouth, Asiatically speaking; about the Bheels, about the Bayaderes, about Buddha—yet I have M. Taine's exhaustive account of Buddhism carefully epitomised in my commonplace book—about the Thugs, about the "designs of Russia" in Cent. Asia, about caste, about the late Famine, about Indian railways, Indian revenues, and Anglo-Indian missionary enterprise? Alas! I know much more about India paper and Indian ink. I can but cry "Peccavi!" and trust that on this occasion, at least, the Judge—I mean the British Public—will temper justice with mercy.





THE KOUTAB, DELHI.





LOADING BULLOCK CARTS.



## SPORT IN INDIA.

By the "Old Shikarry."

## ELEPHANT-HUNTING.

The elephant-hunter, to be successful in his calling, must have a thorough knowledge of the nature and habits of that sagacious animal, whose keenly-developed senses far exceed those of any other denizen of the forest. He must be well acquainted with its peculiar structure and anatomy, or his bullet, however true, will never reach a vital part with any certainty; he must be an adept at "tracking," or following spoor, with a silent foot, and in understanding *jungle signs*, which art is only acquired by constant study and long practice.

My own experience leads me to believe that the elephant—whether of the Indian or African species—in his wild state is naturally a harmless, quiet, shy, and inoffensive animal, as I have frequently watched large herds of these huge beasts for hours together in their own domains, and never saw them assume the offensive, or evince any disposition to attack or molest other animals, such as hog, deer, antelope, or hippopotami, that might be feeding near them. On the contrary, I have seen an old boar successfully dispute the right of way with a herd of five elephants, and, by charging at their legs, drive them away from that part of the pool where his porcine family were drinking. It seemed ridiculous to see these unwieldy monsters shuffle away with cries expressive of terror, as if utterly unconscious of their own immense superiority of strength.

In their native haunts Nature has provided for them such a rich profusion of food that their wants lead to no rivalry with other animals: they are not compelled, like those of the carnivorous species, to resort to device in order to obtain subsistence, and the consequence is that they rarely have occasion to exercise the extraordinary sagacity with which they are gifted, but roam listlessly about the forest, every action bespeaking inoffensive indolence and timidity combined with wary caution. Should they discover the intrusion of man in their domains, they rarely evince any disposition to become the assailant; and, although the herd may number a score, and the hunter be all alone, they will fly his presence with the greatest precipitation. Even when wounded and rendered desperate, they are naturally so awkward, unwieldy, and utterly unaccustomed to use their gigantic strength offensively, that in a tree forest, clear of underwood, they are not difficult to escape from, provided the hunter keeps his head cool and is tolerably active.

A herd of Indian elephants is not a group that accident, or attachment, may have induced to associate together, but a family often consisting of more than fifty members, including grandfather, grandmothers, mothers, sons, and daughters; and the similarity of features, colour of their eyes, build, and general appearance, attest their common lineage and relationship as belonging to the same stock. Although several herds or families will browse and feed together in the open glades of the forest, and travel in company in search of water, or migrate in large bodies to fresh pasturage on the slightest alarm or appearance of danger, each herd assembles and rallies round its own leader, and takes independent measures for retreating together.

The Indian variety is far less speedy and enduring than the African. The former soon gets blown and stops. For a creature of such huge size and ponderous weight it is inconceivable how stealthily and noiselessly he can get through the forest if he chooses, without either breaking a twig or causing a dry leaf to rustle. From the spongy formation of the sole of his foot, his tread is exceedingly light and quite inaudible. In soft sand, where a horse would sink up to his fetlocks every stride, the spoor of an elephant would be hardly perceptible.

The olfactory organs of the elephant are developed to an extraordinary degree, for their scent is so acute that I have known a troop of elephants, when on the way to their usual drinking-place at night, halt and turn back without quenching their thirst, being deterred from approaching the water, because they detected the taint in the imprints of men's footsteps who had passed along the path in the previous forenoon; when they must have been, at least, twelve hours old. Their sense of hearing is also extremely

acute, and they can detect unusual sounds in the forest at much greater distances than any other animal. The comparatively small size of the eye seems to protect it from being injured as the elephant forces his way through the bush, and it is furnished with a nictating membrane, which enables it to free itself from dust, dirt, or insects that may accidentally have got in. Small as the eye appears, there is no deficiency of sight, although the range does not extend above the level of the head, or to any great distance; however, his delicate sense of hearing and his remarkably acute smell amply compensate for his somewhat limited vision.

The Indian and the African elephant differ most essentially, not only in their general appearance, the shape of the head, the formation of their teeth, the curvature of the spine, and the size of their ears, but also in their habits.

## TIGER-SHOOTING FROM THE HOWDAH.

The most favourable time for hunting all kinds of large game in India is during the hot season, as by April or May most of the grass and rank undergrowth is burnt up in the jungle, and the intense heat of the sun has so dried up the face of the country that the water supply is reduced to its lowest ebb; consequently the *felidæ*, driven by thirst, leave the denser forest and seek the lowest valleys, where pools of water remain all the year round, or frequent the karinda and tamarisk thickets that afford dense and extensive cover in the immediate neighbourhood of most of our rivers in the Central Provinces and the Deccan.

To stalk a tiger on foot in dense cover is often quite impracticable, as, where there is thick under-growth, the hunter can rarely see three yards before him, whilst every step he takes is seen and heard by his suspicious antagonist, who can, if he choose, travel round him and take him in the rear without the slightest sound betraying his movements. When the country is covered with high grass, it is almost impossible to drive out a tiger even with a strong gang of beaters; besides, this is dangerous and uncertain work, and in many cases the tiger will break back through the beat without giving the sportsmen a chance of a shot. Under these circumstances little or nothing can be done without the aid of trained elephants, when the quarry can be tracked and followed up to his midday lair, and killed with but comparatively little danger from the howdah.

A well-broken shekar-elephant will beat for his game like a pointer, making his way noiselessly through the brushwood, searching the densest thickets foot by foot, and, at the command of his mahout, throwing stones into the watercourses, where tigers are likely to conceal themselves. When the tiger is afoot the sagacious animal stands steady at the word of command, so as to allow his master to shoot; and, should the animal be wounded and charge, he will stand his ground with the most unflinching courage, as if trusting in the sportsman's coolness and accuracy of aim. Sometimes they display over-eagerness in seeking to kill the tigers themselves by trampling them under foot; and in such a case the rider is liable to be pitched out of the howdah in the struggle. Generally speaking, when mounted on a really well-trained and steady elephant, the hunter is exposed to very little danger; and I know of ladies having killed tigers in this manner. I cannot, however, say that I am partial to this kind of shooting, not finding much excitement in it; moreover, I never feel sure of my aim when seated on a jolting elephant, and for my own part much prefer the more sportsman-like proceeding of killing my game on foot and giving him a fair chance of defending his skin. Although perhaps endowed with as much nerve as the generality of men, I always felt out of my element in a howdah; and notwithstanding I have been out tiger-shooting upon elephants some scores of times, I always felt far more afraid of the elephant taking fright and bolting, or falling down bodily to the bottom of a ravine, or smashing the howdah and its occupants against the overhanging branches of trees, than I ever did of the tiger.

## HOG-HUNTING.

Hog-hunting, as carried out in India, is a truly regal sport, being the incarnation of all that is exciting, and it may be said to combine all the attractions of fox-hunting with the excite-



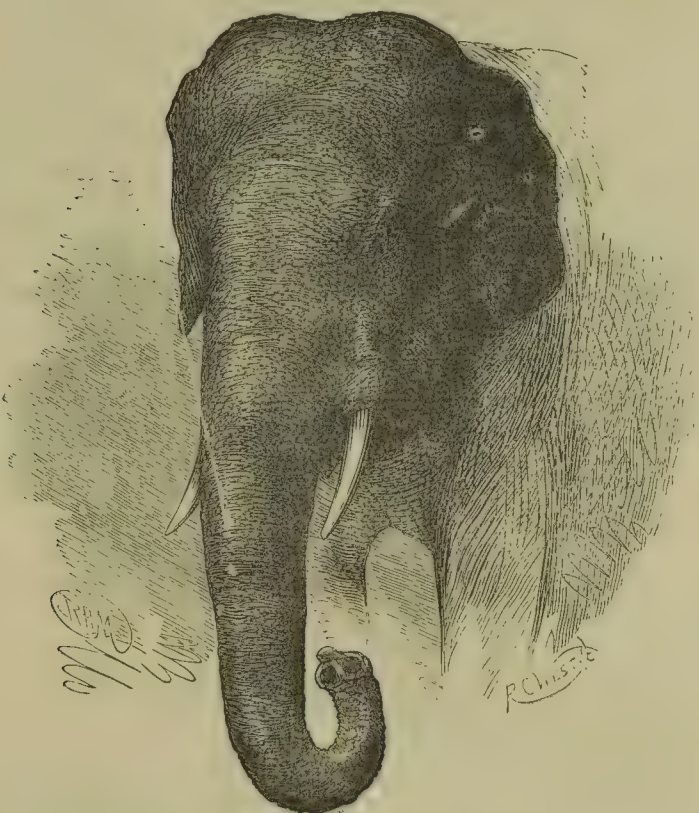
ment of steeplechasing, heightened by that intense fascination which the presence of danger only can inspire.

Old boars are proverbially cunning, and after having been once hunted are very difficult to dislodge, for very often neither noise nor even the sight of the advancing beaters will make them budge from their lair and take to the open ground. They break back and charge the line of beaters time after time, and frequently manage to escape in that manner. An old boar "stot" is broad, and deeply indented, from his weightiness of body; the imprints of the toes are round, thick, and often far apart from one another, whilst his stride is very long in comparison with the rest of the "sunder."

When the line of spearmen have got well under cover the signal is given for the line of beaters, who are under the guidance of the shekarry scouts, to advance. In some jungles it is best to beat silently; and in others, where the bush is thick, it is advisable to make use of tom-toms and other noisy instruments, cholera-horns being sounded only when the game is known to be afoot. We shall suppose ourselves at the jungle-side, waiting for the hog to break, and listening intently to the shouts of the beaters, who are evidently approaching the open ground and driving the game before them, as we can tell by the discordant squirl of the

cholera-horns being heard at both ends of the line. Suddenly the yells become louder, and one distinguishes the "view halloo" "Soor, jata hy" (There goes the pig).

The old boar, who up to this time has been grunting savagely, scarcely appears to quicken his movements until the hunters begin to close upon him, when he bounds away with a speed that no one who has not been an eye-witness would conceive. Then comes the exciting moment, the rush for first blood, and a score of gallant horsemen, with heads up, bridle-hands down, and the points of their spears kept well forward, charge at full speed along the plain. Then comes into play the experience and coolness of the old hunter, mounted on the best blood of Nedjed, who, enjoying the chase as much as his rider, follows, *con amore*, every swerve of the boar, and, forging slightly ahead, gains the near side, and enables his master, by leaning forward in his saddle, to drive his spear well home behind the shoulder-blade, and cause the quarry to roll over on his back in the dust. If the spear-point has penetrated the heart the grey boar dies—as the brave do—in silence, not a moan escaping him; but should the vital spot be missed, woe unto ye that follow if you are not ready, for, in the twinkling of an eye, the infuriated monster picks himself up, and, cocking his head one side knowingly, as if to



HEAD OF AN INDIAN ELEPHANT.



HEAD OF AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT.

take aim, with a wild roar and open-mouthed, charges the nearest of his antagonists, and, unless the onset is promptly met on the point of the spear, the chances are that one or two horses will be badly ripped, and their riders besmeared with gore.

The boar is one of the most courageous and fearless of forest animals, and when severely wounded, in his desperation, I have seen him charge, utterly reckless of life, against my spear's point, forcing the shaft through his body until he could bury his tusches in the flank of his antagonist's horse. Neither the lion nor the tiger will ever willingly attack a solitary boar, unless they can pounce upon him unawares, which is not often the case, as he is desperately cunning, and can detect the taint in the air at a great distance. His tenacity of life is also very great, and I have seen a boar receive a dozen severe spear-wounds, some of which completely transfixed the body, before he finally bit the dust. The best places to spear a boar, so as to reach a vital spot, are just behind the shoulder-blade, low down, when the point enters the heart or lungs along the ridge of the spine, when he becomes more or less paralysed; or, if possible, just where the head and neck join.

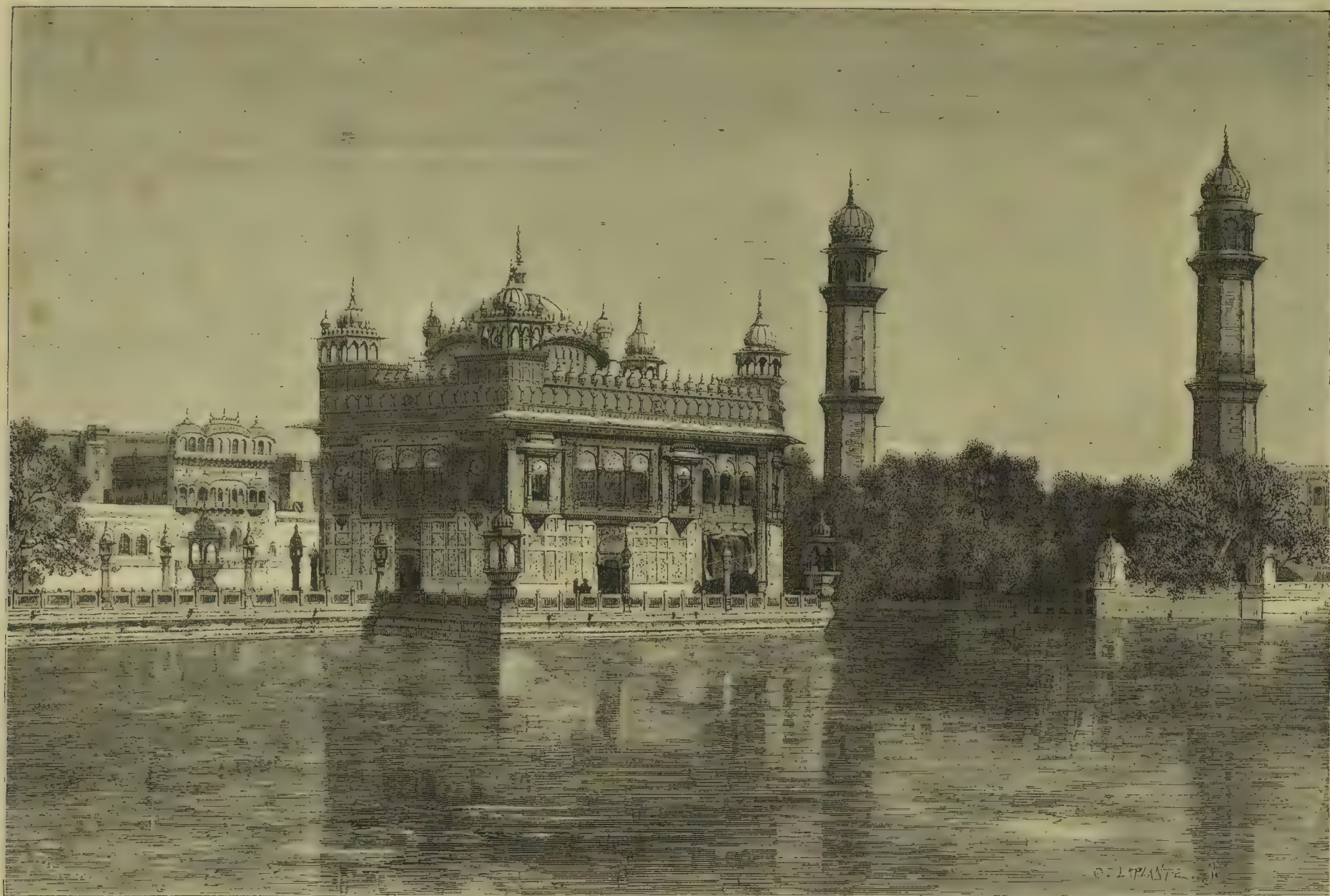
In India we have three distinct species of the *felidae*, inferior in strength and size to the tiger, that are often mistaken one for the other, and indiscriminately called panthers or leopards, notwithstanding they are entirely distinct animals, and differ most essentially both in appearance and habits.

#### PANTHER-HUNTING.

The three species are the *felis pardus*, the true panther, Hindi "*tairdwa*," the *felis leopardus*. The leopard, Hindi "*bor bucha*," and the *felis jubata*, the hunting leopard or cheetah, Hindi "*cheeta*."

The panther is by far the largest and most powerful of the three species, as it frequently measures 8 ft. in length from the nose to the end of the tail. He has also a well-defined bony ridge along the centre of the skull for the attachment of the muscles of the neck, which is not noticeable in the leopard or cheetah. The skin, which shines like silk, is of a rich tawny or orange tan above, and white underneath, marked on each side with seven lines of rosettes, each consisting of an assemblage of five or six black spots, in the centre of which the tawny or fulvous ground of the skin shows distinctly through the black. The extremities are marked with horseshoe-shaped or round black spots. Few animals can surpass the panther in point of beauty, and none in elegance and grace. His every motion is easy and flexible in the highest degree; he bounds among the rocks and woods with an agility truly amazing; now stealing along the ground with the silence of a snake; now crouching with his fore-paws extended and his spotted head laid betwixt them; while his chequered tail twitches impatiently, and his pale, gooseberry eyes glare mischievously upon his unsuspecting victim.





BACK VIEW OF TEMPLE, UMRITSUR, WITH SACRED POOL.



THE CATAMARAN POSTMAN.



# JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'

## GOLD-MEDAL PIANOFORTES

THE GOLD MEDAL, Paris, 1870.  
THE HIGHEST GRAND AWARD—THE DIPLOMA OF HONOUR, Paris, 1874.  
J.A. MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR, Paris, 1887.  
THE PRIZE MEDAL, London, 1882.  
LE DIPLOME DE LA MENTION EXTRAORDINAIRE, Netherlands International Exhibition, 1883.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
PERFECT CHECK REPEATER ACTION PIANOS.  
Patented 1862, 1868, 1871, and 1875, in  
GREAT BRITAIN, AUSTRIA,  
PRUSSIA, ITALY, and  
FRANCE, BELGIUM.

GILBERT L. BAUER'S Organ-Voiced  
English HARMONIUMS.  
On the Three-Years' System.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS, with  
the Patent Perfect Check Repeater  
Action.

Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. "This most ingenious and valuable  
invention cannot fail to meet  
with success."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS, with  
the Patent Perfect Check Repeater  
Action.  
On the Three-Years' System.

SYDNEY SMITH. "The touch is absolute perfection."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS, with  
the Patent Perfect Check Repeater  
Action.  
On the Three-Years' System.

BRINLEY RICHARDS. "A very clever and useful inven-  
tion, and likely to be extensively  
adopted."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS,  
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"The nearest approach to perfection of 'manual expression'  
yet attained."—*Examiner*.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS.  
Six feet six inches in length, with the Patent Perfect Check  
Repeater Action. Price, Ninety to One Hundred Guineas.

"The tone of the grand now referred to possessed all the  
qualities that a good piano ought to have, and in touch and  
action was perfect. The sweet and silver quality of the upper  
octaves was worthy of special admiration."—*The Era*.

"Sir Julius Benedict played his well-known composition,  
'Where the Bee Sucks,' on one of Messrs. John Brinsmead and  
Sons' grand pianos, with the recently patented improvements,  
which enabled him to produce the sustained tones with great  
variety of effect in the light and shade of tones, especially so  
when extreme delicacy of touch is required."—*Court Journal*.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS.  
Six feet six inches in length, with the Patent Perfect Check  
Repeater Action. Price, 90 gns to 100 gns.

"Admirable repetition, perfect sostenuto, and luscious tone of  
the instrument fully justified the performer's choice."—*Sunday  
Times*.

"Magnificent, grand, the air telling out with almost vocal  
clearness and sweetness to the bell-like treble arpeggio accom-  
paniment, which contrasted excellently with the extraordinary  
power produced in the forte passages."—*Illustrated Sporting and  
Dramatic News*.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS,  
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"An immense improvement in arpeggios. The rapid passages  
in the upper register, the beautiful flute-like tone, and quick and  
perfect repetition, were very effective."—*Figaro*.  
"The tone is rich and pure, a 'singing' effect being the result  
of the ingenious action and elaborate workmanship."—*Court  
Circular*.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
CONCERT IRON GRAND PIANOS,  
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"Sir Julius Benedict, now seldom heard as a soloist, delighted  
the public once more by his arrangement of 'Where the Bee  
Sucks.' He played upon a new Patent Grand by Brinsmead, pos-  
sessing a remarkably loud and clear tone."—*Echo*.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS,  
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeating Action.

"The upright Iron Grand Piano, with sostenente sound-  
board, produces the obvious result of a fuller and richer tone."—  
*Morning Advertiser*.  
"A great boon to ordinary players, and invaluable to profes-  
sional pianists."—*The Sun*.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS,  
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"Where all the Pianos go to seems somewhat of a mystery, for  
a really good instrument will last a lifetime, and yet every year  
thousands are made by each of the great London manufacturers,  
while the numbers made by the 200 or more smaller firms must  
represent an enormous number in the course of each year. The  
improvements made in English pianos have caused this trade  
rapidly to increase, until one pianoforte manufactory after  
another have been built to supply the growing demand. One of  
the largest of these, lately erected by Messrs. John Brinsmead  
and Sons, of Wigmore-street, covers nearly an acre of ground in  
the Grafton-road, Kentish Town, and is intended to accom-  
modate 300 workmen. These work alone can supply 3000 pianos  
annually, and there are at least three manufactories in London  
capable of making an equal number."—*Illustrated London  
News*.  
"A metal bridge of a peculiar form is used to produce the  
treble, and a much finer tone is produced than if a wooden bridge  
were used."—*Morning Post*.  
"A perfect check, great power, and quick repetition."—  
*Times of India*.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS,  
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"Produces a better quality of tone, greater durability, perfect  
repetition, with a check (never before attained), with the cer-  
tainty of the instrument never blocking."—*Standard Water*.  
"Very ingenious mechanism, by which the repetition of the  
note is perfected."—*The Hour*.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS,  
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"Beautiful, light, and elastic touch, and an instant repe-  
tition."—*Globe*.  
"The softest touch is sufficient to secure a reply, the touch  
and facility of repetition are really perfect."—*Belgravia*.  
"The touch is very sure, light, and elastic."—*Musical Times*.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS,  
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"This invention is simplicity itself."—*The Queen*.  
"The latest and greatest improvements in the Pianoforte."—  
*City Press*.

The Standard. "Receive the greatest approbation  
everywhere of musicians and  
manufacturers."

The Engineer. "Greater volume and richness of  
tone are produced with increased  
durability."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
PATENT "PERFECT CHECK  
REPEATER ACTION" Piano-  
fortes of every description, manu-  
factured expressly for India and  
extreme climates.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'  
PIANOFORTES.  
GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS.

Illustrated price-lists and descriptions, with opinions of  
the London press and musical profession, forwarded post-free  
upon application.

18, WIGMORE-STREET, LONDON, W.

MANUFACTORY,  
THE "BRINSMEAD WORKS," GRAFTON-ROAD,  
KENTISH-TOWN, N.W.

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Families Furnishing.—MAPLE and CO.

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TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD,  
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Required in Furnishing, post-free. Foreign and Country Orders  
punctually and faithfully executed on receipt of a remittance or  
London reference.

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ESTABLISHMENT is the largest and most convenient in  
the world. A house of any magnitude can be furnished from Stock  
in a few days, an immense advantage for Country Customers,  
for Merchants, or for Exportation.

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for HOUSE FURNISHING, including Linens, Iron-  
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description of Ornaments, either for Dining or Drawing Room, or  
for Christmas and Wedding Presents, in separate Departments.

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FURNITURE.—Sideboards, in Oak, Mahogany, and other  
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Room Furniture. Tables, from 3gns. to 50gns. An immense  
assortment of Clocks, Brasses, and other Ornaments.

MAPLE and CO.—DRAWING-ROOM  
FURNITURE, the largest assortment in London; an  
endless variety of Cabinets, from 2 to 60 gns., many quite new  
in design; a large assortment of Buhl Furniture, as well as Black  
and Gold; 100 Easy-chairs, from 1 to 10 gns.; a very extensive  
Stock of Clocks, Brasses, and Fancy Ornaments; 600 Chimney-  
Glasses, from 2 to 80 gns.; Console Tables, as well as Girandoles,  
from 1 to 20 gns.

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largest selection in the world to select from. Some hand-  
some Drawing-Room Suites, complete, in Silk, from 30 gns.; in  
Rep., from 10 gns. 600 Easy-Chairs in various shapes. Eugénie  
Easy-Chairs, 28s. 6d.; Vienna Easy Chairs, 38s. 6d. Couches to  
correspond.

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who study economy with durability and elegance should  
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any size furnished complete from stock in three days. An illus-  
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for BEDSTEADS in Wood, Iron, and Brass, fitted with  
Furniture and Bedding complete. Suites for Bed-Rooms, from  
10gns. each. See Illustrated Catalogue.  
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BRASS and IRON BEDSTEADS.—Five  
Thousand to select from. From 12s. to 50 gns. Handsome  
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of various designs, to select from, from 10 gns. for Suite  
complete. Bed-Room Suites, enamelled Siberian Ash, Satin-  
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BED-ROOM SUITES in SOLID ASH, from  
30 gns. to 50 gns. Bed-Room Suites in Black and Gold, very  
choice and handsome style, from 40 gns. to 80 gns. The largest  
assortment of Bed-Room Furniture in London to select from.

MAPLE and CO.,  
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CARPETS. CARPETS.

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MAPLE and CO. for CARPETS.

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of the finest and best designs ever offered. Patterns sent on re-  
ceiving a description of what is likely to be required. All Carpets  
at the wholesale price.  
Maple and Co., 145 to 149, Tottenham-court-road.

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SHOW-ROOMS, entirely for the display of British and  
Foreign Carpets of every description, are now open. Goods will  
be sold at the smallest remunerative profit. All the new, choice  
patterns for 1875; also 600 pieces of old-pattern Brussels, to be  
sold cheap. Kidderminster, Felt, Dutch, Turkey, Indian, and,  
in fact, every description of Carpets, at the wholesale price.—145,  
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extra-quality CARPETS just received by the ship Red  
Gambet. Prices from 8 gns. to 40 gns. Axminster Carpets also in  
stock, from 6 gns. to 30 gns., especially suited for dining-rooms and  
libraries. Indian Carpets and Rugs in large quantities. Aubusson  
Carpets for drawing-rooms and boudoirs of every size. A large  
stock of Persian, Turkey, and Foreign Rugs from 17s., some  
very curious in make and design. The trade supplied.  
MAPLE and CO., Tottenham-court-road.

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and CO. beg to call particular attention to their stock of  
this most fashionable material, which comprises, besides all the  
Patterns to be obtained elsewhere, a large assortment of magnifi-  
cent designs drawn and manufactured especially for them.  
These goods are superior in taste and manufacture to any ever  
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Mulhouse, a Manufacturer's Stock of about 1000 Pieces, at  
prices varying from 10d. per yard. These goods are about half  
the price they were.

THE LARGEST STOCK of this New  
and Fashionable Material in London; some new and exclu-  
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The best food in the world for Infants, Children,  
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For Infants, Children, and Invalids.  
Contains every requisite for the full and healthy  
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a considerable extent self-digestive.

DR. HASSALL'S FOOD.  
For INFANTS, CHILDREN, and INVALIDS. It is  
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in nutritious and improper articles of diet, prepared, as they so  
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It is still a very common thing for Infants to be fed upon dif-  
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that the children thus brought up are in some cases ill-nourished,  
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Gentlemen,—I have great pleasure in informing you that my  
child has made wonderful improvement in being fed with Dr.  
Hassall's Food, so much so that he is not like the same child, and  
surprises all who see him with the alteration made in so short a  
time.—I remain, Gentlemen, yours, &c.,  
A. GREENWOOD, Station-master.  
Micklefield, June 26, 1876.

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If you would have your children properly fed, use  
DR. HASSALL'S FOOD, and thereby protect  
them from the bad effects, amounting to star-  
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HILL HASSALL, M.D., on the Alimentation of  
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GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.  
The Best Restorative for the weak, young or  
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children, and persons to whom quinine in any  
other form is objectionable. Invaluable for Tic,  
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GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.  
Highly recommended by the most eminent Physicians,  
and acknowledged to be the best and cheapest tonic yet intro-  
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appetite. Is invaluable for Indigestion, Nervousness, Gout,  
Rheumatism, &c. Has proved an invaluable and agreeable  
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petite. A wineglassful once or twice a day will be found par-  
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Tonic is required—far superior to sherry and bitters or bitter  
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From Miss Emily Faithfull,  
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Dear Sirs,—Having tested your excellent Quinine Wine, I am  
only too glad to testify to its efficacy in Neuralgia, &c., as a cer-  
tain cure and preventive, which is better than cure.  
Yours truly,  
EMILY FAITHFULL.  
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is sold by Chemists, Grocers, Oilmen, and Con-  
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Should there be any difficulty in obtaining it,  
we will send a case, containing one dozen bottles,  
on receipt of Post Office Order for 12s. for small,  
and 24s. for large.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.  
The Best Sauce in the World. The Sixpenny  
Bottle a marvel of cheapness. The Shilling Bottle  
as large as most others sold at Two.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.  
Received the Diploma of Merit at the Vienna  
Exhibition, 1873. The most delicious and  
cheapest sauce in the world. For all kinds of  
Fish, Curries, Hot and Cold Meats, &c. For  
Chops, Steaks, Cutlets, Gravies, Stews, Australian  
Meats, and all kinds of made dishes, it is incom-  
parable. The largest sale of any sauce extant,  
the Manufacturers being the largest saucemakers  
in the world.

TESTIMONIAL.  
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Gentlemen,—I have not the pleasure of knowing you—never  
met you, never saw you; but still, for a great length of time my  
sideboard has never lacked your celebrated Yorkshire Relish; and  
it gives me very great pleasure to forward this testimonial  
in its favour, provided you think it worthy of your acceptance.  
My sedentary habits as a writer for the *Magazines*, &c., very  
often make me exceedingly peevish w/h my meals, but still, no  
matter what I have, your "Yorkshire Relish" always brings me  
to. Sometimes I have a hot joint that it enriches, sometimes  
cold meat that it makes exceedingly tasty and palatable; with  
soup it is charming. And sometimes, when the press is waiting  
for matter, I can make a very good makeshift for dinner with a  
roll steeped in it; so that in each and every sense of the word I  
can most truly say that it makes exceedingly good, you are  
quite at liberty to publish this.—Yours truly,  
The Author of "Grace Darling," Harriet Stanton,  
"The Wreck of the Royal Charter," &c.  
To Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.  
Can be had from Grocers, Oilmen, Italian Ware-  
housemen, and Chemists, at 6d., 1s., and 2s. each  
bottle.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.  
Awarded Diploma of Merit at the Vienna Exhi-  
bition, 1873, for its superior quality, incomparably  
the best ever introduced to the public. The  
cheapest because the best, and indispensable to  
every household, and an inestimable boon to  
housewives. By the use of this Baking Powder  
Brewer's Yeast dispensed with.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.  
Defies comparison. Quality studied, not quantity.  
Makes delicious Puddings, Pastry, &c., without  
the usual quantity of eggs; makes beautiful light  
bread without yeast; is more wholesome and nu-  
tritious than bread made with yeast. Is manu-  
factured from the purest articles, and free from  
alum and other impurities. Has the highest re-  
commendation from the Medical Faculty.

TESTIMONIAL.  
Manchester, June 27, 1874.  
Gentlemen,—I have great pleasure in stating that your Baking  
Powder is the best that ever came under my management.—Yours  
respectfully,  
R. W.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.  
To be had of all Grocers, Oilmen, Italian Ware-  
housemen, and Chemists, in packets, 1d., 1½d., 6d.,  
1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d. each.

PREPARED BY

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, and CO.,  
LEEDS.

# FLORILINE.

For the TEETH and BREATH.  
Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses  
partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules,"  
leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to  
the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline  
removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or  
tobacco-smoke.  
For children and adults whose teeth show marks of decay its  
advantages are paramount. The "Floriline" should be thor-  
oughly brushed into all the cavities; no one need fear using it  
too often or too much at a time. Among the ingredients being  
soda, honey, spirits of wine, borax, and extracts from sweet herbs  
and plants, it forms not only the very best dentifrice for cleansing  
ever discovered, but one that is perfectly delicious to the taste  
and as harmless as sherry. The taste is so pleasing that,  
instead of taking up the toothbrush with dislike, as is often the  
case, children will on no account omit to use the "Floriline"  
regularly each morning if only left to their own choice. Children  
cannot be taught the use of the toothbrush too young; early  
neglect invariably produces premature decay of the teeth.  
"Floriline" is prepared only by HENRY C. GALLUP, 493,  
Oxford-street, London; and sold by all Chemists and Perfumers  
throughout the world at 2s. 6d. per bottle.  
"Floriline" Powder, put up in large glass jars, price 1s.

FLORILINE.  
For the TEETH and BREATH.

Sweet as the ambrosial air,  
With its perfume rich and rare;  
Sweet as violets at the morn,  
Which the emerald mists adorn;  
Sweet as rosebuds bursting forth,  
From the richly-laden earth,  
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."  
The teeth it makes a pearly white,  
So pure and lovely to the sight;  
The gums assume a rosy hue,  
The breath is sweet as violet blue;  
While scented as the flowers of May,  
Which cast their sweetness from each spray,  
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."  
Sure, some fairy with its hand  
Cast around its mystic wand,  
And drew from fairy's bower  
Scented perfumes from each flower;  
For in this liquid gem we trace—  
All that can beauty add and grace—  
Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.  
For the TEETH and BREATH.

"Floriline."—The most eminent Chemists of the day admit  
that Floriline will produce snowy teeth and fragrant breath  
where nothing else will. While mineral tooth preparations  
injure the enamel of the teeth, this wonderful vegetable liquid  
preserves and beautifies them. Symptoms of decay and all dis-  
colourations of every sort disappear like magic; and by its  
delightful use the mouth becomes as fragrant and sweet as a  
fountain of flowers; so that, in fact, when it has once been used, either  
by the young or the old, they will never discontinue it, but, as the  
"Christian World" truly says, "Those who once begin to use it  
will certainly never willingly give it up."  
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